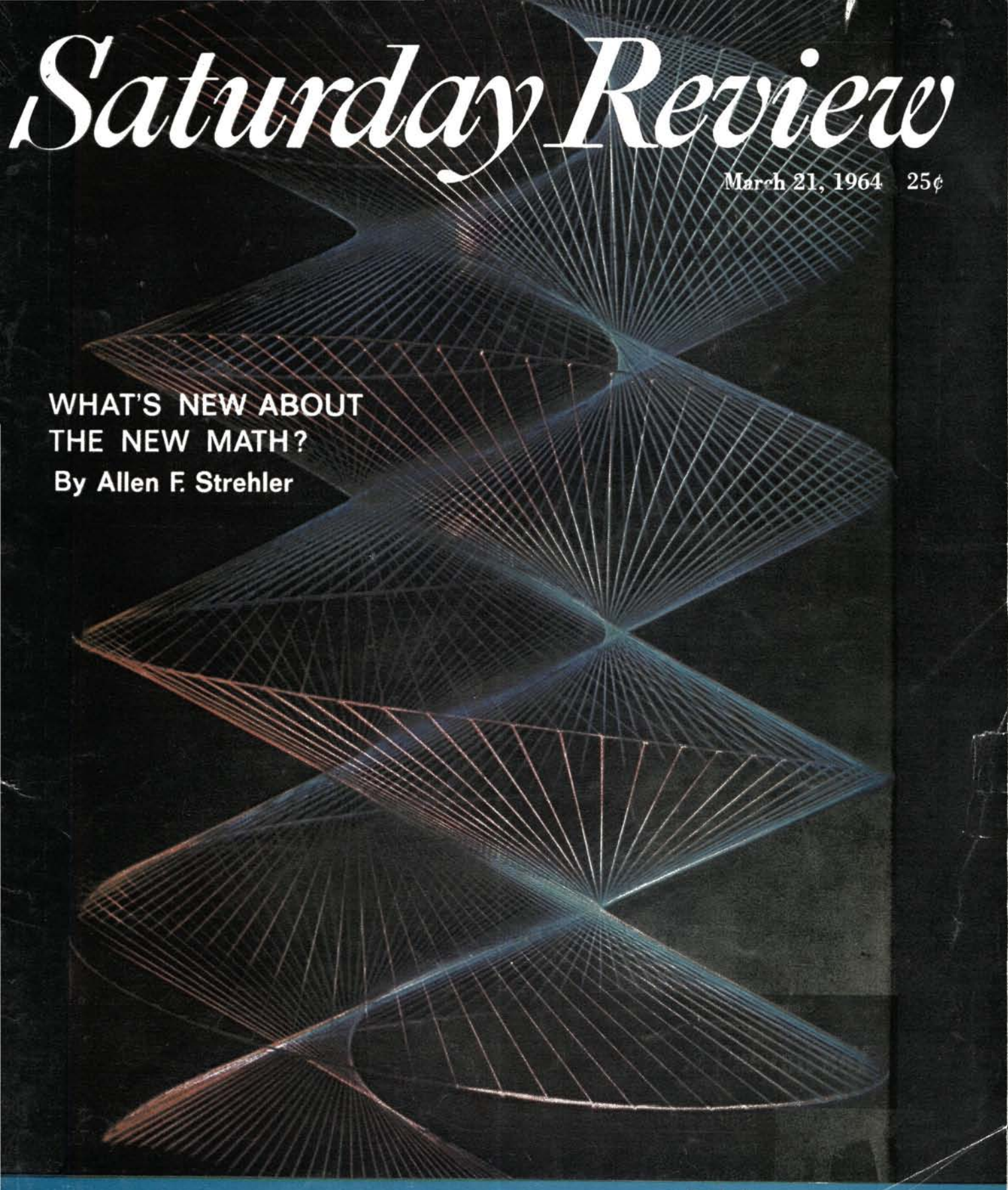
Saturday Review

March 21, 1964 25¢

WHAT'S NEW ABOUT THE NEW MATH?

By Allen F. Strehler



—Erich Hartmann (Magnum)

EDUCATION

SR's ANNUAL ROUNDUP O

THE WOMANLESS WORLD

An Essay Review by R

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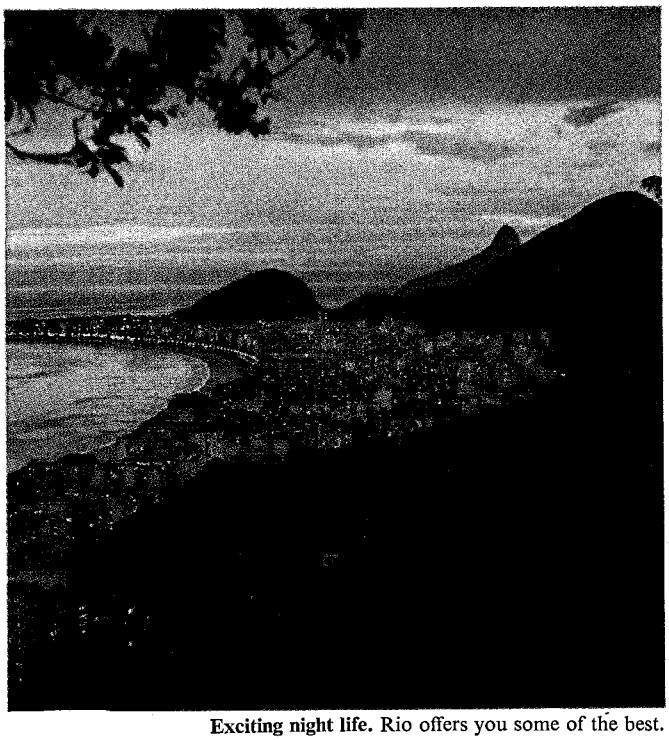

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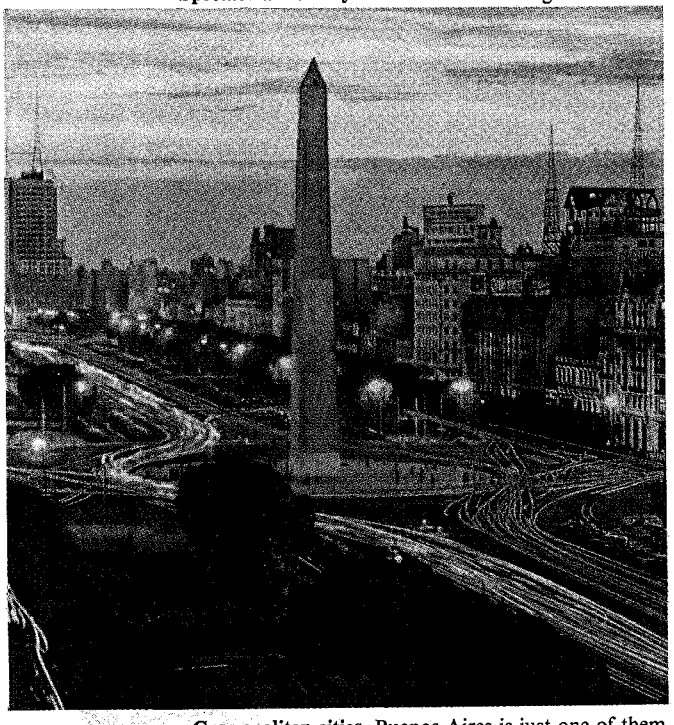
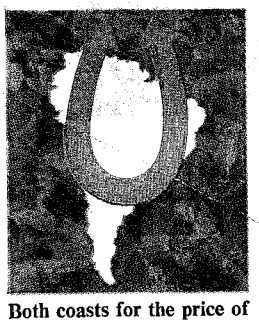


Cosmopolitan cities. Buenos Aires is just one of them.

Old Spanish charm. Lima, for example, dates back to 1535.

You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!



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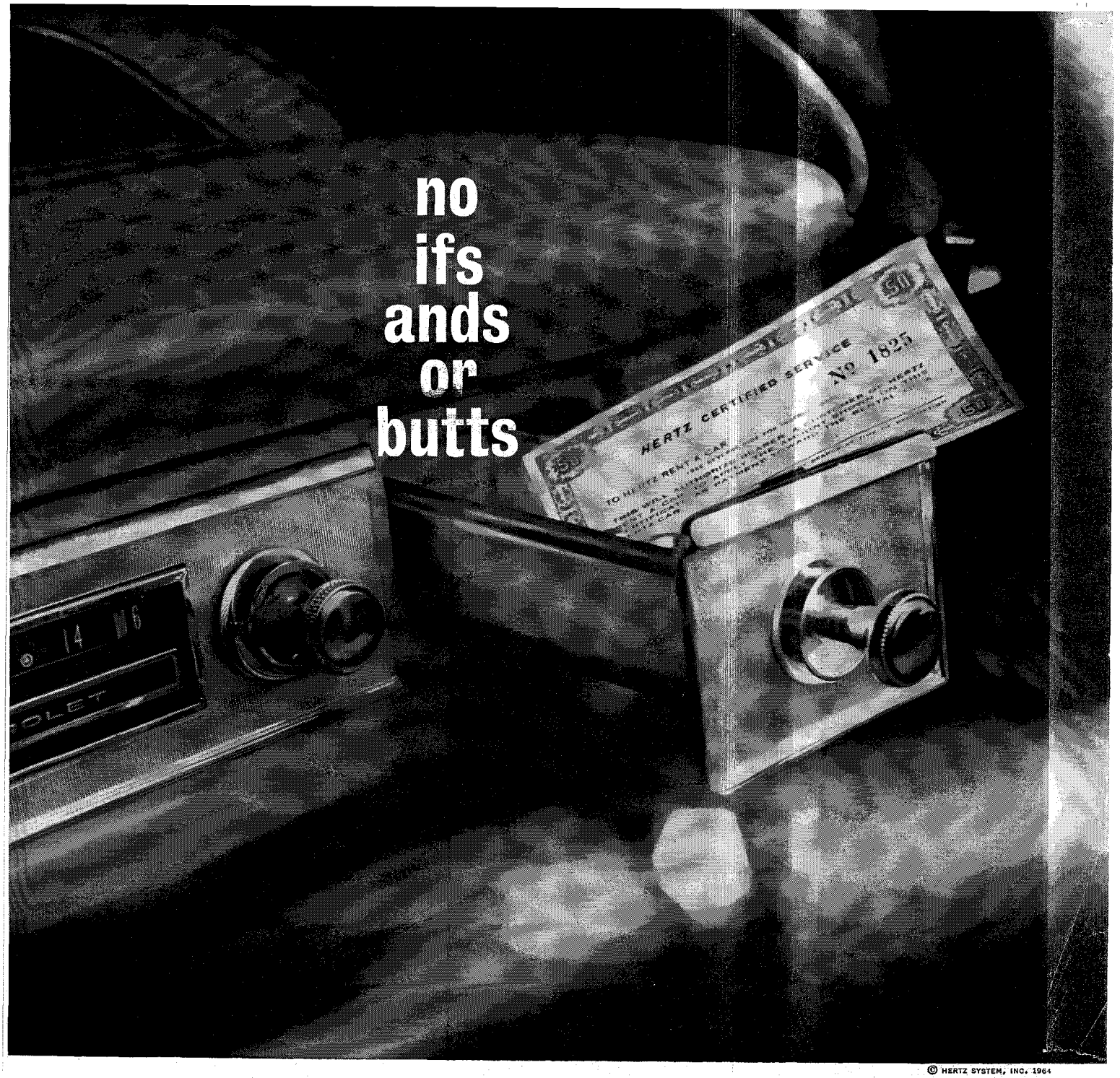

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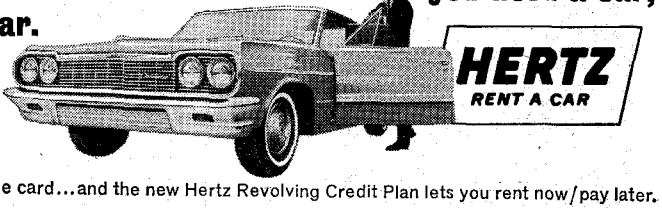

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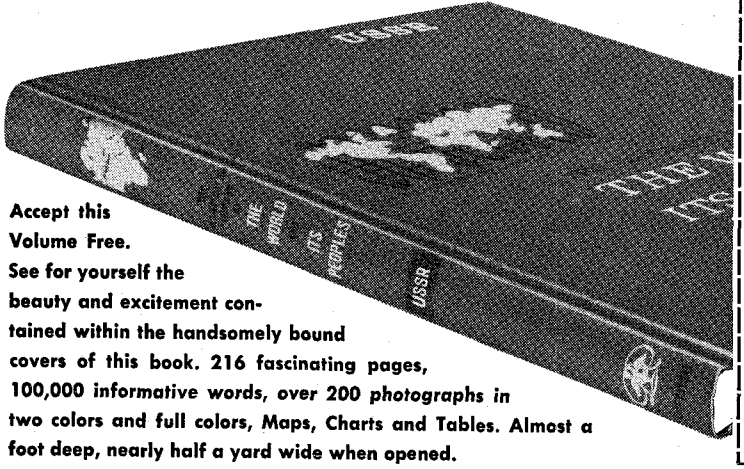

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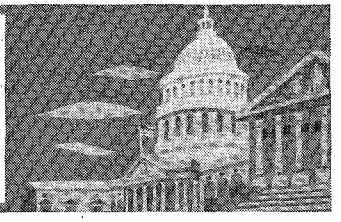
State of Affairs



Hands Across the Sea

AMERICANS in their masochistic tendencies, judging by the number of articles published on the subject, like to read about anti-Americanism abroad. And, since the negative rather than the positive tends to make the news these days, it may have been overlooked that in anticipation of an early British election not only Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home but also Harold Wilson, leader of the Labor Party, thought it important to visit Washington and meet President Johnson. Mr. Wilson's purpose, of course, was to prove that he, too, is welcome here and has equal access to the government.

In their various public statements in Washington both party leaders emphasized that their own and American policies on most major issues are in harmony. Mr. Wilson, being leader of the opposition, made a special effort to prove that Anglo-American relations will be as well, if not better, looked after under a Labor Government. Whatever may be reported about anti-American feelings in Britain, therefore, the important thing is that these two leaders, who are soon going to cross swords in what is likely to be one of the nation's most fiercely contested elections, do not think it will harm them with their voters to have close relations with Washington.

Mr. Wilson even went so far as to stress that on two major points of disagreement with the United States—trade with Cuba and long-term credits for the Soviet Union—there was not an iota of difference between him and the Prime Minister. Thus there was something of a competitive gambit between the two to show that one rather than the other may be a better and easier ally to work with. Clearly, what all this amounts to is that both believe that it matters very much in Britain what sort of relations the next British Government will have with the United States.

The 14th Earl of Home, now Sir Alec Douglas-Home, is a quite different individual from Harold Wilson, who is something of a prototype of the new classless man. Sir Alec wears his ancestry with ease but has no difficulty in being considered a modern man. The Prime Minister's assets are his simplicity, his candor, a gentle wit that instantly puts one at ease, and the sense of trust he creates by being so engagingly frank. The leader of the opposition is a man of analytical mind: more subtle, more complicated, more obviously clever. And he enjoys delving into detail and mastering it.

But in the desire of the two men to remain close allies of the United States there is no difference. In some ways, Mr. Wilson says, he can prove that he trusts the United States more than the Conservatives because he is willing to give up Britain's so-called independent deterrent and to place Britain's defense against nuclear attack in the hands of the American government. For if Britain gives up her nuclear ambitions this, in turn, should "defuse" Germany's appetite for nuclear weapons. By implication, Mr. Wilson is more apprehensive about Germany's becoming a nuclear power than he is about leaving Britain's security to the U.S. Once the Germans become nuclear, he believes, the prospects for further East-West agreements and for broadening the current easing of tension would rapidly deteriorate.

SIR ALEC, on the other hand, firmly believes that the only way Britain can preserve her status as a great power is by holding on to the trappings of an independent nuclear deterrent. He defined Britain's role, in his first greetings to President Johnson, as that of a country which, like the United States, can make its contribution to the maintenance of order and stability in the world. He does not necessarily mistrust the United States, but he insists on keeping the nuclear status symbols intact.

Mr. Wilson does not feel that his stand on giving up the nuclear deterrent is his winning card in the elections. He admits that even the chaps in the pubs have a certain nostalgia for Britain's great past, as do so many Conservatives. Aware of the potency of this issue, he is no longer saying, as he did last year here, that Britain's power does not depend on the nuclear deterrent but on her economic strength; he speaks instead about asserting Britain's military power through the conventional use of her forces in brushfire interventions such as occurred in East Africa, Cyprus, and Malaysia, in order to avoid the accusation that he is demoting Britain to a second-class power. His real trump card, he believes, is his promise to better economic growth, to make more effective use of British scientists and their work, to reform the governmental machine—in short, to modernize Britain.

The United States has lived with the Conservatives' insistence on preserving an independent deterrent. President Kennedy, in fact, gave it his full support when he agreed at Nassau in January 1963 to supply Britain with Polaris missiles. Mr. Wilson's position on defense would nevertheless suit the American book better.

Where Mr. Wilson's policy causes real heartburning in Washington is in his refusal to consider either a direct economic or political relationship with the Common Market countries. The Conservatives who wanted to lead Britain into Europe have been rebuffed by de Gaulle, but at least their attitude, however frustrated, has not changed. The Labor Party is afraid that, once associated with what it considers a "reactionary Europe" in which de Gaulle and a conservative government in Bonn set the policies, it would lose the freedom of its own socialist policies. Mr. Wilson's answer is to place all emphasis on the Atlantic Alliance led by a four-power directorate consisting of the United States, Britain, France, and Germany. Nothing would be more dangerous, he believes, than to encourage an independent Europe—either through some sort of European nuclear force or such a closed club as the Common Market.

The Labor Party's great advantage in the coming elections lies in the fact that the Conservatives have now been in power for twelve years. After such a long spell, the slogan "It's Time for a Change" is very persuasive. And for a change, dissension within the party—something that has been a rather unhappy prerogative among Labor for a long time—is now haunting the Conservatives. The Labor Party now has only one dominant figure, and that is Harold Wilson. The Conservatives have more brilliant men on their team, but they lack cohesion. And while Mr. Wilson does not possess Sir Alec's simple charm, he is able to convey the image of a man who knows what he wants and how to get it.

After President Kennedy's assassination the Conservatives' chances, according to a Gallup Poll, improved suddenly. (In a crisis people instinctively dislike change.) Since then, however, they have dropped again. Both the Prime Minister and Mr. Wilson professed nothing but optimism to their American hosts here, but in fact Sir Alec has no illusions. He expects either a narrow defeat or a narrow victory.

But whoever is the winner, Washington, after these two visits, feels reassured that Anglo-American relations will remain comfortable and steady and unaffected by party differences.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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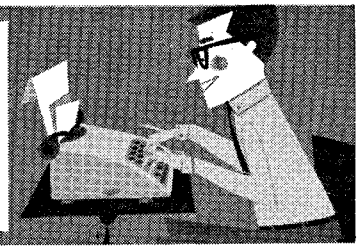

The Column

DID you read in one of the columns the other day where Arthur Murray was dining in a restaurant and the bus boy set down a glass of water and Arthur Murray said, "I don't want it. Take it away"? And the bus boy said, "But why, señor?" And Arthur Murray said, "Because we are not taking water from Cuba any more."

Did you read that in one of the columns? If your answer is yes, you are mistaken. I just this minute contrived that little quip and, besides, I've been out of touch with Mr. Murray since I flunked the Lindy Hop.

But if it did appear in a column, it could possibly be credited to Mr. Murray, or some other client for whom some press agent is trying to create a quotable image for some rather unquotable notable. Columnists with a deadline and a lot of space to fill six days a week are glad to exchange a line or two of credit for a witty gag. Press agents mail daily pages of clever things their clients are purported to have said. A really clever press agent with several clients and one clever saying can weave them all in at once. For instance:

"Arthur Murray and his wife, Katherine, in a resplendent Pauline Trigère creation, were at the Colony last night before planing to the coast on TWA, having a sandwich on Levy's rye bread, and washed it down with a bottle of Seven-Up after refusing a glass of water from the bus boy 'because we are not taking water from Cuba any more,' said Arthur Murray, signing the check with his Paper Mate."

Now let me see—what was I going to say before I started this long preamble? Oh yes! From time to time in this space I may do a little column myself, culled from a lifetime association with actors and writers and also some of the more stable people in our industry. Some of the names you may not recognize, but they were real and talented and gallantly played their parts, and some passed on. One who comes to mind is Al Boasberg.

Al Boasberg was a tall, owlish-looking, somber man, who wrote the best comedy material in the Thirties and Forties for some of our up-and-coming comedians. Al used to tell of one of his pictures that had a ritzy hotel setting. To indicate exactly how ritzy the hotel was, he had the elevator girl say, "Ascending." The producer called Al into his office. He thought the word would not be understood by the average moviegoer. Al argued that the word was one everyone knew. The producer buzzed his secretary and over the intercom said: "Miss Jamieson, what does 'ascending' mean?" And she replied, "What's that word again?" The producer said, "Ascending—A-Double S-E-N-D-I-N-G."

I was in a movie theater with Al one night. In the middle of the picture he rose and asked in a loud voice: "Is there a Christian Scientist in the house?" A woman from across the theater stood up and said, "I'm a Christian Scientist." And Al said, "Would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draft."

Al loved to tell of working at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a movie writer. One afternoon he left the office and went home, where he received a phone call from Irving Thalberg's secretary. "Mr. Thalberg is going to New York tonight on the Chief," she announced. "And he wants you on the train with him." Quite excitedly, Al packed a bag and told his wife that they had finally recognized his talents at the studio. He arrived at the depot, where he found a man assigning the contingent to their various spaces.

"Al Boasberg," said the man, "drawing room B."

Al climbed aboard, stretched his hulk of a frame luxuriously on the seat, and contemplated this great stroke of fortune. An hour or so later there was a knock at his door. "Mr. Thalberg wants to see you in the parlor car."

When Al entered, he saw Mr. Thalberg seated at a desk surrounded by secretaries, directors, producers.

"Al," said Mr. Thalberg, "in this picture you're working on, the story line is a simple one. The girl is the richest woman in the world and she can have anything she wants except this man. If you plant that definitely in the first few hundred feet of film, the story will jell."

Al replied that he had intended doing it that way.

"OK," said Mr. Thalberg, "you can get off at San Bernardino."

It was three in the morning when the bus brought Al back to his home.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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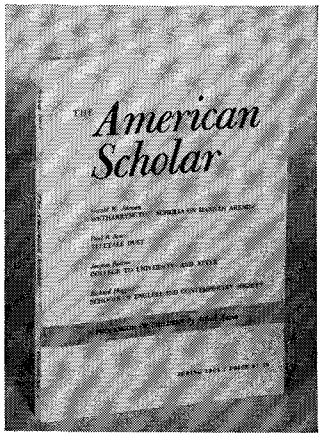

in the spring issue

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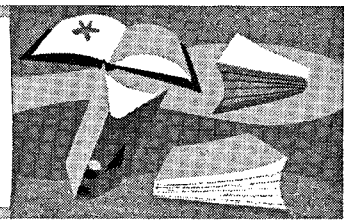
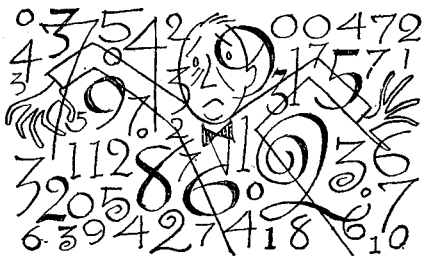


Writing from what is now called 10024, Mrs. Sue Desheh laments the fact that she must remember all those ZIP code numbers for her friends around the country. She says that things are getting as bad as the phone call to Sing Sing reported by her eleven-year-old: "You must have the wrong name. There is no one by that number here."

Though we had long suspected how



pervasive the numbers game had become, we confess we were a little startled in cleaning out a wallet to see just how much numbers dominate man's identity today. What with Social Security, credit cards, auto license, telephone number, bank account number, American Bowling Congress card number, and a few others, we wonder if we shouldn't write our name something like this: 0130313401111036948629021225-8022051491338218266 61A003804770-6002964 3S153185038110287460010 43-6848711146801881364836.

We hasten to add that all these digits are true and can be documented, and that a good many other numbers that apply to our identity are not included. Almost any individual is forced to cope with a similarly huge bulk of arithmetic. From now on in, when a person says he's got your number, don't believe him.

One gentleman, however, who has made a great success with numbers is Lionel Fraser, the Englishman who was born of parents in domestic service and who later became one of England's leading bankers and industrialists. His recent book, *All to the Good* (Doubleday), documents this British Horatio Alger story with charm and humor.

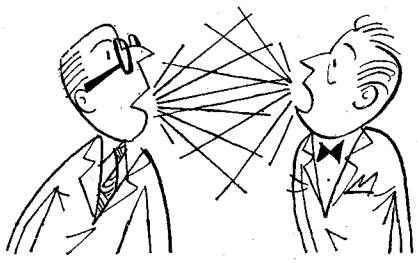
"I wrote the book almost as a love letter to London," he told us at lunch recently. "It's still unrivaled as the center of commerce, you know, and it's a *good* place. What's more, I hope to prove that bankers are *not* stinkers, that banking is a creative, challenging job for those who get a thrill out of helping a person instead of outsmarting him."

The tall, distinguished, and resonant Mr. Fraser had several other things of interest to say. Among them: 1) As a cryptographer in World War I, he was able to crack the German Navy code with regularity—yet he cannot work out the simplest crossword puzzle to this day; 2) in spite of the many political problems with the Communist bloc countries, he found as an international banker that Russia always paid its obligations right on time and that the present Czech government honored the obligations of the previous regime; 3) the whole secret of being a good banker is knowing people and being able to judge a man's character from his looks.

Whether or not Mr. Fraser has difficulty with crossword puzzles, actor Eli Wallach does not. And he has sent an urgent SOS from Cambodia, where he is on location for the film *Lord Jim*, asking for any undone puzzles lying around the house. There are none in English on the local newsstands. His address: c/o Lord Jim Co., Boite Postale, 50 Siem Reap, Cambodia.

We've been hearing a lot about various new laws lately, especially those of Mr. Parkinson. Now Franklin Heller, a television producer, has developed still another one that he says is absolutely necessary to apply in the TV jungle.

It reads: "Never permit the other fellow to finish a sentence, since he might



know what he is talking about and thus prove that you do not."

As a corollary, he adds: "If you miss your chance to interrupt, change the subject."

In support of Mr. Heller's laws of broadcasting, Alan Jackson, whose new novel, *Perdita, Get Lost* (Simon & Schuster), is just now reaching the bookstalls, tells us he was being interviewed by a

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television host and, as Mr. Heller might have predicted, was interrupted. "We don't mention that word on this show," the host told Mr. Jackson. "We say 'dickens.'"

"Of course," said Mr. Jackson amicably. "As I was saying, *The Dicken's Advocate*—"

A. D. Estill reports that the bulletin board in the Student Union at Ohio

State carried this hand-written notice: "Tudor wanted in English history."

From the Seven Arts Book Society we learn of another curse of Tutankhamen (see TRADE WINDS, Dec. 28, 1963). Frank Malfara, of the society's art department, writes: "The mysterious disappearance of our sole office copy of *Tutankhamen* preceded the similar disappearance of two other books—the three books, of course, representing the three members of the King Tut archeological team. Your column has reinforced a rather wavering belief in mysticism."

Any other reports?

Alexander Lenard is not only the author of *Winnie Ille Pooh* but also a practical joker, Elliott Graham of Dutton reports. For about four years Lenard, a Hungarian living in Brazil, has been corresponding with the English poet Robert Graves in Majorca. Their pen palship has all been in Latin because Lenard never let on that he and Graves had any other common language. It wasn't until they bumped into each other at a party in New York the other day that Graves learned that Lenard in fact speaks twelve languages—English among them.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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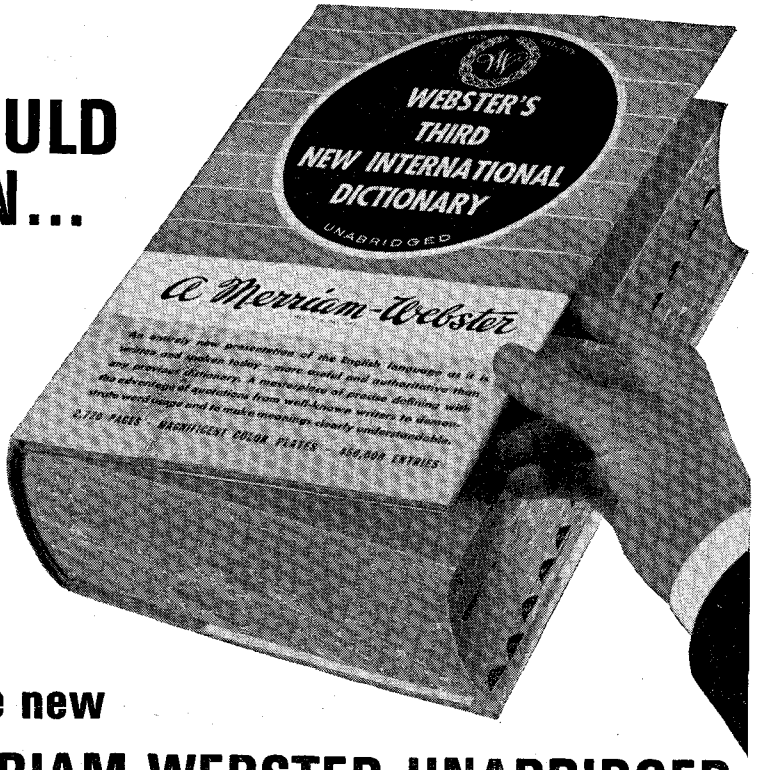

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Man and Boy

Edited by Martin Levin

Songland Revisited
Or, There's No Purity Like Immaturity

Songland has one characteristic in common with the Western of TV and cinema;

Black is black and white is white and intermediate colors are reduced to their minima.

In God's country you can tell the Bad Guys from the Good Guys by their complexions and leers;

In Songland, the distinguishing feature is simply years.

In the Western you can put your trust in non-swarthy non-leering alcoholic old doctors and sympathetic sheriffs;

And in Songland virtue is totally restricted to a host of happy adolescent but nubile seraphs.

By junior citizens only are worn the halos and the laurels;

In Songland it's a long long way from May even to July, and crabbed age and youth are poles apart not only in years but in morals.

Boys are good and Girls are good and their relationships are blissful and blameless,

But the conduct of Men (a pejorative) and Women (another pejorative) is consistently shameless.

The Men and Women of Songland are given to infidelity, sadism, intoxication, flagellation, desertion, homicide, and mopery,

Indeed a truly unsavory *potpourri.*

Look at the Man who done Frankie wrong, look at My Man, look at Old Man River, and that St. Louis Woman, do you think the Decalogue contains one commandment they took any heed of?

Look at the Moaner of Moanin' Low, what kind of a woman must she have been whom the kind of a man like him she moaned for stood in need of?

Such is the fiat laid down by Songland's muse;

Ballads are strictly reserved for the Boys and Girls, Men and Women only get to get into the blues.

Well, who am I to carp at the plan divine?

As long as you're up, pass me a beaker of that good young Boy Oh Boyischewitz wine. —Ogden Nash.

The Permutation Of the Proper Place

A NEIGHBOR of ours, a Mr. Bilstrode Frabble, was rushed to the hospital the other night struggling in a straitjacket and screaming one word over and over again. Opinion was divided about the word; the ambulance attendant thought it was "freezer" and the cop thought it was "Caesar," having dealt with two Napoleons and a John the Baptist the previous week. The psychiatrist at the hospital, however, identified the word as "tweezer" and established also 1) that Bilstrode Frabble was married and 2) that he was an ardent hobbyist who had been engaged in engraving Income Tax Form 1040 on the head of a pin.

At this point a great light dawned on the psychiatrist. "Call this man's wife," he told the cop, "and ask her if she believes in a place for everything and everything in its place." The rest of the story was simple: Bilstrode had laid his tweezers down in order to adjust the position of the pin, and when he reached for them a split-second later they were gone. While he was groping, the pin rolled off the table and down a crack in the floor, taking 278 hours of eyestraining labor with it—Bilstrode had gotten as far as Capital Gains.

"They were just *lying* there," his wife sobbed, "so I put them back where they belonged." The psychiatrist said nothing—it was not his task to pass moral judgments—but he went home that night and nailed the back cover of his Freud to the dining room table. "There it is and there it stays," he told his own wife. "I'm not going to end up like that poor devil in the hospital."

It's hard to understand why the State Department, which presumably has married diplomats, is ever confused by the Communist tactic of creating a crisis and then bargaining for a settlement. Women were doing this a millenium before Marx, and their party line is "Who picked up after you when you were a bachelor?" The answer, of course, is "nobody," since "picking up" does not enter a man's life until he marries. A bachelor simply piles everything neatly in the middle of the floor where it can be found when it's wanted. The "proper place" for anything is where it happens to be at the moment, and the bachelor, quite sensibly, looks for something where he last left it. Objects do not acquire a "proper place" until after the wedding, and since it is the wife who decides that, say, the hammer should be kept behind the stove, it is obviously her responsibility to put it there.

Experienced husbands recognize two basic truths: 1) the "proper place" for something bears no relation to its function. Books are assigned to the vegetable bin; shirts to the lower drawer in the china cabinet; 2) "proper places" are fluid or revolving—they do not stay put and cannot be memorized. Women often indulge in a sport known as "tidying up," which consists of shifting everything from the top bureau drawer to the bottom, from the bottom drawer to the middle, and from the middle to the hall closet.

In 1887 a Mr. Cromwell Gleep of Little Rock charted the migration of his socks for two years and thought he detected a cyclical pattern. He subsequently published a series of charts optimistically entitled "Complete Diurnal Permutations of Proper Places: A Guide to Family Tranquility." This was the same Cromwell Gleep who was fatally injured when he returned from a weekend in Atlanta and stepped out onto a balcony that his wife had had shifted to the other side of the house during his absence. His permutations were not so complete as he had boasted and his pride went before a fall—two stories, in this instance. —Allen Dodd, Jr.

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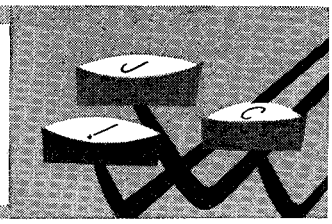

How Free Is Free Verse? Robert Frost created something like an academic cliché when he said that "writing free verse is like playing tennis with the net down." Nor do I mean that the remark itself is a cliché. When first made, in fact, it was not only terse and witty but probably barbed with a bit of malice toward Carl Sandburg, whose unmeasured effusions Frost was always happy to scorn. It is the remark as taken, rather than as made, that has become lumpish; for far too many teachers have accepted it blindly, not as a witty and provocative generalization but as an oracular and incontestable pronouncement.

Even on the basis of its own metaphor the remark can be both respected and contested. For most people tennis with the net down is no tennis at all—true. Poetry, on the other hand, is not written by most people, or at least not well enough to count. What is good enough to count is written by the few whose talent and dedication include the disciplines of engaged form.

As far as the tennis metaphor is concerned, I submit that ranking tennis players, finding themselves on a court from which the net happens to be missing, could still play something very like a hard game of tennis. I am suggesting, as a principle at least equal to Frost's in this case, that if you know the game well enough you can always play it. That knowing where the net is supposed to be can be as good as having the net there.

Whether or not anyone can hope to know the conceptual net as certainly as he would know the actual one is not a question I mean to push hard at any tennis club. In art, however, the conceptual is always its own reality. No one has given greater grace to that thought than has Richard Wilbur in his poem "Mind," in which he compares the mind to a bat wheeling through caverns,

> Contriving by a kind of senseless wit
> Not to conclude against a wall of stone.

The poem ends:

> And has this simile a like perfection?
> The mind is like a bat. Precisely. Save
> That in the very happiest intellection
> A graceful error may correct the cave.

Back once more at the tennis club, one may find the members in full scorn of conceptual nets (and hypothetical baselines). Yet even a tennis player might grant—if only as a speculation over the third martini—that tennis as formalized by the rule book is not the only possible tennis, but only the tennis agreed upon.

But let that be enough talk of conceptual nets on actual courts. Suppose, instead, that two good tennis players came onto the court one day and found that someone for some reason had raised the net three feet off the ground and left it there. They could decide to have some fun out of it and to play a variation of the game in which every shot had to go under rather than over the net. The game they played that day would strike the chance observer as a queer one and the religious tennis player as sacrilege, but if the players entered into it with the right whimsy they might just find that their game, though far off the official version, was a demanding one. And since its rules were hard ones, they could, if they were good players, enjoy it.

So carried away, they might even go on to invent new variations. Suppose that one day they found a net with a great rip in the center and that with a few deft improvisations they rigged the rip into a two-foot circle and gave themselves the latitude (and the difficulty) of permitting the ball to be played, at choice, through that center target as well as over the net.

Or suppose again that two whimsical madmen decided to rig the net from a high pole to a low one, so that it stretched aslant from a height of twelve feet on one side to standard height at the other, with the new rules requiring the players, on any shot, to decide whether to play over the net at the low end or under it at the high one.

Once again, the guardians of the rule books would shudder, but certainly the players, if they were as good as they were venturesome, might find these variations demanding and, therefore, satisfying.

In poetry there is not and cannot be a final rule book. Each poem must go

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by its own rules. All that is necessary is that there be rules of some sort. The poet is free to invent his rules to any measure including madness, but having invented them he must be ruled by them.

For these reasons, there cannot in fact be any such thing as "free" verse. The term "free verse," when first invented, implied no absolute freedom but only freedom (and, in fact, a rebellion) from certain traditional rules and measures the "free verse" poets took to be moribund. Under Ezra Pound the Imagists and under Amy Lowell the Amygists kept themselves busy enough from the first, proclaiming the rules of their rebellion.

The fact is that something *has* to measure. It may be the wave length of the cadence. It may be the breath group of the phrase. It may be a pattern of caesuras. Or the line length. Or as little as the width of the page. Or the play of one rhythm against another. Or an assonantal or a consonantal pattern combined with the cadence. It may be anything but it has to be Something, and that Something must measure. William Carlos Williams and e. e. cummings did not write to the kind of measure that would have satisfied John Keats. And perhaps it is possible to say that at times Williams and cummings lost track of their own measure. But the man is mad who will argue that these poets at their best wrote to no measure. The teacher of modern poetry who cannot identify these measures is not qualified to enter the classroom.

Curiously, there seem to be as many teachers bent on encouraging their students to write free verse as there are teachers declaring that they can make no sense of it.

What these encouragers of the formless young seem not to recognize is that no student anywhere is competent to attempt free verse. Students write what they call free verse because they find it easy. The fact is that free verse is only easy to write badly. The poet who writes it well takes on the enormous difficulty of inventing his form as he goes, and I shall insist that the demands of such invention are forever beyond the range of student talent. May our teachers forever be an encouragement to the young, but they destroy their own ends if they encourage them to anything but form, and strictest form.

And between Frost and their misinterpretation of Frost, let me remind them that I have uttered no preachment against real nets, and that if I have suggested that ranking players may make a game of it without the net, or with an altered net, I have at no point suggested that one learns the game with anything but a real net, and that firmly in place.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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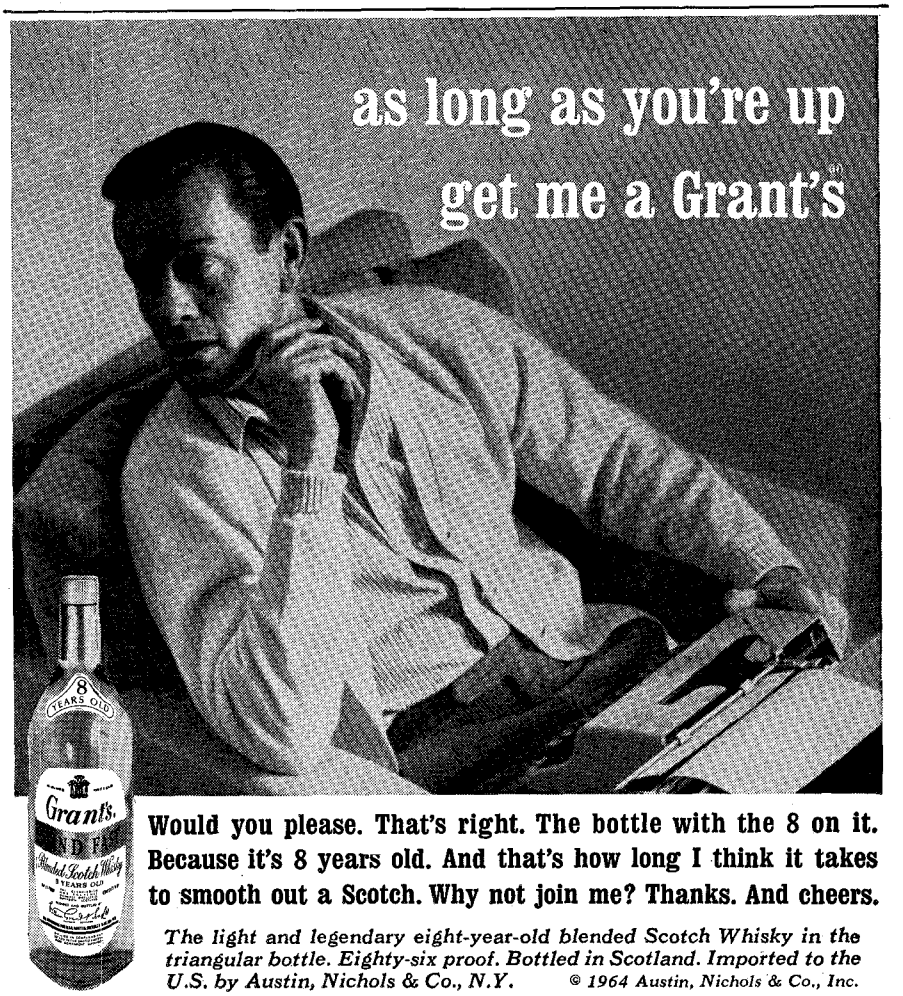

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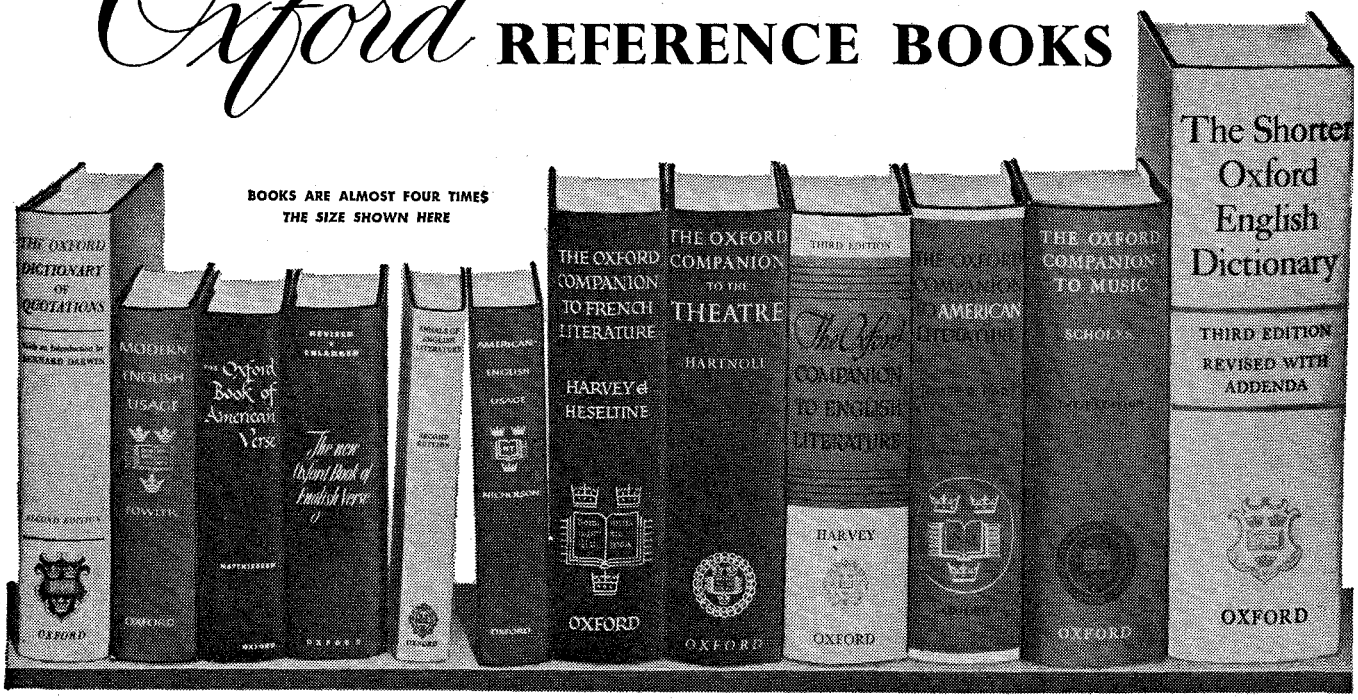
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Saturday Review

March 21, 1964

The Swifter Completion Of Their Rounds

Can the Post Office, burdened with more work—and more problems—than ever, speed up the nation's mails?

By ALVIN SHUSTER, *of the Washington staff of the New York Times.*

WALK into that massive building that stretches from 12th to 13th Street along Pennsylvania Avenue, a couple of blocks from the White House, and listen to some of the official conversation. The staff seems to be talking in secret code these days. They talk of ABCD, NIMS, ZIP, and VIM—all suggesting names of patent medicines designed to remedy tired blood.

What those letters represent in fact are the Post Office Department's prescriptions for giving new pep to the one federal service that directly serves more Americans than any other and, in so doing, happens to bear the brunt of more complaints.

It constantly finds itself under attack —from patrons who get that check a day later than usual, from railroads that find more and more business slipping away, from politicians who have no love for the merit system, from employees who see too many remnants of the spoils system, and from any one of the powerful postal unions that come up with a variety of grievances. The department hasn't heard from any dogs yet, but that could be next. It is now distributing repellent spray that hopefully will keep the canines from wounding another 7,000 mailmen this year.

Presiding over the efforts to keep everybody happy and still improve service is forty-four-year-old Postmaster General John A. Gronouski. A former Wisconsin tax commissioner, he came to Washington last September to become head of the largest civilian organization in the world. He's got nearly 590,000 employees, drawing $10,000,000 a day in salaries. Of his $5 billion-a-year budget, he spends $675,000,000 for airlines, trains, trucks, buses, boats, and sixty-six horseback routes, including an eight-mile stretch between Pine Top and Pippa Passes, Kentucky. He does it all through 45,000 post offices and branches.

The complaints he gets—many of them based on fact, others on myth—are all rather familiar. The service has grown worse despite higher postal rates. Little is being done to improve things. The department is still too much of a political dumping ground. And there must be a division somewhere with the sole task of demolishing parcel post packages, particularly those marked "fragile."

In general, however, the Post Office seems to be doing a good job.

It may not seem that way to the housewife who lives at the end of the mailman's route and gets her mail about the time the evening paper arrives. It may not seem that way to the man in New York who shrugs his shoulders and mumbles something about "that post office" every time he gets a letter that was mailed two or three days earlier in Washington.

But the lawyer in one of 275 cities who discovers that his letter was delivered the same day he mailed it thinks it's working fine. And so does the businessman who is finding the bills he sends out arriving a day earlier than before simply because, at the department's urging, he is dropping them in the mailbox at noon instead of 5 P.M.

As in all such arguments, the real truth about the quality of the service lies somewhere in between.

The central problem in recent years, of course, is that business has just been too good. The volume of mail has jumped from 26 billion pieces a year before World War II to 70 billion today. New suburbs and office buildings mean the Post Office has to add 1,500,000 stops each year. Yet the department has been slow in mechanizing, and it still has a long way to go. Its office of research and engineering, for example, was set up only eight years ago when $1,000,000 was set aside for thinking up new ways of mail handling. The research budget is running about $12,000,000 a year; many post offices have received at least a few pieces of new equipment. Under leasing arrangements, the department has also moved into 6,000 new post offices since 1957. Some 900 more are planned for this year alone.

Post Office officials, whose mail also comes a day later than it should sometimes, say that the department, despite lapses, handles more than half the world's mail with greater efficiency, at lower rates, and with more modern methods than any other. They point to some test mailings that show that about 90 per cent of all letters mail between a few tested areas got next-day delivery.

THE ultimate next-day goal is 95 per cent to all areas where existing transportation would permit it, but this may well be a long way off. Some 90 billion pieces of mail will be hitting post offices by 1970, and unless the department, with long-delayed mechanization and shifts in techniques, can keep pace, service could get worse before it gets better.

This is really why officials practice so much of that alphabetical lingo.

NIMS is their "nationwide improved mail service" program, aimed at getting big mailers to pre-sort their mail and send it to the post offices earlier each day. As a result, the volume of first-class mail dumped on post offices after 5 P.M. has been reduced from 80 per cent of all such mail to about 50 per cent.

With ABCD, or "accelerated business

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collection and delivery," downtown business districts in 275 cities get same-day delivery on all mail collected by 11 A.M. Because of its traffic jams, New York is the only major city without this service.

With VIM (there is no VIGOR), the department hopes to get more builders to put conveyor mail systems in high-rise buildings. In one test of the "Vertical Improved Mail," letters in a building in San Francisco were delivered in ten minutes by one man, instead of ninety minutes by several men.

The heart of it all, though, is ZIP, the object of more gags than anything the post office has come up with since the experimental and now defunct stamp machine that said "Thank you." ("Old postmen never die, they just lose their ZIP," etc.)

ZIP, for "zone improvement program," will be a year old this July 1, and while there is still much talk among anti-digit people about supporting only those Presidential candidates who have sworn to abolish the ZIP code, it does have great potential.

Individuals using ZIP code numbers to write to their sons at college or mothers back home are finding their letters getting there with about the same speed. For at present it is not designed to hurry letters between individuals. Its immediate aims are the large mailers—insurance companies, phone companies, and the like—who are responsible for 75 per cent of all first-class mail and who have the equipment to convert their address files to ZIP codes.

By using the five-digit code, the big mailers pre-sort their mail so that it can go directly to the designated city and, in some cases, directly to the carrier, bypassing some of the ten or eleven handlings now required.

The number itself identifies, not individuals, but delivery areas. It tells a postal clerk who has done his homework the national area, the state, and the local post office. Times Square, for example, is 10036: New York State is in area No. 1, New York City is 00, and 36 is the number for Times Square.

BESIDES the big business mailers, the Post Office hopes individuals will start using the numbers, too, looking to the day when machines will read the code at a rate of 17,000 pieces of mail an hour in the larger post offices.

"If nobody is using his ZIP code number," one official said, "how do we ask Congress to give us those scanning machines?"

Three experimental code-readers are now being developed under government contract. Field trials of the one selected are about two years away. In the meantime, most of the mail is being handled across the country essentially the same way it was handled 100 years ago. Most letters are still looked at some ten or eleven times before they are delivered and sorted by clerks standing before wooden cases.

Progress has been made. There are machines in forty post offices that automatically cancel the stamps and "face" letters so sorters avoid juggling them around looking for the addresses. Five post offices have automatic devices that can't read addresses but, with the help of an operator, can sort letters at the rate of sixty a minute, as against the thirty-minute rate for the man before the wooden case. There is an experimental machine that detects a special "glow" on airmail stamps and pulls them out of the pile for dispatch to the airport.

Parcel sorting equipment is installed in ten post offices. And, incidentally, steps have been taken to avoid total destruction of parcel post packages. The department has been using a battery-powered tape device in test packages to measure how much they are banged about and determine where the heaviest blows fall. At one office, for example, a package squealed that it had been dropped eleven feet.

In addition, there are forty stamp-vending machines across the country, primarily to give service at post offices on weekends and after hours. They sell stamps, post cards, and envelopes and give change for coins and $1 or $5 bills. In some cities, people have preferred to do business with the machines even during office hours. However, tests have shown that, for some reason, people in the East used the machines more than people in the West.

And 8,000 new vehicles are on order to add to the 50,000 the Post Office now owns. One of the new trucks has not only better visibility and a safety belt for the driver, but also a buzzer to alert pedestrians when the driver puts it in reverse.

The major objective of all this, of course, is to enable the department to speed delivery of more mail without a substantial jump in postal employees. Congress, recognizing the importance of preferential rates to some users of the mail and other "public service" features of the department, doesn't ask that the department break even. But officials nevertheless would like to keep the difference between income and outgo within shouting distance of each other.

Apart from being mailman and bookkeeper, the Postmaster General wears other hats. He is part literary critic (he checks novels and magazines for obscenity), part banker (he sells U.S. Savings Bonds and still has a million postal savings accounts), part detective (he tracks down fraud), part registrar (he registers nearly 3,000,000 aliens a year), part outdoorsman (he sells migratory bird stamps and conducts livestock and game bird counts), and part stationer (he buys 2,000,000 ball-point pens a year.)

He must also be part transportation expert, a job that has been increasingly difficult for the men who have held the Cabinet post in recent years. The basic patterns of handling mail developed over the years when mail was relatively evenly distributed in origin and destination—mostly personal letters to and from points evenly distributed along a complete nationwide rail system.

Now rail service has dwindled from 10,000 mail-carrying cars in 1920 to just 1,400 today. Of the 4,000 first-class post offices (those with receipts of over $40,000), just about half have no rail passenger service. The railroads still carry about 60 per cent of the mail, earning $1,000,000 a day, but the department has shifted gradually to more reliance on trucks, buses, and planes. The shipment of first-class regular mail by air between some cities on available space—a program started by Mr. Summerfield—has had its ups and downs, with Congress curtailing it for a while. But it is at work again now, flying about twice as much regular mail as in 1958.

SINCE so much mail today is of business origin moving from major commercial centers, the long-range goal is to concentrate sorting at relatively few carefully selected spots. Available transportation can be better used, repeated sortings at post offices avoided, and mail volume at such centers made large enough to justify expensive mechanical installations.

One reason, for example, why the much-heralded experimental "automatic post office" in Providence received so much criticism was that it provided too much horsepower for the area. Not enough mail was being fed into the machines, though the department has been chaneling more in there lately. In any event, what was officially called "Operation Turnkey" was quickly dubbed "Operation Turkey."

The jobs as literary critic, detective, and propaganda expert have also given Postmasters General quite a few problems. Americans, besides being responsible for more than half the world's mail, are also responsible for mailing more obscenities, more fraud, more poison, and more bombs than any other group of citizens. And they are recipients of thousands of pounds of mail from Communist countries.

The department tried to get rid of one of these jobs, but had only temporary success. By executive order in March 1961, President Kennedy ended

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a controversial government program of intercepting Communist propaganda. For years the Customs Bureau, working with the Post Office, carried the burden of stopping such mail lest it poison American minds. Caught up in the program along with outright propaganda were Soviet works of art, religion, and philosophy, and even a primer on chess, along with some books published before the Communist revolution.

Congress insisted on keeping the program going, despite the Kennedy directive. It passed a law—the first of its kind—specifically ordering the program resumed about a year ago. As it works now, the Post Office notifies an addressee that a piece of Communist propaganda has arrived for him and asks whether he wants it. If he says "Yes" it's forwarded. Sealed mail and mail addressed to any government agency, university, or school is sent on through. The main criticism is that many people are wary of the possible stigma of signing a card saying they would like to get a Communist publication.

There has also been a shift in the way the Post Office handles pornographic mail. The department found itself running into increasing controversy whenever it moved against "borderline" novels and magazines because of the varying opinions on what constituted obscenity. No one argued over stopping so-called hard-core pornography.

Under the old procedures, the department through administrative steps would stop publications it regarded as obscene even though Justice Department attorneys did not regard them as obscene enough for criminal action. For example, it would deny a second-class mailing permit to such magazines and ban questionable books from the use of the mails. Inspectors would check all the "girlie" magazines and answer suspicious advertisements offering "exclusive art." They still smile, incidentally, when they recall the advertisement that read: "These are what you have been long waiting for. These pictures are really *innocuous*." Mr. Gronouski's predecessor, J. Edward Day, father of the ZIP code, changed the policy two years ago. The magazines and the advertisements are still checked. But the emphasis now is entirely on criminal prosecution of pornography dealers, rather than on sometimes questionable administrative steps. Last year inspectors undertook some 100,000 investigations of obscene mail and fraud, from offerings of "dietless" reducing schemes to baldness cures offered by usually bald promoters.

On top of all this, mixed in with the regular mail, the Communist propaganda, and the frauds, is the mail that gives

(*Continued on page* 32)

Machine Age at the Post Office—Top, five men operating a new device called a "Transforma" can sort mail five times more efficiently than by themselves; above left, even a motor scooter doesn't solve the mailman's dog difficulties; above right, coins and dialing activate mechanical postal clerk; below, key puncher can now route 3,000 letters an hour.

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Educational Miracle

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ONE of the major needs in the twentieth century has been for a world university in which the human condition and the human potential would form the radiating center of a curriculum. More particularly, the need has been for a school that could create the foundations on which a genuine meeting place between East and West might be built.

With very little fanfare, such an institution is now in the making. It is the East-West Center associated with the University of Hawaii in Honolulu. Launched less than four years ago, it has taken tangible and dramatic form in four major respects. First, it has a faculty and visiting scholars drawn from some thirty nations. Second, it has been able to attract more than 1,000 students from West and East, mostly the latter. Third, it has a highly developed course of study, most of it on the graduate level. And, fourth, it has a striking physical and architectural presence.

What is most remarkable about the enterprise is that it was quietly hatched in the form of a Congressional legislative rider in 1960. It has since received $26,700,000 in government funds, constituting virtually its entire support. Based both on the results to date and on the potential, the Center may well represent the most imaginative and useful federal initiative in higher education yet attempted. Indeed, the assumption of financial responsibility by the U.S. Congress for the Center is something on the order of a small miracle. The then Vice President, Lyndon B. Johnson, is generally credited with the strategy and the steering that made the miracle possible.

Generally speaking, the East-West Center seeks not just to develop a dialogue between cultures but to create the working knowledge that can be diffused far beyond the campus and, in fact, even beyond the countries whose students and scholars are participants in the program. In this sense, the Center is both a headquarters for cultural interchange and a generating agency for new ideas and approaches to a world fumbling for ways to accommodate its diversity and pluralism.

But the Center is much more than a bridge for carrying philosophical traffic. It provides Asian students with the special training to become public health officers, specialists in food production, engineers (general, electrical, civil), biologists, chemists, physicists, meteorologists, curators of art museums, librarians, motion picture producers, etc. And it takes from Asian scholars and gives to American students the ideas and techniques developed in other countries for comprehending and meeting problems concerned with man's relationship to himself, to other men, and to his total environment.

In general, the work of the Center is divided into three parts. One part is the scholarship program that brings in a large number of highly qualified students for two years of postgraduate study (580 students from twenty-eight countries are now taking part in this program). Second, an advanced institute provides senior specialists and scholars with research and laboratory facilities. In some cases, the specialists are in residence; in others, they participate in international seminars and conferences. Third is the program for technical training, in which the United Nations and the Agency for International Development are among the cooperating groups and beneficiaries.

Unfortunately but perhaps inevitably, the Center has not escaped serious

(*Continued on page* 31)

—*N.C.*

Thomas H. Hamilton, president of the University of Hawaii and acting chancellor of the East-West Center in Honolulu, on the balcony of the new theater attached to the center; in the background, the new dormitories.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Liberal Republicanism

I WAS GLAD TO SEE Arthur Larson's article on liberal Republicanism [*SR*, Feb. 29]. However, I was disappointed in his attempt to gloss over the all too obvious split in the Republican Party. His contention that the Republican Party is progressive because it has progressive leaders—and admittedly it has in the last few years—is highly debatable. It is common knowledge that local leaders, Congressional representatives, and ordinary party workers show a preponderant Rightist tinge. The Right has and will continue to spawn its McKinleys and Goldwaters, while the liberal Left has given birth to Lincoln, Roosevelt, La Guardia, La Follette, Rockefeller, and Javits. This progressive wing finds itself under seige by a vocal and unthinking conservative faction.

Mr. Larson's second point is that aspirants to national office in most cases adopt a liberal attitude because otherwise they cannot possibly win. This is not to say that they are not sincere, but rather that liberal humanitarianism has been the key to success for the Republican Left because it is in tune with the feelings of the majority of the American people.

ERIC LEE,
Princeton University, '66.
Princeton, N.J.

I AM RED HOT WITH ANGER over Arthur Larson's sermonizing about Eisenhower's "habitual resort to principle." When Mr. Eisenhower permitted the extremely damaging lie in the U-2 incident, to what "depth" of what "guiding principle" did he trace that decision?

ALFRED B. REICHENBERGER.
Deansboro, N.Y.

DOES MR. LARSON THINK that by the simple expedient of not mentioning Barry Goldwater, Mr. Goldwater will blow away?

And does he really think that those of us who voted for Nixon out of loyalty rather than conviction should be offered another test of our loyalty?

JANET RICHARDS.
San Diego, Calif.

AFTER READING Arthur Larson's "What Is Liberal Republicanism?" only one question remains unanswered. What is liberal Republicanism?

JERRI GRODZICKER.
SUSAN KAUFMAN.
New York, N.Y.

American Theater

EXCELLENT IS THE WORD for your issue on "The American Theater '64" [*SR*, Feb. 22]. It was very thorough job—the best survey I have seen in years—and I think I have read them all.

FRAN LEWIS BAER.
Washington, D.C.

AS PENETRATING AND COMPRENSIVE as was your survey, it failed to mention one significant facet of the nation's theatrical activity: the surge of plays and productions for children. Tennessee recently built the handsomely designed Children's Theatre of Nashville from public contributions donated out of the belief that children deserve to see the highest standards of theatrical production. Consequently, 16,000 Nashville school children now attend each production. Courses in child drama are being offered in increased numbers by colleges and universities to train directors, designers, and playwrights. Most important, new plays are beginning to appear. . . .

LOWELL S. SWORTZELL,
Department of Dramatic Art,
New York University.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR recognizes the growing importance of children's drama and is happy to applaud such efforts as Nashville's Children's Theater.*

THE ARTICLE by critic Henry Hewes was straightforward and to the point. However, I think it was unfortunate that he neglected to mention the Fred Miller Theater in his section on the resident professional company. Not only does the Miller present quality theater, but it presents it well. This is the policy of producer and general manager John McQuiggan, and it is what Milwaukee wants.

MARY ELLEN MCTAGUE,
Mount Mary College.
Milwaukee, Wis.

CONGRATULATIONS ON *SR*'s theater section. The suggestions for improving America's theater were good, but I would like to offer a further recommendation.

In addition to federal, state, city, and private subsidies for the theater, we need a Minister of Culture with a cabinet post to afford direction to the evolution of our theater. And may I suggest a person who would find acceptance both for cultural and popular reasons: Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy.

ERIC D. OFFNER.
New York, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Lady Godiva has a very bad cold. Has she been in any drafts lately?"

What Pseudonym?

IN READING Robert Lewis Shayon's review of *Leviathan Five* [*SR*, Feb. 29] I was startled to read: "Producer Roy Huggins (who also collaborated on the script under the McGivern pseudonym) . . ."

William P. McGivern is hardly a pseudonym for Roy Huggins. It is a great surprise to me that there should have been any confusion about Mr. McGivern. In addition to *Leviathan Five*, he also wrote other stories and teleplays for the *Kraft Suspense Theater*, including *Killer on the Turnpike*, *Allegory on Lenox Avenue*, and *The Search for Mark Resnick*. His name is widely known as a novelist, too.

STUART ROBINSON.
Hollywood, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Several other readers also pointed out the error;* *see page 22.*

Confusions to Come?

NOW THAT POETRY EDITOR John Ciardi has described how he smuggled all that hooch on a U.S. bomber in World War II [*SR*, Jan. 18], and literary critic Granville Hicks has revealed he is fascinated by Al Capp and "Li'l Abner" [*SR*, Feb. 29], what next? Is music critic Irving Kolodin going to turn out to be president of a Beatles fan club?

MARTIN MILLER.
Canton, O.

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The Businessman as Critic

HOLLYWOOD.

THE NBC-MGM weekly television film series *Mr. Novak* presents the academic and personal ordeals of a dedicated young teacher of English in a typical American high school. E. Jack Neuman, the executive producer, received a letter recently from John R. Miles, manager of the Education Department of the United States Chamber of Commerce, congratulating Neuman for producing a "refreshing and significant dramatic show" that portrays critical problems facing not only educators but the business and industrial community as well.

Mr. Miles protested, however, that one *Mr. Novak* program dealing with the dropout problem was "a tragic failure." The story involved a student who regretted that he had left high school. He could not be restored to the learning process because he was overage for high school, and he did not like attending evening adult courses. Mr. Miles asserted that the dropout show was "distorted . . . pessimistic . . . incorrect." He claimed that schools are devising methods for meeting the problem and that the program should have emphasized these rather than the "despair and frustration" depicted. "Even if our schools were so inept in handling the dropout problem," he continued, "it would not have been good television to reveal it."

Mr. Neuman disagreed. He told Mr. Miles that he had personally researched and written the show and that it was based not only on an actual case but also on information given him by hundreds of high school principals. The program caused a stir among educators, and many have requested it for showing in school assemblies. The producer's intention, as he put it, was "to scare the hell out of a hundred thousand potential high school dropouts. . . . If just one of them remained in school . . . the film achieved the ultimate goal."

The merits of Mr. Miles's protest are not under discussion here, but rather his opinion that, even if Mr. Neuman's picture were true, "it would not have been good television to reveal it." The management of news has become a public issue, but here we have a statement from an influential organization of business leaders that appears to be based on a philosophy of "managing" television drama.

Neuman, like a few other television producers who are attempting to deal with current social issues in their programs, has conflicts with network officials. NBC shares ownership of the series with MGM and has the last word in story approval. The producer admits that he "generally has carte blanche," but there have been occasions when he and network representatives have clashed over happy endings. He did one story on *Mr. Novak* in which a boy who cheated in class was given a second chance, cheated again, and was tossed out of school. The network wanted the boy redeemed, but it ultimately gave Neuman's hard ending the green light. In another show, when the producer wanted a student to persist to the bitter end in downbeat behavior, the network overruled him and compelled a happy ending.

When I talked with him recently on the MGM lot, Neuman said he was currently involved in another discussion with the network involving a future show. NBC wants him to stick to the "idealized" image of the teacher and refrain from showing that his Lone Ranger on the campus can take a drink and woo a woman. It's a matter of give and take. The network has to hold the line for upbeat endings that harmonize with the sponsor's message (and perhaps with the wishes of the audience), yet network officials also see the wisdom of not overfrustrating their creative talent. The dilemma is a normal condition of our sponsored, mass-circulation broadcasting system.

The Chamber of Commerce has no direct relationship with creators of television entertainment. Its officials can—publicly and behind the scenes—speak for and against what is produced. But for such an organization to maintain that it is better not to expose on television weaknesses in education is disturbing. It is not consistent with democratic theory that the medium should always present a cheery view of reality. Mr. Miles's position strengthens criticisms affirming that there is an affinity between the commercial aims of the business community and the purveyors of mass entertainment on the air. Such an identity of interests serves to hold the line for the profitable status quo and to diminish social criticism. It is worth wondering how the Chamber of Commerce defines "education."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

IT'S A BAD DAY for a critic when he offends any of his readers by reporting facts inaccurately or failing to communicate the meaning he intends. There's nothing for it at such times but to beg the indulgence of his readers generally, make the necessary amends to individuals, and try again to clarify a point. Two recent shortcomings on my part require attention. The first concerns William P. McGivern, who collaborated on the script of *Leviathan Five*, a program in the NBC-TV *Kraft Suspense Theater* series. In commenting favorably on the show in the February 29 issue I said that Roy Huggins, the producer, contributed to the script under the "McGivern pseudonym." This was the result of a misunderstanding during a conversation with the producer. "There is no such thing as a McGivern pseudonym," the author has told me. "I have written under that name for the last twenty-odd years. No one else has." He went on to list titles from a prolific body of work and added: "With one careless sentence you have swept that body of work into an area where it may be regarded as the work of Roy Huggins."

My second sin is failing to make a point clear to Mrs. Barbara J. Johnson, of Lansing, Michigan. "You are brainwashed," Mrs. Johnson has let me know. "Your reasons why the *Richard Boone Show* should be discontinued . . . are unbelievable. Here was a chance to take a stand for good creative TV and you fell on your face . . . , ran with the mob for mediocrity." I did not mean to imply that the *Richard Boone Show* should be discontinued, but attempted to explain why it had failed to attract the gargantuan audiences the networks require in order to keep a program in prime time. My theory was that television programs that meet mass-circulation criteria make their appeal essentially to alienated viewers who have a need for vicarious identification with cozily familiar and predictable characters and situations. Pseudo-anthology series like Kraft and Hitchcock succeed because they offer the same emotional experience week after week, with only minor variations. Richard Boone bravely attempted a true anthology offering unpredictable experiences, but apparently not enough viewers (by mass standards) appreciate or understand repertory acting to make that the incentive for revisiting the series every week. I would be as delighted as anyone to have quality repertory succeed on television. —R.L.S.

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Theater in Cleveland

CLEVELAND.

IS THE pattern of community theater changing from what it was not so many years ago when its function was to present a menu of light comedies and glamorous dramas that had received the stamp of approval from Broadway critics a few seasons earlier? A look at the current fare being offered by the Cleveland Play House reveals a better balance between plays like *Take Her She's Mine* and *Calculated Risk* and plays like *The Night of the Iguana, Drums Under the Window,* and Jean Anouilh's *Becket*. The latter has been staged by guest director William Woodman on the semi-open stage of one of its three theaters.

Unusual casting offers the tall and boyishly gauche James Oliver Cromwell as King Henry II and a more mature actor, Richard Halverson, as Becket. This strengthens the notion that Henry would have been as stupid as his barons had he not been taught wisdom by Becket. The production is handsomely costumed and played on an elegant structure of steps and platforms that are more effective in the formal scenes than in the informal ones.

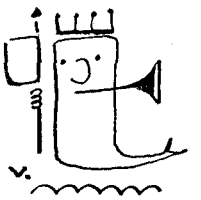
At another of the Play House theaters, Kirk Willis has directed an inventive production of Arthur Kopit's *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. In it Margaret Victor plays the teen-age seductress with great skill and captures the feeling of tinselly cheapness that ultimately horrifies the hothouse-bred Jonathan.

The Cleveland Play House, which offers as many as twenty-two plays a season, is the largest and oldest resident professional company in the United States. It seems to be serving its delighted community well. But now that other cities are setting up permanent resident companies with more specifically stated policies about acting approaches and the kinds of plays they will or will not do, the Cleveland Play House is faced with the prospect of either continuing a highly successful formula and being categorized as a community theater, or finding some way to continue its community service but at the same time markedly excel in one kind of theatrical production.

Equally famous in American Theater history is the Karamu Theater, which, since its founding by Russell and Rowena Jeliffe in 1915, has served a predominantly Negro section of Cleveland both by entertaining its residents and by giving them an opportunity to perform—always with interracial casting. Under professional directors Reuben Silver and Benno Frank it operates a small proscenium theater and a theater-in-the-round. Its next production will be the world premiere of John Murray's *The Prince of Mandalore*, a realistic farce in which three New York Negro actors traveling through the South are mistaken for East Indian royalty by segregationists who roll out the red carpet for them.

In addition to these important theatrical institutions, Clevelanders at this moment have been offered the unusual opportunity of being able to see Morris Carnovsky perform his famous Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. At Oberlin College some thirty miles away, Mr. Carnovsky, supported by a student cast, is now portraying Shylock in a production closer to his own concept of the play than was the 1960 American Shakespeare Festival Theater original at Stratford, Connecticut.

The secret of Mr. Carnovsky's Shylock, which is far and away the greatest of our time, lies both in its beautifully perfected creation of the look, sound, and feel of the obsessed usurer *and in its vigorous impulsiveness*. This is not a calculating scoundrel, but rather a man whose deep anger leaves him understandably susceptible to the temptations of revenge. Here at Oberlin, Mr. Carnovsky and Jerome Landfield have staged the play extracurricularly with a student cast. And while



the usual flaws of inexperience are frequently in evidence, the performers are refreshingly youthful and manage to move the play along at a lively pace, getting particular fun out of the sequences in which the Princes of Morocco and Arragon choose the caskets.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Salute to the Stars

ADMITTEDLY it is not one of the monumental problems of our time, but a lot of us have been aware that Sophia Loren has long been in need of a good showcase for her charms and abilities. A solution has been found by having her play three roles in a tripartite omnibus film directed by Vittorio De Sica and produced by Carlo Ponti with the help of Joseph E. Levine's money. This giant-sized comedic vehicle, *Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow,* adds a considerable bonus in the attractive person of Marcello Mastroianni, who has allowed Miss Loren to run a considerable gamut without attempting to intrude or dominate to any considerable degree. He just quietly demonstrates his expertness.

The three stories utilize for their settings Naples (*Yesterday*), Rome (*Today*), and Milan (*Tomorrow*), but they are presented out of time sequence. They don't really make much attempt to comment on the past, present, and future and only mildly emphasize the contrasts that exist in contemporary Italian social life. What De Sica does do is entertain warmly and lavishly. He helps to prove, incidentally, that film stars who possess agreeable personalities and genuine talents deserve every candlepower of their stardom, if wedded to interesting enough material.

In a poverty-ridden district of Naples Miss Loren is seen as a married seller of black-market cigarettes who learns that, according to a loophole in Italian law, she can't be put in jail while either pregnant or nursing her child. The charges against her remain suspended while her unemployed husband stays employed in keeping her pregnant, until eventually she becomes a national heroine. Miss Loren swings through this role with a healthy bounce.

She neatly changes pace in the Milan sequence that follows, becoming the elegant, befurred wife of an industrialist, driving a Rolls-Royce convertible and toying with the idea of seducing a struggling writer. She brings a marvelously cool bearing to the role and hints of passionate fires that smolder beneath the surface, but soon demonstrates to the writer (Mastroianni) that her sophistication is actually made up of just plain materialism. Not much to the story, but the stars do it beautifully.

In Rome Miss Loren turns into a seductive, prosperous call girl who catches the eye of a seminary student visiting her neighbors. He's soon all for giving up his religious vocation on her behalf, but, golden-hearted prostitute that she is, she manages to prevent his giving way to the attractions of profane love. Meanwhile, her rich patron (Mastroianni) must cool his heels until he is rewarded for his patience by a private strip-tease done with verve and only a slight amount of parody by Miss Loren. It is in this sequence that the two stars seem to have the most fun, suggesting that for these particular two Italians the act of sex is about as enjoyable as the act of eating. Any mystery about it is purely in the mind of the seminarian.

De Sica's comedy has its moments of realism, but a basic sentimentalism keeps seeping through, enhanced by the good-looking color photography.

In *La Bonne Soupe,* a French comedy (adapted from the Felicien Marceau play and directed by Robert Thomas), the photography is black and white CinemaScope, and the attitudes toward love and sex are fairly harsh. If for no other reason, *La Bonne Soupe* should be seen because of the presence in it of Marie Bell, the remarkable French actress who still assumes that fire and style can be added to realistic portrayal. We meet her, an aging denizen of the roulette table at the Cannes casino, as

she tells her story to the sympathetic Claude Dauphin—upon which another good actress, Annie Girardot, takes over as her younger self.

The history is one of early seduction, prostitution, a period as mistress to a businessman, and a slow rise to respectable marriage—virtually a classic fictional progression. While Miss Loren seems to enjoy her professional activity, Mesdames Bell-Girardot find it mainly a means to obtaining that financial extra that buys "the good soup" (or what we call gravy). Pretend passion, and a man (the fool) will open his wallet wide.

Several ironies in the film story are kept reasonably unexpected, and the playing on everyone's part is first-rate. Gerard Blain, Jean-Claude Brialy, and our own Franchot Tone (as an American millionaire) are among the more prominent. This version helps one understand why, though the translated play failed on Broadway, the original had a long-running success in Paris.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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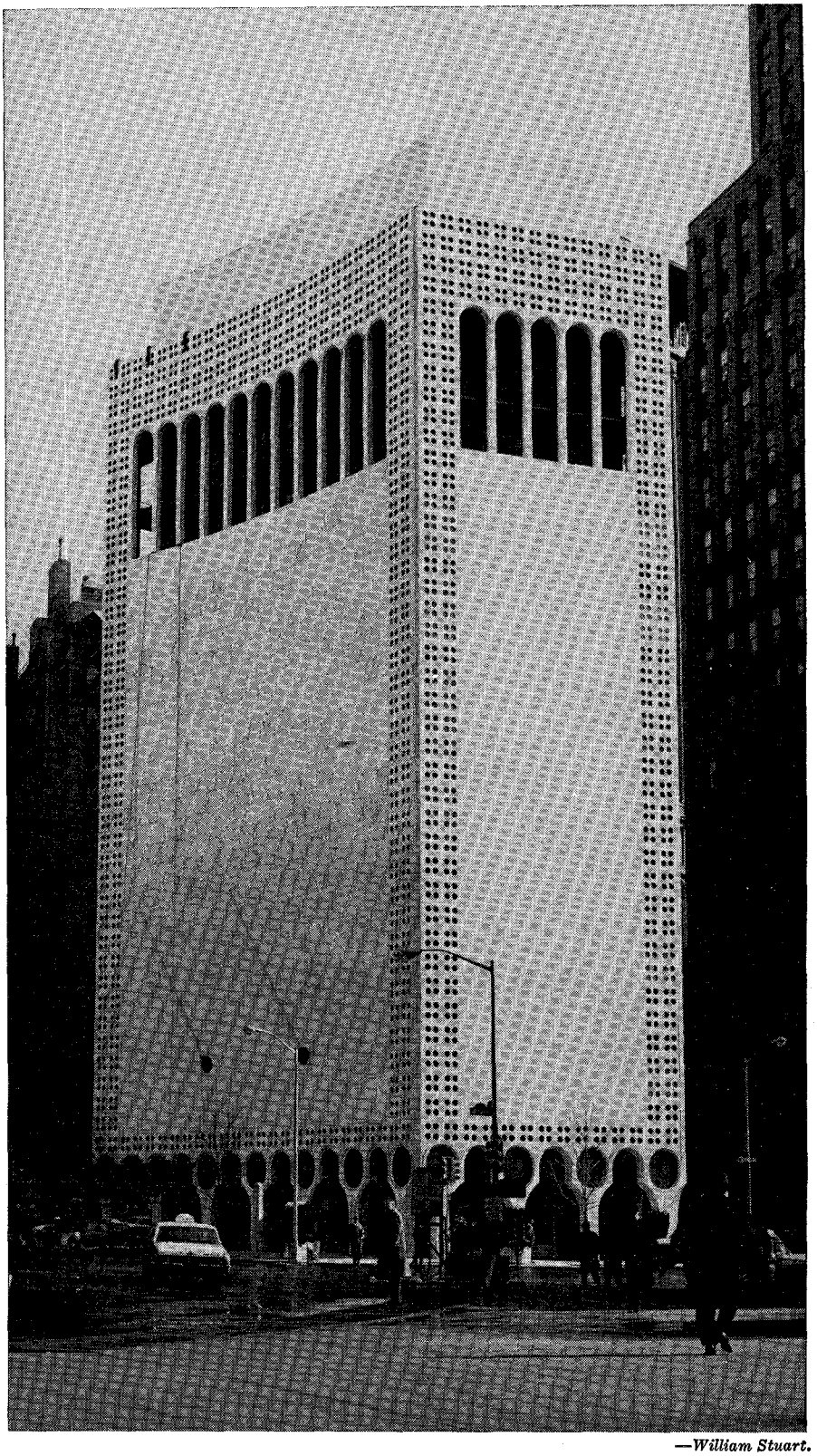
New York's Modern Merry-Go-Round

NEW YORK CITY is currently suffering from a surplus of modern art museums. No less than five overlapping institutions compete for "hit" shows, public support, and impressive attendance figures. In light of Manhattan's 300-odd commercial galleries devoted chiefly to contemporary works, these museums are doubly redundant. Unless they develop specialized programs and concentrate on deliberately individualized collections, they can become more burdensome than enlightening. Undue repetition, intense if polite rivalry, and the resultant search for novelty lead to eventual community exhaustion and to disturbing uniformity. New York is virtually saturated with modern art.

The Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art, both institutions that have made invaluable contributions to the city and the entire country, are still performing highly useful services. What we need are not smaller duplicates or even ambitious composites of these two pioneer organizations. What we do need is more decentralization where art is concerned. Take, for example, Huntington Hartford's Gallery of Modern Art, now opening in New York as a showcase for his private collection, a collection that might be better received in a city less well provided. As it is, this group of predominantly mediocre works must rely on espresso and Polynesian restaurants, on an Aeolian-Skinner pipe organ, on conservatively luxurious architecture designed by Edward Durrell Stone, and on temporary exhibitions to attract a public already overwhelmed with richer fare. A revealing statistic indicates that of the gallery's ten floors, only four, plus a small balcony reserved for two paintings by Salvador Dali, have been planned exclusively as exhibition areas.

Great cost has been lavished on this sybaritic structure, which houses a collection not worthy of such pretensions —a classic example of putting the cart before the horse. In more modest surroundings Mr. Hartford's paintings might have come off better. Hanging, however, in walnut-paneled elegance, they seem sadly inadequate. The press release issued by the museum stresses the gallery's antagonism to abstract art, claiming that an "orientation toward certain relatively neglected phases of nineteenth- and twenti-



—*William Stuart.*

Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art—the cart before the horse.

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eth-century art from 1800 to the present day" is its prime aim. The *New York Times* of February 19 quotes Mr. Hartford as saying that "perhaps this museum will help to restore some healthy standards to the art world. And I think we'll have a good influence on other museums, particularly the Museum of Modern Art."

WERE his collection of higher quality and, as the publicity claims, concerned with "relatively neglected" aspects of modern art, I would be the first to applaud. But the truth is such artists as Boudin, Cassatt, Corot, Courbet, Sargent, Pissarro, and most of the other important painters and occasional sculptors included can be seen better at various museums in Manhattan and Brooklyn, notably at the Metropolitan. Mr. Hartford prides himself on a preference for atypical examples by well-known masters. Yet again the result is disappointing, for in his zeal to be independent he often confuses undeveloped works with extraordinary ones. Take, for example, his two early Lautrecs, both very competent but of interest only when seen in relation to this artist's history-making later style. Moreover, to buy a heavy-handed composition by Turner merely because it is atypical adds nothing to our understanding of a superb painter.

There are, however, a few superior works in the collection—a fine Daubigny landscape, an early sweeping Monet, a group of eight large paintings by Burne-Jones connected with the *Legend of Perseus,* and a recent, quite remarkable composition by Dali called *The Battle of Tetuan.* The latter, which is euphemistically described by Mr. Hartford as Dali's "masterpiece and one of the ten or twenty greatest pictures I've ever seen," has, it is true, partially recovered some of this noted surrealist's early fire. Hung in a special Dali room with the artist's huge *Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus* (an appallingly inept canvas of 1959), *The Battle of Tetuan,* in comparison, may seem more authoritative than it actually is.

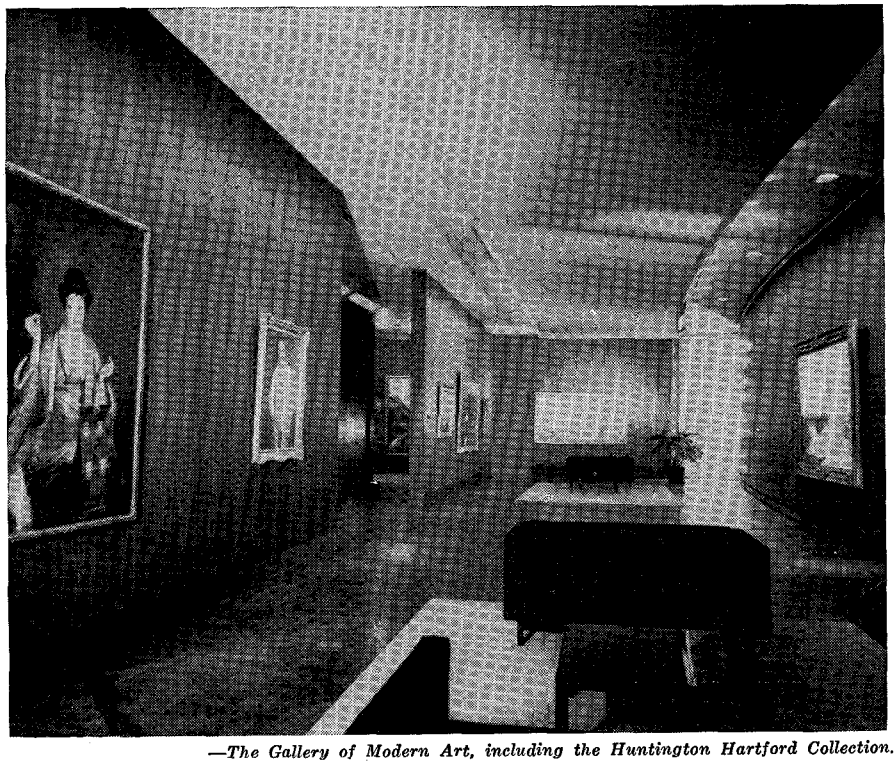
AN ironic postscript concerns the new Gallery of Modern Art's first temporary exhibition, a one-man show of paintings and drawings by the late Pavel Tchelitchew, who has long been a favorite at the Museum of Modern Art, an institution that owns a sizable collection of this artist's work, including his acknowledged masterpiece, *Hide-and-Seek,* which, by the way, the Hartford museum is borrowing. In addition, the same Museum of Modern Art that Mr. Hartford expects to "influence" for "the good" had the "good" sense to give Tchelitchew a one-man show more than twenty years ago, augmenting the exhibition with an excellent publication by James Thrall Soby.

No less controversial than Huntington Hartford's venture is a recent decision by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, an institution that has often provided New York with distinguished exhibitions but that nonetheless seems to be losing its personal identity. A symptom of this trend became all too evident a few weeks ago when the Guggenheim stunned many New Yorkers with the announcement of imminent plans to sell at auction fifty paintings from its internationally renowned Kandinsky collection. There are only three other places in the world where this inimitable painter can be studied in such illuminating multiplicity—Munich, the Soviet Union, and Mme. Nina Kandinsky's collection in Paris. Though the USSR does not permit public exhibition of Kandinsky's work, the government wisely keeps his paintings intact, realizing, no doubt, that at some future date they will be considered an important part of Russia's heritage.

The entire personality of the Guggenheim Museum has been predicated on its outstanding early twentieth-century paintings and sculpture, on its unique Delaunays, Chagalls, Klees, Légers, Mondrians, Brancusis, and above all on its incomparable Kandinskys, the latter admittedly the backbone of the museum. Why this well-heeled institution would consider dispersing almost a third of its Kandinsky holdings "for want of space," as Mr. Harry Guggenheim stated, is a riddle not easily solved. To make matters worse, the sale is to take place outside the country—at Sotheby's in London. What would we think if the Tate disposed of fifty Turners at Parke-Bernet, or the Klee Foundation shipped off a like number of Klees from Bern, or the Louvre a large group of Delacroixs? These great concentrations are not only meccas for students; they are part of a country's national wealth. Perhaps our government should consider enacting legislation to deter tax-deductible institutions from heedless dissipation of irreplaceable collections. In Europe, where many museums are nationally administered, this precedent is widespread.

Considering the vast sum expended on the new Frank Lloyd Wright building, it seems short-sighted that adequate space for the best of the Guggenheim's permanent collection, if only on a rotating basis, was not provided, nor even storage areas for study purposes. The trustees claim they are parting with the pictures in order to share them more widely. But to accomplish this objective hardly requires an auction sale in London. Long-term loans to less fortunate American museums would be a welcome alternative.

A block or two from the Guggenheim one finds the Jewish Museum, where a handsome modern exhibition wing was added last year. Originally, I understand, the museum was intended to deal with Jewish art and history, much as Asia House presents the



—The Gallery of Modern Art, including the Huntington Hartford Collection.

Gallery in Huntington Hartford museum—restoring healthy standards?

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art and culture of the Far East. But instead of vigorously specializing in appropriate and little-explored fields the Jewish Museum chose to join the modern merry-go-round.

Ignoring more often than not its name and implied function, the institution has embraced *avant-garde* art with enthusiastic if somewhat irrational ardor. Let me be very clear: I am not advocating a series of one-man or group shows limited to Jewish artists, nor am I suggesting that only religious ceremonial objects be featured. No museum could develop under such parochial restrictions. But I cannot see how retrospective exhibitions by Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns have anything to do with this particular institution. Neither artist is Jewish, neither deals with Jewish culture, and for that matter neither is old enough to warrant a retrospective survey. The Jasper Johns show, currently on view, does this gifted artist an injustice. For a man under thirty-five to survive an exhibition of almost 200 works would demand superhuman genius.

I SEE no reason why a Jewish museum should either exclude or limit itself to contemporary art. Any number of absorbing themes, regardless of chronology, are available. Consider, for instance, an exhibition of important paintings, drawings, and prints produced by Rembrandt during his years in the Amsterdam ghetto, or a survey of outstanding works banned by Hitler. From the USSR it might be possible to borrow the moody expressionist canvases of the little-known Russian-Jewish painter Robert Falk, one of the few artists who never knuckled under to Soviet officialdom. I also suggest that a loan exhibition of first-rate photographs from the Jewish Museum in Warsaw might serve as a fitting testament to that city's heroic ghetto. An entire series of shows, if composed of definitive works, could be organized around the central theme of the Old Testament. Some of the greatest medieval and Renaissance artists dealt with this subject, as, to be sure, do several important modern ones. Were such exhibitions prepared by acknowledged authorities, accompanied by serious catalogues and shared when possible with other sections of the country, the Jewish Museum would at once justify its name and add a much-needed dimension to art in New York City.

Of course, it is always possible to change a name, but where museums in Manhattan are concerned, this presents a difficult problem, what with a Museum of Modern Art already functioning and now a Gallery of Modern Art that is anti-"modern." Perhaps the Jewish Museum could call itself the Gallery of More Modern Art. And the Guggenheim could drop its founder's name along with those fifty Kandinskys he left as part of a priceless legacy.

—KATHARINE KUH.

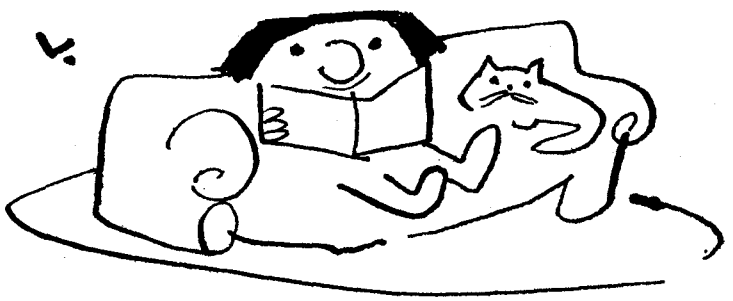
In April Don't Miss

Two Hundred Years of American Painting at the City Art Museum, St. Louis. Sixty historic canvases, including Whistler's *Mother* and Morse's *Portrait of Lafayette*, trace American painting from 1761 to 1963. The exhibition honors the city's bicentennial celebration.

Braque—An American Tribute in New York at four galleries: Saidenberg, Perls, Rosenberg, and Knoedler. Two hundred works, the largest show by Braque ever organized, survey this great French painter's development and feature fifty-one pictures never previously exhibited. Opens April 8.

The Melvin Gutman Collection of Renaissance Jewels at the Baltimore Museum of Art. Well over 200 examples, considered the greatest private group of Renaissance jewelry in existence, include religious, costume, and utilitarian objects of gold, silver, amber, ivory, and innumerable precious gems.

Retrospective Exhibition of Jack Tworkov at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Before traveling throughout the country, this first comprehensive show of work by the veteran abstract expressionist Jack Tworkov will be seen in New York from March 25 to May 3.



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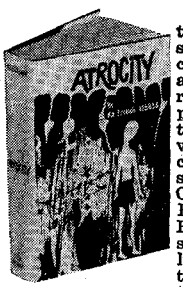

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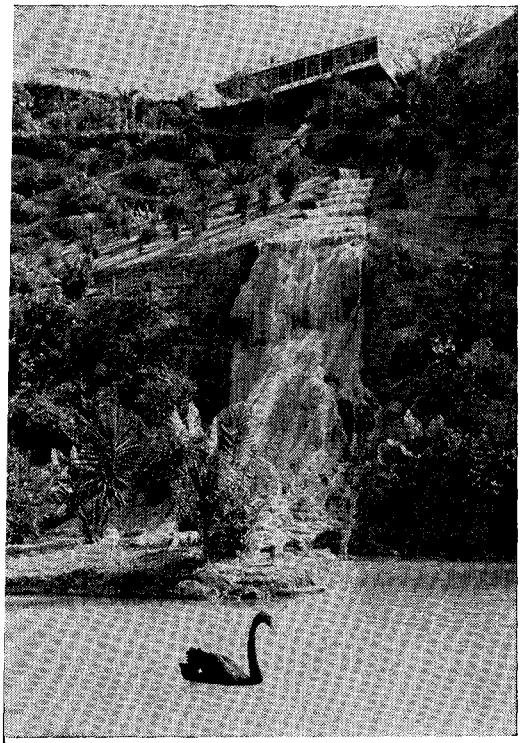
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Mexican Waterworks

A GRAND dining room and high cuisine were once hallmarks of innkeeping, but the biggest thing in hoteldom lately is non-eating. The day of the spa, which flourished in the times of Carlsbad and Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden and Vichy, has returned, making non-eating fashionable.

With all that in mind, I was persuaded, during the course of a recent excursion in Mexico, to plot a course that would lead me to the Balneario San José Purúa, a place that describes itself with no false show of modesty as "El Paraíso de México." What I had heard about it was no less praiseworthy, and so I started one morning westward out of Mexico City heading toward the spa. The road runs through Toluca, a city famed for its Friday market, and for once my itinerary had hit upon a lucky chance. It happened to be Friday.

At 8,660 feet, Toluca is a flat, one-story city with a Pfizer plant, a Chrysler factory, and a dealer who sells the Moskvitch, a small Russian car. Its policemen travel on bicycles, the citizens wear bulky sweaters against the cold of the heights, and on market day the streets are closed to traffic so the merchants can set up their stalls.



Spa in Mexico—manicured lagoons and radioactive water.

The market is a sort of merry maelstrom of Indians carrying live turkeys and bags containing squealing pigs. One whole section is set aside as a saloon quarter, where the chilled and the thirsty can push through the swinging doors for a shot of cactus juice. Papayas are sliced so they look like bomb bursts, and there are slivers of coconut for sale, pieces of pineapple, oranges, and limeade the color of molten emeralds. And if you have a malady, don't forget a visit to the *herbolarias*, the herbalists who have their own avenue of stalls, selling such things as the big seed of the deer eye tree to keep the evil spirits away, and dried hummingbirds to put in your pocket, thus insuring good fortune in love.

Good fortune in health, on the other hand, can be pursued with some reality at San José Purúa. The road that leaves Toluca rises again, has a look at a green forest, then runs down to the village of Zitácuaro. The spa lies just beyond that, in a semitropical dell brimming with flowers and blooming trees, a forced and cultivated surprise surrounded by green and brown mountains. Big African tulip trees sit like giant candelabra with their flame blossoms. Bougainvillea seems to cascade down every available wall. Walkways scatter hither and yon, bordered with peeled log railings connecting the red tile-topped buildings.

The dining room, wrapped in a curving band of glass, hangs over the gorge. Palm fans spray out of flower beds, palm trees glint silver in the siesta sun, white oleander and scarlet poinsettias color the corners of the lawns. *Tabachin* or poinciana shades the roadway. From a terrace under a pool, water spills down over the rocks, splashing into manicured lagoons, then running off into a stream again, past other gardens with other pools. The last indication of careful tending is a banana grove, and then everything turns wild as it climbs the far side of the ravine.

San Purúa's waters are good for stomach ailments, rheumatism, arthritis, and gall bladder ailments. The radioactive volcanic baths are, like the rooms, arranged for single and double. There are also family baths where the assemblage can sit around on steps while a local Old Faithful sprays geysers of radioactive water over all. There is a spring house for those who come to take the waters internally, and they are probably dandy for your insides, especially if you don't inhale. There are, besides all this, four large swimming pools, all of them brown, all of them with radioactive water.

Since San José Purúa is about three hours from Mexico, some health seekers come for the day. The hotel maintains a separate and handsome pool for the exclusive use of the guests. The de luxe accommodations, which cost $26 a day for two, food included, have parquet floors, a veranda hanging over the pool, and the mountains beyond. You get your own mineral-water immersion in a step-down bath equipped with lime-green plumbing.

Peacocks patrol the sixty-nine acres and so do 340 employees, a figure that includes a battalion of gardeners whose pruning and clipping goes on all day, all year. Besides swimming, dunking, and gargling, there are bowling, billiards, and ping-pong. At night the health seekers assemble in a nightclub that has a ceiling like a cave. A waterfall rushes under a glass dance floor, providing, I would think, a rather eerie sensation for those who have been working at the tequila.

San José Purúa is not gleaming and modern, for it was built, after all, in 1937 and, in design anyway, shows its years. There were only seven rooms then, but there are now 250 rooms, allowing 500 reformers to take the regimen at the same time.

While the trade from the capital rolls in by way of Toluca (hotel limousines charge $3.20 each way), other immigrants come clear from California, and they take the road that runs through Morelia. Named after José María Morelos, a hero of the Mexican independence, Morelia is a stunning colonial city. Its university, built in 1545, is still operating. The cathedral, one of the best Spanish Renaissance churches in Mexico, wasn't opened until more than 100 years later.

The university was directed at one time by Miguel Hidalgo, a priest who began the fight for independence in 1810 and was executed two years later at Chihuahua. Morelos, a student of his who later became a priest, picked up the banner in 1813, became a general in the insurgents' army, and was himself executed two years later at San Cristóbal Ecatepec. Napoleon said that if he had had two Moreloses he could have conquered the world. The city added its tribute by changing its name from Valladolid to Morelia.

Still standing in town are the handsome arches of the aqueduct, built in 1785. It was used for some time, but serves now as a divider for the road, admittedly one of the most unusual ones in any city in the world.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Verdi's *Falstaff* from B to Z

THE GAYEST Shakespearean spectacle likely to be seen on Broadway this year as well as some of the most stimulating Verdi to be heard in New York are combined in the production of *Falstaff* that ended a fifteen-year silence for this comic masterpiece at the Metropolitan. Yes, this is the same theater presided over by Rudolf Bing about which there has been some heated discussion lately. Now, thankfully, the heat has been replaced by light shed on its dark corners and bright possibilities by the conjunction of two theatrical stars: Leonard Bernstein as musical director and Franco Zeffirelli in charge of everything else. As Bing takes the blame for the bad ones, he is entitled to "equal time" in praise for this very good one.

Something less than the historical four score years ago Verdi brought forth in *Falstaff* a work conceived in gaiety and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created laughable, especially when they attempt to outwit the so-called weaker sex. For years the Metropolitan, along with some notable theaters elsewhere, has been engaged in a kind of recurrent skirmish to determine whether any work thus conceived and so dedicated can endure in the repertory. Most often, the issue has devolved on brilliant generalship (musical) and the individual heroism of a great, or not so great, Falstaff. This time the campaign is being waged on a broader front and victory may be in sight.

In this sixth *Falstaff* that Zeffirelli has staged and designed in various parts of the world, the light as well as the shade are so brilliantly depicted in the action that even the unknowing should be captivated by its recreation of a bygone era. It is, to begin with, one of the most illusive scenic productions ever offered on this woefully limited stage. From its beginning in the musty but solid interior of the Garter Inn through the sunlit garden with its flowering shrubbery and the elegant "lived-in" living room of Ford's house to the strikingly evocative conclusion in a moonlit forest, it is a triumph of artistic mind over the highly material obstacles of flat floors, no machinery, and inadequate ways of getting things on and off between scenes. Zeffirelli's improvement on his prior designs shows the continuing self-criticism on which artistry is founded.

Into this self-created visual world, the still youthful Italian has cajoled into being a dramatic action that is animated but not stagy, full of life-like touches—such as the burlap sack Falstaff plucks off the Garter wall in Scene I of Act III to wrap around him after his immersion in the Thames—that are ingenious without being obtrusive.

At the very beginning there are some japeries that are obviously designed to "hook" the unknowing into a receptive frame of mind, and the "plan of battle" to surround Falstaff in Act II is purposeful travesty, but they are artfully contrived to stop short of excess. Most always, Zeffirelli's good taste and judgment predominate in a pattern of action in which the needs of the music come first. In the finale Falstaff's undoing is made the occasion for an outpouring of Windsor's population, garbed as demons, goblins, satyrs, and the winged variety of fairy, which fills in some lacunae of Verdi's score in a way no prior production of the work here in thirty years has even attempted. When fully revealed for the final fugue, the colors of the costuming make the eye dance in counterpoint to the aural acrobatics on the words, "All the world is a jest."

AS Bernstein is five *Falstaff* productions behind Zeffirelli, his direction does not yet command the same assurance of touch. But there is no conceivable doubt that musical theater is his predestined *milieu*, that he gives more to it and it takes more from him than even his concert conducting. He plunged into the performance with a kind of bull-in-the-china-shop recklessness, tending to pull up and slow down when something fragile impends. But by the strength of his impulse as well as the fertility of his mind he achieved a sense of exhilaration in the pleasures of this marvelous score that is enormously infectious. Just now fast sections tend to be too fast, as slow sections are inclined to lag (save when he turns "Quand' ero paggio" into a stately pavane at variance with its *Allegro con brio* marking). But these things are likely to equalize themselves when he can measure the totality in execution rather than merely as a conception.

His personal force and musical command are especially evident in the playing of the orchestral score, the shining mirror in which are reflected all the images in Verdi's brimming imagination. Rhythms are sharply articulated, accents surely placed, in quest of a texture of lightness and clarity. A little more elegance, a little less muscle, would be closer to the spirit of the work, but the bold outline is there for refinement. To derive so much effort from an orchestra wearied by a taxing season is as much a tribute of good will as it is a response to direction for which it has respect.

So much for the B to Z within the parentheses of Bernstein and Zeffirelli. Currently lacking is the A of a really distinguished Falstaff. Anselmo Colzani works hard, plays well, sings perhaps too much, doesn't characterize as successfully as the text and words permit. The wardrobe department has provided him with the paunch for Falstaffian girth, but not the talent in lechery to go with his reputation for it. He is too much the *padrone*, too little the *grand seigneur* to suggest the young gallant who hobnobbed with kings before losing his judgment as well as his figure. As of now, Colzani is more solid musically than he is dramatically in a role where both are equally important. However there are other Falstaffs in the offing, and one of these may sound the A squarely on pitch.

THERE is little but joy in the musical ensemble otherwise (that little is the Ford of Mario Sereni, a rather stock Italian model rather than the English type wanted). Gabriella Tucci sings a delightful Alicia and looks the *sirena* described in the text, Rosalind Elias is almost demure as Meg, and Regina Resnik reaches her career's peak with a Dame Quickly that is not merely chucklesome but lovable. Judith Raskin was a sweet-sounding Nanetta and a delight to watch, a worthy companion to the assured Fenton of the accomplished Luigi Alva in his debut. The important secondary parts (there are no minor roles in *Falstaff*) of Bardolph (Andrea Velis), Pistol (Norman Scott), and Dr. Caius (Paul Franke) were all artistically performed.

Doubtless the pieces will fit more smoothly as rough edges are worn down in performance. For a repertory theater to turn to and produce a result of this magnitude in the midst of other day-to-day activities is testimonial to devotion, enthusiasm, and a will to achievement far beyond the call of duty. Thanks to Zeffirelli, Bernstein and company—literally "company"—this is a *Falstaff* not only to be seen and reseen, but heard and reheard. The applause and bravos rarely heard for anything and practically never for *Falstaff* may be construed as echoing thanks to Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who contributed the funds to make it all possible.

A latter Sir John contributed to the week's interest with the return of the

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Barbirolli standard of music-making to Philharmonic Hall. This would be good, if familiar news were he a guest conductor with the New York Philharmonic or another established orchestra. But it was cause for special attention as communicated by the first New York visit of the Houston Symphony, of which Barbirolli is now permanent conductor.

He spared nothing possible as a searching challenge to capacity in a program that ranged through a Berlioz overture *(Le Corsair)* for discipline, a Delius idyl (*In a Summer Garden*) for detail, a Vaughan Williams symphony (No. 6) for contemporary complications, and a Beethoven (Symphony No. 7) for total orchestral culture. The evidence was soon clear that this orchestra plays not merely with assurance and enthusiasm but also with an intelligence that reflects Barbirolli's lifelong conviction that making music should be a communal affair. Now and then, in the Berlioz, the tone was a little raw for top quality standards, and the woodwinds in the Delius could have been blown a little more seductively. But the mood that was sustained through the long-drawn, quiet close of the Vaughan Williams symphony made one aware that a revaluation of the relative skills of American orchestras is very much overdue. Houston, clearly, has one of the best.

WITHIN the operatic perimeter B to Z there was also a C to C bracket in which Franco Corelli performed Rodolfo in *Don Carlo* on one Saturday, and Don Carlo in *Bohème* on another. Which is to say, despite the evidence of paradox in those words, that he was the same gifted but negligent performer whether singing Verdi or Puccini. Equally ignored was Gabriella Tucci, who sang a charming Mimi, and Leonie Rysanek, who labored through an Elisabetta that was plainly as hard for her to produce as it was for the listener to absorb. In the *Bohème*, Elisabeth Soederstroem sang a dramatically superior, vocally restrained Musetta, and in the Don Carlo, Nicolae Herlea, a young Roumanian baritone, made a better than average impression in his debut as Posa. There is quality in his sound, just as there is appeal in his looks, but he needs to firm up his vocal technique if he is to get the most out of his equipment.

At the final *Savage*, in which John Alexander performed an appealing Kodanda and Donald Gramm made excellent use of his opportunity to sing the Maharajah, Menotti's buffa was heard by a nearly full house, including more than a sprinkling of standees. It will be back next season.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Editorial

Continued from page 20

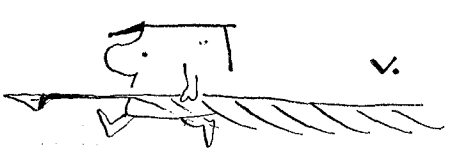
difficulty. As a recipient of government funds, it has had to come up each year for Congressional review in order to explain and justify its budget requests. The job of a Congressional appropriations committee, quite properly, is to hold on to the people's money in every way it can. The going at such hearings can be pretty rough. Seasoned budgeteers from government agencies have developed the hide and the techniques for defending their requests without twitch or trauma. Educators are not too well conditioned for this kind of combat. Chancellor Alexander Spoehr managed to save the Center's budget from Congressional cutting a few months ago but the ordeal was apparently more than he was prepared to endure or to repeat. His resignation followed shortly upon his return from Washington. Since that time, Thomas H. Hamilton, president of the University of Hawaii, has served as acting chancellor, with the help of John M. Allison, former Ambassador to Japan.

Before long, some way may have to be found to satisfy Congressional concern that the people are getting their money's worth and to meet the Center's need to plan ahead with confidence. A university cannot exist on a year-to-year basis; the very nature of education requires long-term commitments. A school must anticipate its growth requirements or die. The clear need, therefore, is for an arrangement under which specific financing will be substantially assured several years in advance while providing for periodic and effective Congressional review.

At some point soon, too, the leading American foundations may wish to consider taking over some or all of the underwriting. The sums involved may be steep but it is difficult to think of any major educational enterprise today that is yielding a greater return for the amount spent, or is serving a more essential purpose.

The East-West Center at Honolulu is of course not the only educational institution with a world point of view or with the potentiality for becoming a true world university. But it is in an excellent position—geographically, philosophically, educationally—to make powerful strides in that direction. It deserves to be encouraged, supported, and enlarged.

—N.C.



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Post Office

Continued from page 19

postmen repeated nightmares. The animals, the pet alligators, the baby chicks at Easter time, and the bottle caps have done more to set back postal mechanization than anything since last year's Congressional cut in the research budget.

Apart from bottle caps, the department has also been plagued by epidemics of politics. Just let it try to close an outmoded post office in the home district of an influential member of Congress. There were restrictions on the size of parcel post packages that some officials feel were imposed deliberately to shift business to private parcel post companies, leaving the Post Office only expensive long-haul packages. (A three-year department study of the whole program is now underway).

Then, too, the legend lingers that the department is one huge political trough; that literally thousands of jobs are up for political grabs the day after a Presidential election; that getting a job in the Post Office is about as easy for a loyal party man as licking a five-cent stamp.

Some say this kind of thinking is one reason why Mr. Day, Mr. Kennedy's first Postmaster General, resigned last fall. The story goes that some party politicos were shooting at Mr. Day for *not* dispensing more jobs for the party.

From the days of the first Postmaster General, Ben Franklin, to the first administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, when James Farley handed out jobs to deserving Democrats, the basic personnel structure of the Post Office had remained unchanged. There was virtually a complete turnover of most jobs with each Administration.

In 1938, after the Roosevelt-Farley postal team was well entrenched, a law went into effect extending Civil Service protection to postmasters. While political clearance is still obtained before postmasters are named, they cannot now be removed except for cause. Thus the postmaster of the country's largest post office—New York—remains a Republican, though Democrats have been in national control since 1960. In March 1933, virtually 80 per cent of all postal employees were subject to dismissal the day after election. Thirty years later, when Mr. Kennedy took office, about sixty posts among nearly 600,000 were immediately vulnerable.

EVEN so, there is still room for political pressures on future postmaster openings. This will continue to be the case so long as the President picks them and the Senate confirms them—a procedure recommended for oblivion by the first Hoover Commission. In addition, there obviously are political considerations in weighing promotions within many of the post offices. Mr. Day decided to put promotions to supervisory jobs in the department on a merit basis. He introduced a so-called rule of nine—the man promoted would be among the nine with the highest examination marks.

Some Democrats, out of national control for eight Eisenhower years, complained bitterly about the prospects of so few jobs for party men. Their reaction, as one postal official put it, was about as violent as that of "patient's relatives when the rich uncle's will revealed that he had left virtually everything to charity." Removal of the rule of nine would obviously give postmasters and Washington much more promotion leeway.

There are those who feel the department has its hands tied by not being able to transfer its top managerial talent from one post office to another. For instance, it is unheard of for a promising postmaster from a small city to be promoted to a more demanding job in a larger town. Politicians in the larger city would never stand for an outsider running their post office.

One idea is for a career management corps selected in part with political clearance, but flexible enough to permit the department to move able men where they are needed most, to attract more talent, and to improve management generally.

Moreover, some experts feel that perhaps the pendulum has swung too far and more jobs ought to be opened up to an incoming Administration.

The argument is that the career service is full of able and conscientious personnel with technical knowledge and experience at all levels and with a strong devotion to duty. But, like any big organization, the postal service tends to resist change. It has seen people at the high levels come and go. The more radical the suggested change, the more intense the resistance. Postal unions, with grass roots in every city in the country, have an obvious impact on members of Congress.

Accordingly, a suggestion from some with experience in the department is that the number of high-level jobs to be filled by an incoming Administration be raised to about 300. The feeling is that with more men in complete sympathy with the new Postmaster General in key posts, the huge organization might well be more responsive to changing programs and policies.

Obviously, there are a lot of things the postal service wants and needs. Not the least of these is a kind word from the public once in a while. It is taking all complaints seriously, but it would also like to hear when things are going right.

In the last three months of 1963, for example, 6,801 complaints arrived, the subjects ranging from delayed mail to discourtesy by a postal worker. There were 224 suggestions, including a proposal on a new way for the mailman to carry his umbrella.

Compliments? Only ninety.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

EEZEE DOES IT

Here, chosen by Frieda M. Lease of Stoughton, Michigan, is a cluster of words each of which contains three e's in various arrangements. You are asked to fill in the missing letters called for by the appended definitions. Answers on page 50.

1. d e l e t e	erase
2. e s t e e m	regard
3. e x c e e d	surpass
4. b e e t l e	a bug
5. s e g r e g a t e	separate
6. d e t e r m i n e	decide
7. d e s e c r a t e	to profane
8. d e p r e c i a t e	to lessen in value
9. i n e l e c t i v e	tending to choose
10. r e m e m b e r	recall
11. p r e c e d e	go before
12. p r e s e r v e	to save
13. e l e v e n	a number
14. d e f e n s e	self-protection
15. r e d e e m	rescue
16. c h e e s e	dairy produce
17. s e q u e n c e	continuous series
18. k e e p s a k e	souvenir

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Only the Countryside Was Serene

AS WAS demonstrated by several of the stories in her first book, *The Black Prince*, published when she was in her early twenties, Shirley Ann Grau has a gift for dealing with nature and the kind of people who live close to nature. Her second book and first novel, *The Hard Blue Sky* (*SR*, June 26, 1958) made good use of this talent, telling a story of a community of fishermen living on an island in the Gulf of Mexico. In *The House on Coliseum Street* (*SR*, June 17, 1961) she showed that she is by no means limited to this sort of material, but in *The Keepers of the House* (Knopf, $4.95) she has returned to it and I think she is happy to do so, as I am happy to have her.

The new novel is set in a farming community in some unnamed state that may be Alabama. The central character is William Howland, one of whose ancestors, heading back to Tennessee after the Battle of New Orleans in 1815, decided that this was country he liked and built a house there. "That William Howland was murdered by five raiding Indians while he was clearing his fields." But he left six sons, and the Howland line prospered for several generations. The novel begins:

> November evenings are quiet and still and dry. The frost-stripped trees and the bleached grasses glisten and shine in the small light. In the winter-emptied fields granite outcroppings gleam white and stark. The bones of the earth, old people call them. In the deepest fold of the land—to the southwest where the sun went down solid and red not long ago—the Providence River reflects a little grey light. The river is small at this time of year, drought-shrunken. It turns back the sky, dully, like an old mirror.

But if the setting is somberly peaceful, we are soon given to understand that it has been the scene of violence, for the narrator, whom at this point we know only as Abigail, speaks of "fighting an entire town, a whole county." Then she says, "I want to tell you the story of my grandfather, and Margaret Carmichael, and me. It's hard to know where to begin, everything leading back and weaving into everything else the way it does. My grandfather was William Howland. Margaret was a Freejack from over by New Church." The first-person is dropped in the sections devoted to William and Margaret, but it returns when Abigail enters the story.

William grew up in the big, old Howland house, and then, to please his father, went to Atlanta to study law. But he had no fondness for the law and was happy to return, with a bride, to the farm. His wife, who bore him a boy and a girl, died soon after the birth of the latter, and he mourned her for many years. The son died in infancy, and there was only the girl, the first Abigail, who grew up to be a shy and difficult young woman. In time, however, she found herself a husband, and Miss Grau writes about the wedding, a great gathering of the family, with humor and gusto. From this marriage came the Abigail we have met.

Miss Grau does well with William, portraying him as a sturdy, independent, courageous man, practical enough in most affairs but with enough imagination to make him seem a little mad to his neighbors. It is the streak of wildness that leads him to make a long and arduous excursion into a vast swamp—handsomely described by Miss Grau—just out of whim. At the adventure's end he meets Margaret.

Freejacks are descendants of Negroes who were freed by Andrew Jackson because they had fought in his army. Although Margaret is dark, she is the daughter of a white man, who seduced her mother and then went away. The mother also left, and Margaret grew up in her grandfather's crowded cabin. The account of her kind of life seems completely authentic; there is a particularly fine passage portraying her great-grandmother's funeral. Margaret was eighteen when she encountered William, who asked her to become his housekeeper. "She bore him five children, all told. Three of them lived, two girls and a boy."

Eventually the two Abigails come to live at the farm, and the younger takes up the story. She grows up with Margaret's children, all of whom are light enough to pass as white. At the earliest possible age Margaret sends each of them to school in the North, and they never return. In time Abigail goes away to college, and in a little more time she meets and marries a young lawyer, John Tolliver. Because he has political ambitions, and apparently for no other reason, he joins the Ku Klux Klan and the Citizens Council and gets himself known as a rabid racist.

Tolliver is not in the least troubled

(*Continued on page* 51)

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THE WOMANLESS WORLD OF EDWIN O'CONNOR

By ROGER B. DOOLEY, *head of the English Department at the Queensborough Branch of the City University of New York*

THE TOTAL preoccupation with garrulous old Irishmen that served Edwin O'Connor so well in *The Last Hurrah* and less than well in *The Edge of Sadness*, for which he won the 1963 Pulitzer Prize for fiction, has in his new novel, *I Was Dancing* (Little, Brown, $4.75), boxed him into an airless little corner neatly sealed off from any recognizable life. Although Frank Skeffington seemed a delightful rogue and his political machine a vividly reported piece of Americana, in the second novel Charlie Carmody's endless self-congratulation threatened to drive many readers, along with his children, to the edge of madness. Now we are faced with an even longer-winded and more complacent egotist, Waltzing Daniel Considine, who at the age of seventy-seven retired from vaudeville in 1961 (none too soon, it would seem, considering that vaudeville has been dead since the early 1930s).

The book's genesis as a play is only too apparent—a fearfully well-made play, at that. The unities are relentlessly maintained; the time is confined to a single day, and the reader is seldom allowed to stir very far from Daniel's room in his son's house, where he is determined to stay. The last third, presumably Act III, is all obligatory confrontation scene, complete with set speeches, dramatic pauses, and gestures described like stage directions. The sole issue: will Daniel be waltzed off to the Smiling Valley Home for Senior Citizens, or will the sly old codger come up with some last outrageous trick? Potentially a valid enough theme, to be sure, as Josephine Lawrence proved in the Thirties with her novel *The Years Are So Long*, and Edna Ferber even earlier with *Old Man Minick*—both written with sympathy for the middle-aged children as well as the old parents. The difference here is that the reader could not care less what becomes of Waltzing Daniel or of Tom, his nonentity of a son, who exists only in relation to his father, without the slightest individuality. At forty-four married for seven years, with no children, Tom has apparently been given a wife only because as a bachelor he would have no pressing reason to get rid of his father, and the author would have no pat situation.

Edwin O'Connor—"the whole Irish-American business"?

The lengths to which Mr. O'Connor will go to avoid dealing with women characters (a tendency already apparent in the other novels) here reaches a ludicrous extreme. As in Abe Burrows's song *I'll Never Forget What's-Her-Name*, Tom and his father almost never refer to the wife except as just that; after a year in her house, Daniel can scarcely remember her name. And where is "the wife" on the day the most important domestic crisis of her life is scheduled to erupt? Where else but visiting a sister in Detroit—of all feeble devices to keep her out of the book? Thus what should by any logic be a pivotal character is reduced to a faceless, almost nameless blur, heard only in a single phone conversation full of oddly dated schoolgirl slang like "golly," "cuckoo," "sweetie," and "honest to Pete." Gee whiz, do you suppose Mr. O'Connor knows women who talk like that?

The only other woman, to use the word loosely, is Daniel's sister Delia, a ferocious crone cut from the same pattern as Charlie Carmody's sister Julia and old Delia at the wake in *The Last Hurrah*. Needless to say, Daniel's wife shares the occupational hazard of the wives of all O'Connor heroes; she has been dead for years. Whether Daniel ever knew any other women in his decades away from her is a question never even raised. (It is curious to note how Mr. O'Connor not only keeps reshuffling the same few female stereotypes but even repeats the same names; in two out of three novels the crone is called Delia and the long-dead wife Rose.)

As usual, detailed characterization is given only to the old men, but here, even more than in *The Edge of Sadness*, these are synthetic, stylized old men, made up of one eccentricity endlessly repeated—the sort of "character" often termed, with injustice to the later Dickens, "Dickensian." Playing docile stooges for his unlovely antics are Daniel's cronies, "Dr." Billy Ryan, a cliché-ridden dimwit who sounds like a feeble echo of Ditto Boland in *The Last Hurrah*; Mr. Gottlieb, a comically mournful old Jew who seems to have wandered in from *The Tenth Man*, and Father Feeley, a horse-playing priest who spouts sour misanthropy. In true O'Connor style, their dialogue inches along by incremental repetition; each speech repeats so much of the one before that it takes pages merely to get in or out of a room.

In short, this thin, artifically contrived, and padded effort is a veritable *reductio ad absurdum* of all the limitations implicit in the two earlier novels, here undisguised by any accidental interest of subject matter or charm of style. Unless the literary Establishment has decreed Mr. O'Connor as so fashionably "in" as to be beyond criticism, is it not time for a few second thoughts and pertinent questions about the praise heaped so indiscriminately on him as a major novelist, and especially as the definitive interpreter of the Irish in America? For example: "The novelist knows his milieu—Catholic, Irish-American society—to the hilt. He has captured its manners, its mores, its strange insularity" (*Catholic World*, October 1961). Or again: "He has the whole essential Irish-American story here, every shade and facet of it" (Professor John V. Kelleher of Harvard, reviewing *The Last Hurrah* in the *New York Times Book Review*, February 5, 1956). "To hail this book as the definitive Irish-American, middle-class Catholic novel would be to do it an injustice" (Professor Kelleher on *The*

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Edge of Sadness, New York Times Book Review, June 4, 1961).

Readers bred, born, and still living in this milieu have, of course, only to look around them to detect innumerable omissions, discrepancies, and false notes, but many have either been overwhelmed by such apparently authoritative critical (and even clerical) pronouncements, or else, feeling that the O'Connor version is, after all, a thoroughly decent, respectable face to present to the world (not like that Farrell man's books, for instance!), they have tacitly agreed to let it pass for the truth. If it would be unfair to blame Mr. O'Connor for not having written a definitive interpretation he has never specifically claimed (though he did say in the *Saturday Review* for February 4, 1956, "I wanted to do a novel on the whole Irish-American business"), surely it is even more unfair to hail him as having done so. Before this assumption passes into the realm of unarguable myth, held the more firmly in direct proportion to the holder's unfamiliarity with the material, may one not question whether Mr. O'Connor has indeed dealt with "the whole Irish-American business" or even any considerable part of it?

In *The Last Hurrah*, to be sure, amid the hearty masculine laughter of the political rally, the smoke-filled room, the stag gathering, one hardly noticed anything missing—and yet, on second thought, what had become of all the women in this city? Skeffington's own wife was, of course, conveniently dead for years; his nephew Adam Caulfield's wife is the merest ingenue, eleven years Adam's junior. At twenty-two, "after a year of marriage, she still had about her something of the bright untouched innocence of the schoolgirl; looking at her, one could almost peer through the years and see the knot of young sodality girls chattering happily over Cokes in the cafeteria of the convent school." Yet she is the nearest approach to a woman in the whole book. The only other nominally female characters are seen at the wake: the old crone, Delia, and Knocko Minihan's widow, introduced less as a character in her own right than as an object of Skeffington's benevolence.

Although the time is presumably the recent past, Skeffington apparently has no female secretaries or other office employees, nor does he ever encounter any of the women party workers so common in American politics for the past forty years. Indeed, in the whole novel the only allusion to sex in any form is Skeffington's instant, enraged dismissal of a henchman for being a "skirt-chaser" (a curious phrase that also turns up in *I Was Dancing*). In one respect, to be sure, Mr. O'Connor may well be in a classic American tradition; as Leslie Fiedler, among others, has pointed out, American novelists from Hawthorne to Hemingway have, among them, scarcely created one credible, nubile female. Mr. O'Connor may be unique in that he has not even tried.

The only significant personal relationships in *The Last Hurrah* (as distinguished from political loyalties) are between fathers and sons: Skeffington and Adam as a substitute for his own idiotic son Francis, and the banker Norman Cass and his even more idiotic son Norman, Jr. Throughout, one is conscious of a certain repetitiveness, a tendency to dwell at great length on points a more subtle writer might assume the reader had caught the first time.

IT is in *The Edge of Sadness*, however, that the limits of Mr. O'Connor's fictional world contract to truly claustrophobic narrowness. Here he provides almost no narrative structure whatever to support hundreds of pages of endlessly repetitive dialogue mingled with the rueful reflections of two aloof, introverted pastors who spend most of their time alone in their rectories brooding about their fathers. As *Time* (June 9, 1961) observed, in one of the few critical reviews to appear in a mass medium: "Novelist O'Connor signs countless IOUs on his people and plot, and redeems disappointingly few. . . . Charlie dwindles into a gabby stage Irishman."

Even closer than Charlie Carmody to the crusty-old-codger cuteness that blighted the later career of Barry Fitzgerald are Charlie's friends, Bucky Heffernan and P. J. Mulcahy, introduced without any connection, functional or thematic, with either the Carmody situation or Hugh Kennedy's. It need hardly be added that P. J. is a widower, and, though there is a "Mrs. Bucky," she is kept offstage, "hooking rugs."

But since, after all, *The Edge of Sadness* purports to be a novel about a family, the author cannot quite omit women altogether, much as one feels he would have preferred to do so. Nevertheless, in all other respects Skeffington's opposite, Charlie Carmody shares the same inevitable bereavement: he, too, has long been widowed. His wife is referred to only in such phrases as "A martyr if ever there was one," and "Toward the end she didn't say a word." Carmody's sister Julia is another comic crone; his grandson's wife, Anne, another bright-eyed ingenue like Adam Caulfield's wife and Tom Considine's; his older daughter, Mary, is reduced to nonentity by the writer as surely as by her father. The possibility that such a woman as Mary might conceivably find satisfaction as the needed, useful housekeeper for a father whom, however misguidedly, she loves, never occurs to the narrator.

But it is with Charlie's younger daughter, Helen Carmody O'Donnell, Mr. O'Connor's one attempt at a major female character, that his failure is greatest. She can never interest the reader because it is so obvious that she does not interest the writer. Yet to carry out the heavily hammered theme of Charlie's destructive effect on all his children, Helen must be given some sort of problem, and for a woman what could be more logical than an unhappy marriage? The only difficulty is that, having postulated the idea of such a marriage, Mr. O'Connor seems to have no notion what to do with it. Helen's husband, Dr. Frank O'Donnell, is merely stated by the narrator, Father Hugh Kennedy, to be "unendurable," but aside from a certain pomposity of manner the only unendurable trait shown is his ability to play with his grandchildren, thus not sharing the priest's chilly distaste for children.

Time after time through *The Edge of Sadness* the reader is teased with vague hints of Helen's unhappiness. On one occasion she spends an afternoon alone with Hugh, chaperoned only by her grandchildren. Now at last, one hopes, the truth will out. So what do we get? "Whatever she had intended to say, she was not going to say it now." All she does say is: "I'm afraid it's really nothing more than the story of a fairly spoiled girl who, at one point in her life, felt fairly sorry for herself—and I can't really blow that up into much of a tragedy, can I?" Helen is quite right; she can't. Nor can the author expect the reader to supply imaginatively what he has not, and to read a hell of hidden heartbreak behind these gallant, casual words; on the evidence given, Helen's summary covers the facts. Thus, having gingerly worried the subject throughout the book, Mr. O'Connor simply abandons it, apparently unable to picture what might be involved in such a marriage, or, for that matter, marriage of any kind.

Within a few pages of the end, like a

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minor afterthought or belated sop to the reader expecting *some* emotional development, comes a moment of pure pathos when Helen archly asks Father Kennedy, "Hugh . . . just for instance, did it ever even enter your mind that you might marry me?" To which Hugh replies, "It did. Often. It was a very attractive notion. . . . A different notion came along. I don't know that I had much choice. This just seemed to be what was right." This tender passage, for which the reader has not been given the slightest preparation, must surely rank as the shortest romance in fiction; it is also the longest in Edwin O'Connor's fiction. In the words of the *London Times Literary Supplement* (October 6, 1961): "There is even a hint—brief as the flash of a kingfisher on a misty river-bank—of what might have been a love story in the hero's vanished youth, the only hint in the whole interminable story that women as well as men may have a part in the life of a parish priest."

It may be unpopular, but it is not, I think, unjust to suggest that herein lies one reason for the book's extraordinary impact on priest-reviewers such as the Reverend John S. Kennedy and the Reverend Bernard Theall, who in columns widely syndicated in diocesan papers continued to plug it week after week for its supposed "spiritual" values, until reading it became a moral imperative for their public. Intentionally or not, *The Edge of Sadness* perfectly reflects an austere, celibate, vastly simplified view of life apparently shared by many clerics, especially those who as editors, reviewers, and/or professors have long been out of touch with the daily realities of parochial life. To them it would never occur that this novel, which they acclaimed as a powerful panorama of the human condition, merely ignores most of what constitutes normal human experience.

The book, to be sure, is never cloyingly pious nor shallowly sentimental like much of what has been rightly deplored in so-called American Catholic fiction. Rather, it *seems* to face up boldly to some fairly controversial issues. Alcoholism in an Irish-American priest, a subject that would once have brought shrieks of fury from the Catholic press, is frankly handled—or is it? It is alcoholism ruefully recollected in extreme tranquility, set gently but firmly in the closed past, outlined in the most dignified, nonphysical terms, and attributed, if to any cause, to the thoroughly acceptable reason of grief for a beloved father. Not a mother, of course; that might lead into dangerous Freudian waters. (Besides, need we add, Hugh Kennedy's mother died before he could remember, and his father never spoke of her.) Yet some Catholic reviewers fairly trembled at Mr. O'Connor's audacity. Said Stephen Ryan in the *Catholic World*: "Certain Catholics may well be offended by the portrait of Father Kennedy or by some of the more sharply critical passages in the novel." Sharply critical of *what*, one may ask? Selfish old men?

This indeed is just the degree of realism that can be safely recommended to those "mature" Catholic readers who are constantly being urged to hang their clothes on the hickory limb, as long as they don't go near the water. Here, it was triumphantly pointed out, was the ultimate proof that a "Catholic novelist" can—within reason, that is—tackle life's sordid realities almost as frankly as the next one. And this without any of those disquieting (possibly anticlerical?) undertones perhaps concealed in the work of J. F. Powers, the least of whose priests is to any realistic Catholic instantly more recognizable than the best of Mr. O'Connor's.

O'Connor priests are by definition devout, dedicated, sexless, selfless, and, despite an occasional, understandable lapse, innocent of the least worldly taste, temptation, or ambition. Their clerical errors are such as might be discreetly deplored at the most genteel Catholic gathering ("Ah, they're only human like ourselves, God help them!"). Like television, which confines itself to "happy people with happy problems," Edwin O'Connor confines himself to nice, safe priests with nice, safe problems. Or, to quote an older epigram: "We are always glad to confess our small faults so that we may be thought to have no great ones."

To say that these limitations merely reflect those of the narrator, Father Hugh Kennedy, is merely to answer one question with another. Granted that the choice of point of view is part of the writer's *donnée*, why in presenting a specific family situation like the Carmodys' should a novelist choose as his *persona* an ex-alcoholic priest who has never had the least experience of any close human relationship except with his father?

While it was perhaps inevitable that such a cautiously orthodox book should enjoy strong Catholic approval, what was more surprising, considering the highly specialized subject matter and the absence of all normal narrative appeal, was the dutiful chorus of assent echoed by middle-brow reviewers who could not possibly have shared the bleak, life-rejecting attitude of the characters or their creator. Did some, feeling that they had underrated *The Last Hurrah*, seek to make amends by overrating its successor? Was it the ecumenical stir in the air? Or, in that first Kennedy year, would it have been considered unsporting not to acclaim any book about the Boston Irish? Whatever the explanation, only the British critics seemed to apply the same inflexible standards as to any other novel. Only they pointed out what is most unaccountably missing from the fictional world of Edwin O'Connor: *some* awareness that there are two sexes who, as such, frequently influence each other's lives.

So unless in his next book he retreats altogether into the monastery (thereby picking up some of the Thomas Merton trade), the question arises: where does Edwin O'Connor go from here? How much longer can he try to ignore the fact that even in Irish Boston, even in the city hall and in parish rectories, women as women—not as docile childbrides, idealized sisterly old friends, or cackling crones—play a far greater part in the emotional, social, and professional lives of most men than he shows any sign of recognizing? How can any novelistic world be called definitive, complete, or even wholly real which is so hemmed in by the unspoken (but unquestioned) taboos of Irish Puritanism that not only sex or love but marriage itself is viewed, if at all, suspiciously, from afar, and the only felt emotional relationships are between grotesque old men and their middle-aged sons? If, after all, "the definitive novel of middle-class Irish-American life" is not, like "the great American novel," an obsolete figment of wishful thinking, then it would seem on the evidence so far that it will as soon be written by Flannery O'Connor or Frank O'Connor as by Edwin O'Connor.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1076

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1076 will be found in the next issue.

G OHND XN ZXRT G MTVTKGZ:

XD DGRTN G BXNOGL DH

KTPTGZ OXN MTVXYN.

OHKGST

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1075

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

—WORDSWORTH.

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Road Map to the Fields of Learning

By DAVID M. GLIXON, *an editor and translator, can usually be found near a reference book.*

LET REFERENCE volumes, with extensive view, survey mankind from China to Peru. Since a road map might help, we trace here the route followed in this year's reconnaissance: general encyclopedias; English-language dictionaries; aids to writing and speaking; bilingual dictionaries; literary studies; biographical dictionaries; guides to history, politics, and geography; to nature; to art; to science; to Bible and religion; et cetera. (You're allowed to skip.)

This spring brings to fruition a completely new major reference work, the *Encyclopedia International* (twenty volumes, $199.50). A dozen volumes are now ready, and the balance will be out by mid-May, according to Grolier, Inc., which also publishes the *Encyclopedia Americana* and *The Book of Knowledge*. The *International* staff is headed by Lowell A. Martin, Ph.D., former dean of Rutgers Graduate School of Library Service, as editorial director, and by George A. Cornish, former executive editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, as editor-in-chief. The *International* is a family encyclopedia, replete with practical articles for homemakers and businessmen, and with diagrams, study guides, career outlines, and other features aimed at students from junior high school through college. In number of words (19½ million) it is not in a class with the *Britannica* (36 million), the *Americana* (28½ million), or *Collier's* (21 million), and its readership will probably be at a somewhat lower intellectual level. This is reflected in the relative brevity of most of the articles in the *International*, though subject coverage is extensive. Among the work's strong points are its conciseness and its physical attractiveness; specific advantages include pronunciations, numerous clear photos and tables, and an abundance of two-color maps placed precisely where they are needed. (It may or may not be significant that the *International* has a seven-line entry for the theater's George Jessel but none for the law's Sir George Jessel; the *Britannica* omits the former but devotes half a page to the latter; and *Collier's* sensibly ignores both.)

The 1964 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (twenty-four volumes, $398) gives ample proof that annual revision continues. Recent criticisms of the 1963 and earlier editions have apparently had beneficial effects, visible not only in major articles but even in buried sentences. But this is the sort of country where, as the Red Queen remarked, "it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast." Since 1961, *Britannica* editors have changed more than three-quarters of the work's 36-million-word total, which means that, in spite of many outmoded holdover articles, the 1964 edition approaches—more closely than it has in decades—the goal of being up to date in scholarship and interpretation as well as in facts. Among the new or greatly expanded articles are those on History, the Scottsboro Case, FDR, Goldwater, Genetics, Fauvism, Faulkner, and Jazz. Illustrations continue to improve without detracting from the set's dignity. The Atlas volume has 108 pages of beautifully shaded maps, including many insets of metropolitan areas. but one misses the individual state and country maps of earlier editions. Granted, the EB is not perfect; in number of words and sheer quality of content it remains the giant among adult encyclopedias.

The giant of the single-volume reference works, *The Columbia Encyclopedia* (Columbia University Press, $49.50), has just published its third edition, greatly enlarged (to 2,400 small-type, three-column pages) and thoroughly revised since the second edition of 1935. Its 7½ million words make it comparable in magnitude to some important multivolume encyclopedias; the great difference here is the number of the *Columbia*'s articles (75,000, twice as many as the EB) and the brevity of most. Through helpful cross-references the scope of many a concise article is extended far beyond its actual length. Thus Psychiatry, which occupies a third of a column, has twelve cross-references, one of them leading to the one-and-one-half-column article on Psychoanalysis; this in turn leads to thirteen others, including a three-quarter-column essay on Freud with further references, *und so weiter* if not *ad infinitum*. (Occasionally the system fails, as in the fine piece on Existentialism, where there are no cross-references to the names of its exponents.) The editors, William Bridgewater and Seymour Kurtz, boast of the inclusion of every Biblical name and all U.S. towns of 1,000 or more inhabitants; the threshold might profitably have been raised. On the other hand, the former preponderance of American biographical sketches has been corrected to a better balance of world figures. Among the helpful features are pronunciations and bibliographies. Illustrations are few but large and purposeful; twenty black-and-white maps cover the main areas of the U.S. and the rest of the globe. Here are the essential facts about everything and everybody of more than passing interest—a large-scale "first aid" to the intelligent teen-age and adult reader.

Since *The World Book Encyclopedia Dictionary* (Field Enterprises, two vol-

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umes, $50.20) was planned as a supplement to the encyclopedia, it omits biographical and gazetteer entries. So does *Webster's Third New International*, which sells for a few dollars less, but W3 has 450,000 entries as against *World Book*'s 180,000. Thus it is rather more comprehensive than a desk dictionary, but hardly in the class of an unabridged. On the other hand, the *World Book Encyclopedia Dictionary* —one of the Thorndike-Barnhart Series, edited by a staff under Clarence L. Barnhart—has the advantage of comprehensibility: words encountered at an early age are defined in easier language, common meanings are given first, and illustrative phrases are long enough to be fully explanatory. Even definitions of such complex terms as *fission*, *parallax*, and *data reduction* are written in a relaxed prose quite unlike W3's stuffed sentences. English and foreign phrases, mythological and Biblical names, etymologies, synonymies, and abbreviations are all included in the general vocabulary. Pronunciations are clear, and the typographic arrangement is laudable.

A new entry in the desk-dictionary class is the *Funk & Wagnalls Standard College Dictionary* ($6.50; thumb-indexed, $7.50), which claims to have 150,000 entries. The figure is approximately the same as that of its most recent (and slightly cheaper) competitor, *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate*, when you add to the latter's general vocabulary its biographical, gazetteer, and abbreviations sections; in F&W these are merged in a single alphabetical listing. The F&W is somewhat bulkier—a small price to pay for its larger and far more legible type face. As to definitions: for the three words cited above, F&W is clearer and more explicit on *fission* and *parallax*, and excellent on *data reduction*; not only does 7Coll ignore that phrase, but it won't even yield *data* unless you look up *datum!* They are about equal on *romanticism* and *classicism*, though you need a lot of wind to read 7Coll's definition of the former. 7Coll omits *cassation*; F&W gives only its legal sense (*World Book* has both the legal and the musical meanings—and quotes *SR* on the second). F&W defines *situation comedy*; 7Coll doesn't.

Moreover, it doesn't require a course in phonology to understand F&W's pronunciations, though they don't always reflect the preferences set forth in the fascinating article on Regional Variations (cf. *caught* and *hurry*). F&W has good coverage of foreign phrases, pointers on usage, clear maps at the more important geographical entries, and two welcome innovations: collateral adjectives at the end of many entries (*e.g.*, *aural* for *ear*) and a three-page table of English words with their Latin and Greek combining forms (anyone for crossword puzzles?). Recommended.

After a good dictionary, the first requisite of a desk bookshelf is a style guide. An old reliable, recently reissued, is Sir Ernest Gowers's *The Complete Plain Words* (Penguin, paperback, $1.25). Advice on thinking before writing, on choice of words (with preference for the familiar and the precise and a scorn for the superfluous), pleasant chapters on grammar and punctuation, the rehabilitation of official writing —on all these topics Gowers's sensible treatment makes his handy book as enjoyable to read as it is worthwhile to consult.

THE next place on the shelf belongs to *Usage and Abusage*, by Eric Partridge (Penguin, paperback, $1.25), an alphabetically arranged list of (a) words and phrases, showing how and why they should be used or avoided, and (b) general terms, including those of grammar and rhetoric, with enlightening discussions. You might well start by reading the twelve columns of examples of *wooliness* (one of them an abusage by the candid author himself). My own favorite pages are those listing Group Terms, both legitimate (like "a hover of trout" or "a business of ferrets") and fanciful ("a quantum of scientists," "an altitude of highbrows," or "a gush of poets"). Too bad the book is on newsprint.

Dissatisfied with what your dictionary tells you about the way you have been pronouncing a word? You will probably find justification in the *NBC Handbook of Pronunciation* (third edition, Crowell, $4.95). According to the jacket blurb, the book gives "the correct way to say 20,000 words and proper names frequently mispronounced." The claim is denied by the editors, whose stated purpose is not to "prescribe how words *should* be pronounced" but to record "how they *are* pronounced by educated speakers." The standard is supposed to be "General American," but the usual alternatives are not allowed. Though the NBC man concedes that "some excellent speakers say *nooz*, others *nyooz*, and still others use an intermediate vowel sound," only *nooz* is listed. All pronunciations are represented by both respelling and phonetic symbols; the first is admittedly unreliable and the second requires training. An appendix lists such recent names in-the-news as Celebrezze (se-luh-BREE-zee!) and Verwoerd (fair-FOOT!) Maybe we should stay tuned to CBS.

When alternative pronunciations "are so frequently and widely encountered that it is impossible and unrealistic to ignore them," it is "consequently dishonest to consider them, arbitrarily, as unacceptable." Thus speaketh Norman Lewis in his *Dictionary of Modern Pronunciation* (Harper & Row, $4.95), which lists just the 9,000 words "most likely to cause problems." For a large proportion of them he records more than one pronunciation current among educated speakers (*e.g.*, FROG or FRAWG), and for every listing the reader is referred to an analysis of one of 306 major categories of pronunciation patterns (six *-og* words are listed for which regional variation determines the vowel sound). The respellings make the guide easy to follow.

Another dictionary function is taken over by Ralph de Sola's *Abbreviations Dictionary* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4.95), which, even if it dosen't have quite the 17,000 entries claimed on the jacket, probably includes most of the contractions one is likely to encounter in this age of abbreviations. The compiler had a few blind spots, for there are curious omissions: pencil-lead markings (HB, etc.), medical and hospital terms (t.i.d., q.s., and d.o.a.), old euphemisms (d—d and d—n, to say the least), and even LSD. After the alphabetical listing come the numbered abbreviations (*I Henry IV*, etc., but padded with ordinal numerals), military and naval time, and Roman numerals.

In the foreign-language department we can recommend *Crowell's Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary* ($4.95; thumb-indexed, $5.95), whose 80,000 entries relate to the language as spoken in Latin America and include variant meanings for particular areas. Thus *chuzo*, in general a goad or pike, also means a whip to some West Indians, a worn-out horse or a pick axe to Chileans, any pointed object to Ecuadoreans, a bird's head or a scorpion's sting to many Central Americans, and a shoe to Peruvians; *caen chuzos* means "it's raining cats and dogs." Boldface key-words, deep indentions, and raised numerals to identify conjugations are among the typographic felicities of this handsomely bound, 1,270-page volume.

Another of *World Almanac* size is *The Schöffler-Weis Comprehensive German and English Dictionary* (McKay, $9.95), conveying, in an adequate type and on thin paper, a surprisingly large amount of information: 134,000 entries in 1,832 pages, rich in current everyday and technical terms and in translations of and from Americanisms. The book's greatest wealth, two-thirds of the whole, is in the German-English section.

The Brobdingnag in this field is *Langenscheidt's New Muret-Sanders Encyclopedic Dictionary* (Barnes &

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Noble), a four-volume work of "unabridged" comprehensiveness. The second unit (*English-German, N-Z*, $17.50) has just appeared; in all, there are 180,000 main entries in English, occupying 1,800 three-column, 8″ x 11½″ readable pages. The 150-page appendix to this unimpeachable work includes, *inter alia*, a lengthy glossary of abbreviations, biographical and gazetteer sections, and an unusual table of mathematical equivalents.

The Lilliputians are the revised series of bilingual *Midget Dictionaries* (Macmillan, $1), pleasantly bound and measuring 2″ x 3″ x ⅝″, each providing equivalents for 25,000 words. The customary implausible but useful dialogues round out the vocabularies.

Even fewer words are treated by Patrick Waddington in *A Basic Russian Vocabulary* (Crowell, $4.95), but this is a carefully selected group for beginning students. In tabular form, each of 3,300 commonly encountered Russian words is listed with its stress, its style of inflection, its use with predicates and in phrases and idioms, and its English meaning. Alternative senses, in turn, are discriminated in such a way as to eliminate confusion. At the end, the author prints a checklist of the 1,300 words he believes essential "as *active* vocabulary for students who have completed elementary studies." An English index to the main vocabulary completes this useful and attractive manual.

Here's a new idea in the bilingual realm: *A Book of French Quotations* (Doubleday, $5.95), compiled by Norbert Guterman, who has supplied most of the accompanying translations as well as the brief biographical notes and, where needed, explanations of the circumstances surrounding the quotation. Since these are the texts with which "every French writer expects a literate reader to be familiar," the book's value should be obvious. The 2,000 verse and prose quotations, which may take one line apiece or a dozen, range chronologically from the eleventh century to Camus, and there are first-line indexes to the originals, the translations, and the authors. Villon and Rabelais are here, Molière and Racine, Voltaire and Amiel, Stendhal and Proust, and Haraucourt's *Partir, c'est mourir un peu*; and so there is *sagesse* or *divertissement* on every page.

For entertaining studies of some of the modern French poets—and scores of other writers of this century—there's *The Concise Encyclopedia of Modern World Literature* (Hawthorn, $15), edited by Geoffrey Grigson. His contributors, mostly British compatriots, were asked to write about authors they enjoyed, to quote where possible, to

(*Continued on page* 54)

On the Fringe

IN MY mind—and this should give you a clue to that faulty mechanism—the fact that I was eating Melba toast when the idea behind this column was born is comparable to the day that apple slugged Sir Isaac Newton. Perhaps I'd better explain. I love obscure facts, those bits of useless information that delight the collector of same and bore everyone else. Therefore, when I eat Melba toast I always think of Dame Nellie Melba, the operatic soprano for whom the stuff was named. I was toying with how many people ate Melba toast without ever wondering about its name when I realized that the reference book field is studded with names, famous yet obscure. For example, take Bartlett, Bulfinch, Hoyle, Roget, and Webster. Practically everyone knows what they wrote but not who they were. If this is the case with you, and I readily admit it was with me (as any member of the staff of the Collier's Reference Service—a research bonus available to owners of *Collier's Encyclopedia*—who helped me dig out the facts can testify) the following can supply you with enough conversational trivia to remove your name permanently from all dinner party guest lists.

JOHN BARTLETT (*Familiar Quotations*) was born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1820, and at the age of three was able to read from the Bible, a feat that must have delighted his mother but thoroughly unnerves me. His formal education was limited to public school in Plymouth but his self-education went on for the rest of his life. At the age of sixteen he was employed by the owner of the University Bookstore in Cambridge, and at twenty-nine he owned the store. He was so well read and his mind was so retentive that "Ask John Bartlett" became a Harvard catchphrase for anyone seeking an apt quote or a rare book. As a result of so many people "asking," Bartlett started a notebook of familiar quotations and published the first edition of his now-classic work in 1855, a mere 295-page book. By 1858 he was up to his third edition, a volume of 446 pages. The Civil War took him out of the store and into the Navy, after which he joined Little, Brown & Co., of which he eventually became a partner. John Bartlett edited his book through its first nine editions. He died on December 3, 1905. His little notebook is currently in its thirteenth edition and contains 1,068 pages of quotations. Horatio Alger, move over!

THOMAS BULFINCH (*The Age of Fable*) was probably a worry to his parents, which was one more than they needed, what with eleven children. Although Thomas (1796-1867)—whose father was the architect who helped complete the National Capitol—had a fine education at the Boston Latin School, Phillips Exeter Academy, and Harvard University, he just didn't seem to have any get-up-and-go. After doing a little teaching and then working in his brother's store, he settled down to thirty years of clerkship in the Merchants' Bank of Boston. The best that can be said for his position was that it left him enough time to produce eight books, two of which are still consulted today. One is *The Age of Chivalry* and the other is, of course, *Bulfinch's Mythology*, the popular name of *The Age of Fable*. As to whatever became of the other ten Bulfinch children—who knows?

JOHN CASSELL (French, German, Italian, Latin, and Spanish dictionaries) entered publishing from out of left field. Despite his romantic-sounding birthplace—Ring o' Bells Inn, Old Churchyard, Hunt's Bank, Manchester—his was not the most carefree of boyhoods, unless you list child labor in a cotton mill and a velveteen factory on a par with hide-and-seek. The son of an innkeeper, Cassell (1817-1865) became a carpenter's apprentice at the age of sixteen and a temperance reformer two years later, the latter presumably as a result of life at daddy's tavern. At nineteen the young carpenter, known in teetotaling circles as "the boy lecturer," took a three-week walk to London, where he became an official agent of the National Temperance Society at a salary that would have forced a drinking man to dry out. He lectured around the countryside for some four years, educating himself along the way and taking on carpentry jobs when his salary ran out. In 1841 he married a lady of some culture and money, and became a wholesale grocer.

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Cassell & Co. (the name of the British publishing house today) specialized in tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate, all of which the proprietor thought to be adequate substitutes for alcohol. The grocer's desire to advertise and the temperance worker's desire to proselytize led to Cassell's publishing *The Teetotal Times: or Monthly Temperance Messenger*. In 1848 he brought out *The Standard of Freedom*, a weekly paper for "all who are opposed to Intolerance, the Gibbet, Intemperance, and War." Cassell then decided to publish reading matter slanted toward the poorer classes. First there was a penny weekly, *The Working Man's Friend and Family Instructor*, then a monthly that serialized a book of travel. At this point anyone can see how his name worked its way to dictionaries. It's getting from the velveteen factory to publishing that is the tricky part.

Henry Watson Fowler (*A Dictionary of Modern English Usage*) was one of seven sons of Robert Fowler of Christ's College, Cambridge. After taking his B.A. and M.A. degrees at Balliol College, Oxford, Fowler (1858-1933) spent seventeen years as a teacher at Sedbergh School in Scotland, where the pupils nicknamed him "Joey Stinker" because of his choice of tobacco. He left the school in 1899 over a disagreement about the mastership of a house he felt he should have been offered. A few years later Henry joined his brother Francis on the Isle of Guernsey, and a famous literary collaboration was begun. Between 1903 and the outbreak of World War I, they brought forth an excellent translation of Lucian; *The King's English*, a highly respected guide to correct speech, and the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*. Though the brothers shared the planning of *Modern English Usage*, the work was interrupted by the First World War. Both brothers lied about their ages and joined up. Francis contracted tuberculosis during the war and died in 1918 at the age of forty-eight. Henry Fowler served not as an officer but as a fighting man in the trenches though he was fifty-seven when he enlisted. After the war, he wrote the "M.E.U.," as it is affectionately known, which he had planned with his brother. First published in 1926, the book is still *the* guide to correct English usage and a delight to read.

George Grove (*Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*), if you're looking for a conversation-stopper, was an engineer who specialized in lighthouses and bridges. Though he had no formal music training, Sir George (1820-1900) inherited a love for music from his mother and was an ardent concert-goer and collector of scores. He burnt his bridges (and lighthouses?) behind him when he was appointed secretary of the Society of Arts and then secretary of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. From 1856 on, he contributed program notes for concerts at the Crystal Palace and did extensive musical research. In 1867 he went to Vienna with Arthur Seymour Sullivan (the composing half of Gilbert and –) and discovered the lost orchestral parts of Schubert's *Rosamunde*. The year 1879 saw the first publication of the dictionary that still bears his name. In 1882, Grove assumed the directorship of the newly founded Royal College of Music and was knighted a year later. Four years before his death he published his last writing, a study entitled *Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies*.

Edmond Hoyle (*A Short Treatise on the Game of Whist, Containing the Laws of the Game*) was an English writer on games as well as a successful teacher of them. He was born in England in 1672 and died in London in 1769. Aside from that title above, he also wrote manuals on backgammon, piquet, quadrille, brag, chess, and card games. Little is known about his ninety-seven years, but so successful were his works that publishers of rule books on both sides of the Atlantic tacked his name onto their titles; today "according to Hoyle" implies the last word on a subject.

Emily Price Post (*Etiquette, The Blue Book of Social Usage*) was born into Baltimore society in 1872. Life was one big cotillion until 1906, when her marriage to Edwin Main Post ended in divorce. With two sons to support, she turned to writing fiction. Since her fiction was always about well-mannered Americans, she was the natural choice when her publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, decided to bring out a book on etiquette. Mrs. Post was not interested until she read some of the books already in print on the topic. What she read struck her as so foolish that she sat right down and wrote the book that has been *the* American standard on etiquette since 1922. At her death in 1960 she had seen her "Blue Book" through eighty-six printings and repeated revisions. According to the Library Extension Division of the Education Department of New York State, next to the Bible, it is the book most often stolen from libraries. Who could ask for a finer tribute?

Peter Mark Roget (*Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases Classified and Arranged So as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and Assist in Literary Composition*) gave that long, long title to what we today refer to as *Roget's Thesaurus*. Roget (1779-1869), as did so many others on this list, started out in a direction far removed from that of his current fame. Obviously a bright lad, he earned his medical degree from the University of Edinburgh at the age of nineteen. Though he associated himself with the medical world for the rest of his life, he still found time to do much more. He founded the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge and wrote popular manuals for it; he invented a slide rule, designed a pocket chessboard, and tried to perfect a calculating machine. And in 1852 he published his *Thesaurus*. Its immediate success sent it into two new editions within the next three years. Today's editions, published by Thomas Y. Crowell, are direct descendants of Dr. Roget's original of 112 years ago.

Henry Martyn Robert (*Robert's Rules of Order Revised*) is America's authority on parliamentary procedure. His book, which appeared in 1915, was an outgrowth of his *Pocket Manual of Rules of Order*, which he published in 1876 and tinkered with in 1893 and 1904. Aside from these two books, plus his *Parliamentary Practise* (1921) and *Parliamentary Law* (1923), there is nothing in his life (1837-1923) to suggest the man who introduced order into ladies' clubs. Henry Robert was an American army engineer who worked his way up to brigadier-general and chief of engineers. Should you care to read a lesser known work of his, may I suggest *The Water-Jet as an Aid to Engineering Construction*?

Noah Webster (*American Dictionary of the English Language*) is, of course, world-famous for his two-volume dictionary, but did you know that he also gave the United States its second greatest best-seller (the Bible is first), the *Blue-Backed Speller*, which ran to some 100 million copies in its century? A patriot, Noah Webster (1758-1843) was part of the Continental Army that marched against Burgoyne. As a civilian, he was a teacher, lawyer, lecturer, editor, author, and city judge. From 1800 on he devoted himself mainly to the staggering task of producing his dictionary. During the process he learned twenty-six languages and became the world's first scientific etymologist. He was seventy years old when his dictionary was published. It was a fitting triumph to a life that was all triumph. —Haskel Frankel.

P.S.: I've just sworn off Melba toast for life. It's worn me out.

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Cry Against a Decision of Silence

***The Deputy,** by Rolf Hochhuth, translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Grove. 352 pp. $5.95), scores Pius XII for failure to intervene directly and unequivocally in the mass murders perpetrated by the Nazis. The theatrical production of the play was evaluated by Henry Hewes in SR March 14. Emile Capouya, who writes the column "The Real Thing," here considers the literary and philosophical merits of the drama.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THIS interesting play had a stormy reception in Germany and France, and at its opening in New York was picketed by various persons—all of whom had read the play, no doubt, or at least had heard of someone who had read it. We might as well deal at once with the so-called controversial aspects of the drama. I say so-called because I find it hard to believe that they can sustain any genuine controversy, inasmuch as they are either matters of historic record, such as the supineness of the Vatican in its relations with Hitler, or else characterizations of personages in the play (some of them clerical personages) and ascriptions of motive to them—and that, I had always imagined, is the playwright's business.

Since the author deals with historical facts, he has some responsibility to represent them fairly. After all, we don't want him to falsify our sense of reality. Mr. Rolf Hochhuth has exhibited a very German thoroughness in that connection, for the text of the American edition of the play is followed by an appendix, quoting the journals, memoirs, and historical studies upon which he drew in creating his characters and incidents. As it happens, I had occasion to look up some thirty of Mr. Hochhuth's references, and I found that in those instances he quoted very fairly indeed, in no way misleading the reader about the significance of his citations in their original context. The playwright has the further responsibility, in a historical drama, of ascribing motives to his characters that have some relation to the actions chronicled in the historical record. In dealing with his ecclesiastical characters, including the play's hero and martyr, Father Riccardo Fontana, Mr. Hochhuth has fulfilled that responsibility; the persons of his drama are as humanly believable as persons engaged in extraordinary actions can well be.

Audiences, and readers, must certainly wince at the scene in which Pope Pius XII is represented as hesitating between two evils, the sacrifice of the Jews destined to be murdered wholesale by Hitler, and the sacrifice of the Church's worldly interests. In a scene that reminds one irresistibly of Shylock's "My ducats! My daughter!," the Pope is shown dictating a mild and equivocal reproof, addressed to the man who is burning Jews, Poles, Gypsies, Catholic priests, and other undesirables, and then he is shown consulting with his financial adviser about the fate of certain investments threatened by the Nazi reverses in Russia. But the Papal message referred to is, in all its inadequacy, a matter of history. And does anyone suppose that the Church does not have investments? Does it malign the Church to suggest that it pays reasonable attention to its investments? Of course not. Rather, the shock that this scene generates comes from the direct suggestion that the Holy See considered the death of millions of people to be of secondary importance to its own temporal security, which can be symbolized for dramatic purposes by investments, or in plain English, money. But that is just what the Vatican's historic choice amounted to, and if Pius XII did not in fact take up the two matters of the Nazi victims and the safety of the Church's investments in the course of a single morning, that is, historically speaking, neither here nor there. Dramatically speaking, it is of the first importance that the two activities be represented at the same time, so that we can learn something about the nature of sin.

—Friedman Abeles.

James Mitchell and Jeremy Brett, who play the Doctor and Riccardo in *The Deputy.*

The reason offered by the Church for its failure to intervene directly and unequivocally in the murders done in the concentration camps—say, by a threat to denounce the Concordat with Hitler, or to excommunicate any Catholic who participated in torturing, gassing, and burning men, women, and children in the camps—is that higher spiritual interests of universal scope demanded that the Vatican put its temporal security before every other consideration. Unfortunately, that is an excellent reason. It is so good an excuse that men resort to it before any other when they wish to justify acting badly in the extreme crises of life. The Church's moral position on this issue is even a little ahead of that of the governments of the United States and Great Britain, which made no real protest to Hitler between 1933 and 1940, and thereafter did only such things as suited their presumed military interests, including the demand for unconditional surrender; those governments have scarcely troubled to justify their position, while the Church has. For that matter, why did Americans not instruct their government to act properly? It's a free country, isn't it? Why did no American Jews threaten an organized protest against their government's indifference? In all these cases, the answer is the same: because they put other considerations ahead of the agony of millions of their fellow human beings.

It has been argued that Mr. Hochhuth has distorted history by concentrating so heavily on the Church's culpability. That is true but impertinent. He has indeed failed to indict all the parties to the concentration camp and extermination camp murders, except in passing and by implication, singling out instead the German nation and the Vatican. But that is already a subject of a size to tax a playwright, and I do not see how he could be asked to expand it to include every guilty person or group. Moreover, by talking about the Germans and the Vatican, Mr. Hochhuth focuses our attention on the moral essence of the problem. He opposes the spirit of murder to the spirit of Chris-

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tian love, and discovers—to our horror—that in this century Christian love knowingly yielded to the spirit of murder. That is the point of the play; it is an important point; it is true. It is still true. And I refer not to one priest's decision that you may forcibly resist your neighbor's attempt to claim sanctuary in your fallout shelter, but to the preparations that the great powers have made and are making to murder mankind—with no effective protest from labor unions, clergymen, or missile manufacturers.

It is hard to form an opinion of the purely literary merit of the play from the English text. The lines read easily enough, but they are in verse, and the verse is not distinguished. I do not know whether this is true of the German original, but no shame attaches to the translators, Clara and Richard Winston, in any case, for it is always an accident if verse can be successfully translated. Clearly, the scenes are conceived with great theatrical imagination. There is the hotel cellar where Nazi officials resort for beer and bowling, the audience chamber of Pius XII, and nightmare scenes in Auschwitz. But at climactic moments of the play, when the language should carry the tension, it fails to do so—at least for a reader. How the lines sound in the theater is, of course, another matter, and to determine that we must see the play.

Aside from any question of transcendent literary value, is the play effective when read? On the whole, enormously so, but with disappointing lapses in which the reader's good will and historical imagination are all that hold it together. Statistics concerning the brutalities practiced by the Germans are presented by the characters on many occasions; these are hard enough to assimilate in real life, and on the stage their effect is numbing and, eventually, monotonous. One scene strikes me as extraneous to the organic shape of the play, though it is moving enough in itself—the one in which a family of Italian Jews, preparing to flee to a monastery, are prevented from doing so by the arrival of an SS man and two Italian militiamen, who take them away for eventual extermination. And one crucial character is, for me, imperfectly realized.

History records a doctor who was charged with selecting from among the new arrivals at Auschwitz the people who would be worked to death and those who would be murdered at once. Apparently, he was a man of parts, gallant to ladies and kindly with children. Mr. Hochhuth has decided that he must have been the Devil, which seems reasonable. But his Mephistophelean doings on Mr. Hochhuth's stage do not, on the whole, impress me. He seduces and humiliates women, he holds theological disputations with the martyred Father Riccardo, and he kills people. But he is disappointing as the Evil One. It seems to me that I have known mere human beings who could have done as well as the Doctor in thought and deed, if they had had his opportunities. It may be that this role can reveal itself only when played by an actor of great force. In any case, it eluded me in the study.

To judge hastily—for the play is still young in our imagination—*The Deputy* fails as drama to the extent that it succeeds as preaching. Art is usually more effective when less direct; Mr. Hochhuth's artistic attitude is more like William Lloyd Garrison's than William Shakespeare's. Possibly, though, this is a case where moral intensity does as well as art, and moral intensity Mr. Hochhuth certainly has. The words *"Mit brennender Sorge"* seem more appropriate to him than to their famous author. In any event, I have no doubt that *The Deputy* is the most important recent drama now being played on any stage in the Western world.

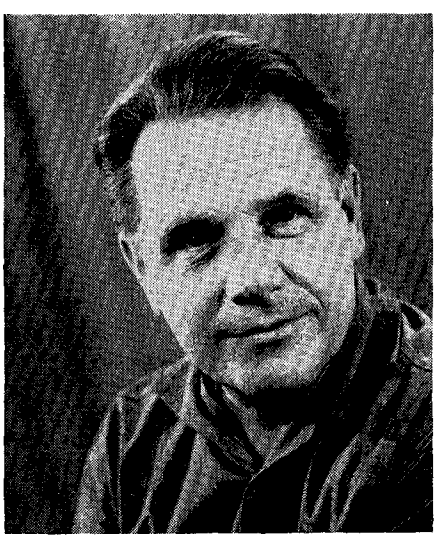
Learning to Live with the Devil

***An Irish Faustus: A Morality in Nine Scenes,** by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton. 91 pp. $3.50), demolishes not only the legendary magician's medieval world, but the frame of mind that invented it. John Unterecker has written a critical study of Durrell, which Columbia University has scheduled for fall publication.*

By JOHN UNTERECKER

LAWRENCE DURRELL really need not have subtitled *An Irish Faustus*, his newest play, "a morality in nine scenes." For by now we all know that Durrell is as determined a maker of moralities as D. H. Lawrence or Henry Miller, those unconventional educators he in some ways resembles. Like them, Durrell is out to make us better men.

He is also, of course, a fine poet and an extraordinarily interesting dramatist.



Lawrence Durrell—"irony."

But this, apparently, we do not all know, since Durrell's verse dramas, eminently successful on the Continent, have still not been seen on Broadway—or even off-Broadway. If we need proof of his excellence as a playwright, however, we have to look no further than the present play, which—brilliantly theatrical—draws on all the gaudy melodramatic materials of the Faustus legend, its whole world of dark alchemical experiment, of wonder-working magic spells, of larger-than-life characters—hermit, madwoman, priest; innocent, sinner, and devil. (Durrell is even generous enough to include a blood-sucking vampire.) Making the most of these rich materials, the playwright tumbles them into a culminating sequence of superb scenes, each capping the other in inventive reversals, and then—wonderfully audacious—demolishes not just Faustus's medieval world, but as well the medieval frame of mind that invented and populated it.

Though his object may have originally been nothing more than the construction of a moral fable, Durrell is too much of a writer not to capitalize on the dramatic possibilities of each of his characters. There is, for example, an elegantly ranting set of speeches by an old, mad queen—the vampire's mistress—which, both fierce and tender, should allow the right actress not only to tear a passion to tatters but also to reweave it into something new, shining, and strange.

However, the play has a great deal more to recommend it than sheer rhetorical force. Its primary dramatic power, in fact, is achieved through irony rather than through direct assaults on our emotions. For Durrell's Faustus is not Marlowe's practitioner of black magic but an urbane moral philosopher, Margaret's gentle, good teacher. Even before

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the play opens, he has rejected black magic. And though he knows the dark texts and has in his possession a ring of transmuted gold, a ring that could be used to bring him all knowledge, his only concern is to lead a simple, quiet life.

Carefully playing irony against irony, Durrell intrigues, teases, and surprises us as he contrasts what we know about the Faustus legend with what, he argues, we ought to know about the real, flowering world that lies around us.

What seems to be the crowning irony, however, is achieved after Faustus's ring has been stolen and, with Mephisto's collaboration, recovered. Faustus—at last fully alerted to the danger of its power—determines to destroy it. And, in a splendid scene which in detail after detail meticulously reverses the last act of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, Durrell's Irish hero first tempts, then tricks, and ultimately drags a protesting Mephisto back into the fulminating, brimstone-belching jaws of that hell of elemental process from which he and the ring had initially emerged. Even then the ironies do not end. For Faustus returns from hell, his hair white and his clothes burned beyond recognition—but he looks twenty years younger. Because more has been destroyed in those elemental flames than clothing, a ring, and a cross, which Faustus had assumed would protect him against chthonic powers: Faustus's illusions have also been destroyed.

Using a technique not altogether unlike that which he had employed in *The Alexandria Quartet*, Durrell drives his hero through melodramatic adventures, spectacular confrontations, and desperate emotional crises—all of which in the long run reduce to nothing more nor less than the painful process of self-discovery.

In the end having faced down despair—having confronted, defeated, and even learned to live with a Mephisto who is a speaking likeness of himself—Faustus like so many other characters in Durrell's works climbs a mountain. Here, high above the world, isolated from the world yet at the same time in a good position to study it, he settles down to the enjoyment of a glass of wine, good conversation with three old friends, and the cheerful contemplation of things as they are.

Maurice Valency—apple carts overturned.

They Set a Stage for Today's Plays

The Flower and the Castle: An Introduction to Modern Drama, *by Maurice Valency (Macmillan. 460 pp. $8.95), contends that it is all but impossible today to write for the stage without imitating Ibsen and Strindberg. Norris Houghton is professor of drama at Vassar College.*

By NORRIS HOUGHTON

"IBSEN was the greatest master of caricature the modern theater has known," declares Maurice Valency in his new book of dramatic criticism, *The Flower and the Castle.* In an earlier passage Mr. Valency had already remarked that "Ibsen was essentially a poet, and mainly inclined to the school of *l'art pour l'art.* . . . One would say it gave him claustrophobia to commit himself to an opinion."

It is applecart-overturning observations such as these, deeply pondered, carefully documented, wittily phrased, that make this "Introduction to Modern Drama" a provocative and refreshing addition to the reams that have already been written about those twin titans of the North, Henrik Ibsen and August Strindberg. For essentially this book is a study of these two dramatists.

True, it takes Mr. Valency more than 100 of his 400 pages to arrive at their doorsteps; for he has laid down a series of stepping-stones upon which he invites us to walk from ancient Greece through the Renaissance into the nineteenth century. Along the way he treads lightly on Corneille (to whom he attributes the first "well-made play," 200 years before Scribe), on Racine, the Romantics, and finally, of course, on the cluster of French nineteenth-century playmakers that includes Dumas *fils*, Augier, Zola, Scribe, and Becque. (Mr. Valency's understandable predilection for the Gallic stage is everywhere evident.) These figures paved the way for Ibsen and Strindberg. Ibsen and Strindberg, in turn, paved the way for everything of substance that has happened to the drama since.

The Flower and the Castle really begins with Ibsen's *Brand*, and it really ends with Strindberg's *A Dream Play*, from which, incidentally, the author draws the figures that compose his attractive and unexpected title. He examines each Ibsen play, offering evidence for his contention that their author was more a poet with a comic vision than a soapbox reformer with a literalistic turn of mind, the traditional image, for which Shaw is largely responsible. But it must not be thought that Valency limits himself to this single contention. He rightly sees many complexities in his subject. It is apropos of discussing *Rosmersholm*, for example, that he observes that "the heroes of modern tragedy are ill with a disease of the soul which mirrors the illness of our culture. The adversary is not an external power. The adversary is within themselves."

This preoccupation with the adversary within drew Ibsen toward symbolism; it was a preoccupation that consumed Strindberg from the start: "in his hands drama became for the first time consciously and explicitly a medium for the expression of the inmost subjectivity of the writer," as Valency points out.

Strindberg's dual struggle with life around him—preeminently with the opposite sex—and with the life beyond him, that is, the life of the spirit, was reflected in everything he wrote. Mr. Valency examines each of his works for the stage from *Master Olof* through the final "Chamber Plays" with the same illuminating care that he devoted to Ibsen's. His analysis of that huge and mystifying *A Dream Play* is particularly rewarding.

Since the author of *The Flower and the Castle* is quite correct when he says of Ibsen and Strindberg, "It is not so much that in our day we consciously imitate them, but rather that it is all but impossible at the moment to write for the stage without imitating them," the importance of a new first-rate critical study of the two dramatists cannot be underestimated, and that is what Maurice Valency has provided. Not that this book is a "must" for theater-lovers. It is, in fact, a difficult book, a closely-written, scholarly book, a book that can only be properly appreciated by those who have read—and reread—their Ibsen and their Strindberg. For such as have there are plentiful rewards.

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Greeks in the Garden of Eden

Hebrew Myths: The Book of Genesis, *by Robert Graves and Raphael Patai (Doubleday. 311 pp. $4.95), asserts that the writers of the story of the Creation adapted ancient pagan myths to their own purposes. Theodor H. Gaster, who specializes in the mythology of the Ancient Near East, is professor of Ancient Civilizations at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

By THEODOR H. GASTER

FOR THE past few years Robert Graves has been beguiling us all with a series of highly individualistic and intrepid excursions into ancient mythology. Now, returning bloodied but unbowed from forays into the broadlands of Greek myth, he strikes out for the dense forests of the Old Testament. This time Mr. Graves is accompanied on the safari by a well-known Jewish anthropologist, presumably more familiar with the terrain. Nevertheless, the net result of their joint expedition to date amounts, one has regretfully to report, to little more than going around in circles and getting lost.

What these two daring explorers are trying to do is to reconstruct the ancient pagan myths which, as they contend, the writers of the Book of Genesis utilized and transformed to suit their own distinctive outlook and faith. This is done by aligning the Biblical stories with others told elsewhere—especially in Ancient Near Eastern and Classical literature—and by detecting in the Scriptural narratives, or rather behind them, motifs and patterns more explicitly articulated in such material.

By this method, for example, the creation of Eve from Adam's rib is derived from the misunderstanding of an ancient relief that showed the Canaanite goddess Anath poised naked in the air, "watching her lover Mot murder his twin Aliyan; Mot (mistaken . . . for Yahweh) was driving a curved dagger under Aliyan's fifth rib, not removing a sixth one." Adam's naming of the beasts is "a tale derived perhaps from a myth of how the alphabet was invented, the first and third Hebrew letters being *aleph* and *gimel*, namely, 'ox' and 'camel.'" Noah is identical with the Greek Deucalion not only as the hero of the Flood but also as the planter of the first vine, for the name Deucalion, we are informed, is simply the Greek *deuco-halieus*, "new wine-sailor"! The 'Anaqim, a primitive race of giants in Palestine, are the descendants of Anax who, according to a Greek tradition, ruled Anactoria, in Asia Minor. Lilith, Adam's other wife in later Jewish legend, "typifies the Anath-worshipping Canaanite women, who were permitted pre-nuptial promiscuity." Canaan is the same as the Greek Agenor, and Ephron the Hittite as Phoroneus. And so on, and so on.

Let us put it on the line As the lucubration of two imaginative and inventive minds, all this is fascinating enough, but it really amounts to no more than the imposition of a new mythology upon the old. As sound scholarship it simply will not do. What is wrong is that the whole effort lacks discipline and control. The authors blithely jumble together genuine Biblical stories and much later Jewish elaborations of them, naïvely supposing that the latter represent uncensored survivals of the original pagan material. The fact is, however, that many of the later Jewish legends are simply adaptations from quite extraneous folktales picked up from other peoples in Asia and Europe among whom the Jews came to reside.

It is also painfully obvious that the authors are not at home in the languages of all the myths that they cite; else they could not possibly indulge in the fanciful etymologies and combinations on which some of their arguments are based (*e.g.*, Ephron-Phoroneus; Eve-the Hittite goddess Khepit), for these rest all too often on rough-and-ready transcriptions that do not reproduce the original consonants.

Moreover, there is no proper attempt to stratify the stories cited and compared either ethnographically or chronologically. As every competent folklorist knows, you cannot compare stories of different cultures and ages until you have determined the history of each and thus separated the original nucleus from later borrowings and accretions. The later Jewish material is, in the main, simply lifted from Louis Ginzberg's classic *Legends of the Jews*, and the impressive parade of references resolves itself, on examination, into a wholesale pilfering from that source. The authors constantly fail to realize that because certain stories have the same general motifs, it does not follow that they are related to one another. Finally, and most importantly, stories are all too often compared because both have first been forced into the straitjackets of the authors' capricious interpretations. On this basis anything can be anything.

Take, as specimens of the authors' reliability, the examples cited above. Here are the cold facts. First: in the Canaanite myth of Aliyan Baal and Mot, Mot is not in fact killed by a knife driven into his ribs. He falls as the result of a fight in which the two antagonists charge at each other like wild animals. Subsequently, he is dispatched with a falchion by Anath herself! Second: *gimel*, the third letter of the Hebrew alphabet, probably has nothing to do with a camel. Its original form resembles a boomerang, and the name is more likely to be connected with the Akkadian word *gamlu*, which means a weapon of that type. Third: the derivation of Deucalion from *deuco-halieus*, "new wine-sailor" is, to say the least, tenuous. The element *deukos* does not mean "new wine," but is a dialectical word for "sweet," while *halieus* in normal

Robert Graves and Raphael Patai—"capricious interpretations."

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Greek means "fisherman," not "sailor." Fourth: the 'Anaquim cannot be associated with the Greek Anax, because the earlier pronunciation of that word was Wanax, and because the Hebrew word has an initial guttural sound. Fifth: Lilith as a voluptuous sylph has nothing to do with the Canaanite Anath, since she comes from Mesopotamia. Her later development into a *succuba* is due to assimilation to the well-known child-stealing witch (*e.g.*, Gello) of European folklore. Sixth: Canaan and Ephron are distinguished from Agenor and Phoroneus by the consonants in the Hebrew forms of the names. In general, this reviewer has counted thirty-one uncontestable misstatements of fact in this volume—and it is only the first instalment of a projected longer work.

It is difficult to speak with restraint of the mischief that is done to serious scholarship and research by such works as this. Coming with the prestige of Mr. Graves's eminent name, the public is all too likely to accept it uncritically and consequently to get an entirely distorted view of what Hebrew myth really is. Unfortunately, it has become increasingly difficult to persuade Mr. Graves of his error, owing to his stubborn and cavalier disregard *ab initio* of recognized criteria of scholarship. If a man persists in setting up purely individualistic standards for the validity of his methods, intelligent discussion and criticism become impossible. True, Mr. Graves has said consistently that he is not hidebound and is ready to change his mind if other people's interpretations prove more tenable to him. But the obstinate problem arises of what Mr. Graves is going to accept as the criterion of tenability. This volume can hardly make one sanguine about the answer. One has the impression that there is too much sciolism, erudite legerdemain, and sheer intellectual gasconading at present in the way of serious discourse. Who is this that darkeneth counsel?

One Side of Violence

Paris in the Terror: June 1793-July 1794, *by Stanley Loomis (Lippincott. 415 pp. $6.95), concentrates on those who played major roles in the blood-stained days of the new French republic. Jeffry Kaplow, who teaches French history at New York University, is author of the forthcoming "Elbeuf During the Revolutionary Period."*

By JEFFRY KAPLOW

THE TERROR of 1793-1794, roughly coincident with the Jacobin ascendancy in the year II of the Revolutionary Calendar, was a political instrument used to rid France of the twin evils of foreign invasion and counterrevolutionary subversion. Together with the total mobilization of men and matériel that was the *levée en masse*, it saved the Revolution. And that consideration stands out in the perspective of time as infinitely more important than the fact that some innocent persons, no doubt, fell victim to the excessive zeal of the Revolutionary Tribunal. As a moralist one can deplore their loss. But as a historian one is called upon to understand the web of circumstance in which they were caught.

No such considerations trouble Mr. Stanley Loomis, for he is not writing history, but fiction. Nor should one be misled by the title of the work. This is not a book about the Terror at all, but about certain personalities who played a role in it: Danton, Robespierre, Marat and, of course, Charlotte Corday.

This book belongs to a genre that was thought to have died with the nineteenth century. The author evidently admires Rafael Sabatini and the Baroness Orczy. He is dominated by the image of the Parisian people as a mob and a great beast. They are "*canaille*" and their leaders are "ignorant and illiterate thugs for the most part," and both are dominated by the "terrible Marat," who is a "pariah of history." Indeed, Mr. Loomis's sympathy for his characters seems to vary in direct proportion to their noble rank and the way in which they faced execution. Thus, Charlotte Corday is not once but four times a "comely" young woman of "generous spirit," while Marat "crept out of the sewers" to show his "twitching face and rolling eyes."

Mr. Loomis is concerned about the "human side" of the French Revolution rather than its political and economic bases. Yet how can one understand the role of individuals without studying the issues that divide them? Mr. Loomis assures us that "little that is of interest or importance" in the National Archives in Paris remains unpublished (a false statement in itself), but he nowhere makes use of the results of existing research to tell us about the condition of the peasant or urban artisan who formed the crowds he so vigorously castigates. Where he does, in rare instances, cite the sources of his statements, he relies too heavily on historians, like Madelin and Dauban, whose works have been supplanted by subsequent research. And although he ignores the memoirs of those favorable to the Revolution, he makes extensive use of noble and/or counterrevolutionary propaganda literature.

THE author seems to suffer from the illusion that the Revolution was under the control of a handful of individuals. Thus, it was Danton who overthrew the monarchy on August 10, 1792, and Fouché who was primarily responsible for Robespierre's fall, although "the exact extent . . . of his part in the events of 9 Thermidor still remains unclear." Worse still, it was the Paris Commune, led by Marat, that organized the September Massacres. Were Mr. Loomis familiar with Caron's book on the events of September, he would recognize these extravagances for what they are. He would, furthermore, realize that, far from controlling the movement of the Paris crowd, these leaders often had difficulty in keeping up with them.

Questions of method and information aside, there are other errors that ought to be noted. Rousseau emerges as some unspecified kind of pervert of minimal philosophical and literary importance. Not only that, but he was un-French. (The attribution, whether justified or not, of foreign origin to persons Mr. Loomis dislikes is common throughout the book, a delightful example of reactionary xenophobia.) He manages to confuse the reign of virtue foreseen by Jean Jacques with sexual abstinence. He becomes downright nasty when he insinuates that most of the revolutionary leaders were not "male"—whatever that may mean. The Girondins are dismissed as having childish ideals. He tells us that the Jacobin Club, through its provincial affiliates, controlled the elections of 1792 but then says that most of those elected were neutral opportunists. A pity that he cannot have it both ways.

Finally, what are we to make of priests who "leap" over ten-foot walls to escape arrest? And what, pray tell, is a "lay priest"? How does Mr. Loomis know that the wives of certain revolutionaries were "shrill and termagant"? Is freedom of speech merely "that smokescreen behind which many another agitator has safely retired in moral rectitude"? Lack of space keeps me from going on with the list.

Those who wish a highly readable and accurate account of the Terror will still turn to R.R. Palmer's *Twelve Who Ruled.* Mr. Loomis's work ought to be consigned to the oblivion that it merits.

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Doom Hovered Over the Danube

The House of Habsburg: Six Hundred Years of a European Dynasty, *by Adam Wandruszka, translated from the German by Cathleen and Hans Epstein (Doubleday. 212 pp. $4.50), and* ***The Fall of the House of Habsburg,*** *by Edward Crankshaw (Viking. 459 pp. $7.50), recreate the past of the ancient Danubian institution swept away by the First World War. Henry C. Wolfe's books include "Human Dynamite: The Story of Europe's Minorities."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

IN 1848 Frantisek Palacky, the Czech nationalist leader and historian, said that the multinational Habsburg monarchy was indispensable "in the interests of Europe, and of humanity itself." He saw in this Danubian empire a home and a refuge for the small nations of Central Europe. He had in mind its geographical location, its stabilizing role in European affairs, and its commercial advantages for the peoples within its borders. The Habsburg realm combined the brilliant culture of Vienna, the industry of Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, the wheat fields of Hungary, the forests of Slovenia, and that great fluvial artery of commerce, the Danube. It was an ethnic crazy quilt, but it was also an economic entity. In its way it was a kind of nineteenth-century common market.

Two new histories recreate the past of that ancient Danubian institution which was swept away by World War I and the rampant new nationalism of Europe. The volumes complement each other. Adam Wandruszka, an Austrian who is professor of history at the University of Cologne, chronicles the six-century reign of the Habsburgs and the intricate dynastic and territorial changes that marked their rule. Edward Crankshaw, a British journalist who lived for several years in Vienna, puts his emphasis on the sixty-eight-year reign of the Emperor Franz Josef. Dr. Wandruszka's is the more scholarly work, Mr. Crankshaw's the more colorful and evocative. Both are excellent.

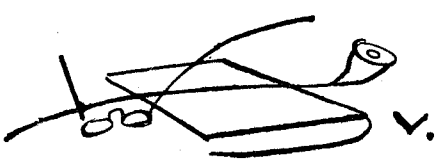
Dr. Wandruszka begins with presumptive predecessors of the Habsburgs, then follows the dynasty from the election of the thirteenth-century King Rudolf through the golden age of Maximilian I, "creator of Habsburg world power," to the abdication of Karl in 1918. At the zenith of their power they held sway on both shores of the European continent, from Portugal to Transylvania, from the Netherlands to Sicily. Their creative, tough, resilient monarchs felt a deep skepticism regarding war; their empire grew mainly through treaties and marriages.

Empress Maria Theresa (1717-1780) was the last of the old Habsburg line. This astute and kindly woman was, in Dr. Wandruszka's words, "at one and the same time head of the dynasty, mother of her large family (sixteen children), and mother of her country." She proved a far-sighted reformer, centralizing Austrian and Bohemian territories into a bureaucratic state and effecting agrarian and ecclesiastical changes. In her reign Vienna became Europe's greatest musical center.

It was the military defeat by the Prussians at Königgrätz (1866) that "finally robbed Austria of her position in Germany and Italy and confined her to the Danube area." That disaster occurred during the melancholy reign of Franz Josef, which saw the doom not only of the Habsburgs but also of the Europe that had existed since Waterloo.

Even as he ascended the throne in 1848, the eighteen-year-old sovereign found his realm threatened with dissolution. There were riots in Vienna, the Magyars were rebellious, the loss of the Italian provinces impended, the peoples of Bohemia were restive. Moreover, it was in 1848 that the *Communist Manifesto* was published and revolutionary troubles were rife in Europe. It is a lasting tribute to Franz Josef that he held his empire together.

But 1848 was not the year in which "he touched his lowest point as Emperor," as Dr. Wandruszka puts it. That happened in 1859, after the terrible military reverse at Solferino. By that time, too, Franz Josef was beset with difficulties caused by a temperamental young wife, whom he loved passionately but whose vagaries harassed him almost unendingly. In 1866 Bismarck dragged him into the war over Austro-Prussian rivalry that ended in the shattering Prussian victory at Königgrätz.



Despite the wars that plagued his reign, Franz Josef was, according to Mr. Crankshaw, a man of peace, and Austria-Hungary the "most unmilitaristic of all the Continental powers." Indeed, it was lack of military preparedness that pitted the muzzle-loaded Austrian rifles against the Prussian breech-loaders at Königgrätz. The Emperor was able to keep out of the Crimean War, but increasing rivalry in the Balkans between the Austro-Hungarian and Russian imperialisms created a growing danger for both empires and for Europe.

To the end of his life tragedy dogged Franz Josef. Only his Habsburg sense of duty and his dynastic mystique sustained him. His beloved Empress was murdered in Geneva; his brother, Maximilian, died before a firing squad in Mexico; his only son, Crown Prince Rudolf, committed suicide at Mayerling; his heir apparent, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, was assassinated at Sarajevo. The assassin's bullets triggered the ultimate tragedy, the Armageddon that was to ring the curtain down not only on the House of Habsburg but also on the empire over which it reigned.

Long before its fall, the dual monarchy had been under attack by pro-Germans within its borders and by Western liberals. During World War I it came under lethal fire from nationalists inflamed by the Wilsonian principle of the "self-determination of peoples." After its destruction, Winston Churchill deplored the "complete breakup" of an empire that afforded diverse nations a "common life, with advantages of trade and security." Into the bargain, Mr. Crankshaw believes, "the Austrian bureaucracy was the most efficient, humane and incorruptible imaginable."

The problems their empire "tried to solve have survived it," Mr. Crankshaw points out. "They are with us today . . . the peoples of Central and Southeastern Europe lived together under the Habsburgs more harmoniously than they were to live together without the Habsburgs . . . compared with what happened next, the age of Franz Josef was an age of enlightenment." This claim is bolstered by Mr. Crankshaw's impressive picture of imperial Vienna, musical capital of the Western world.

If there is a chief villain in the Austro-Hungarian drama, it is the Magyars. As Crankshaw sees it, they not only oppressed the non-Magyars under their rule but made almost incessant trouble for the crown. "They contributed nothing but some dashing regiments of cavalry, a large number of surpassingly beautiful women, and an infinity of woe."

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No Place Left to Hide

***The Naked Society,** by Vance Packard (McKay. 369 pp. $5.95), and **The Privacy Invaders,** by Myron Brenton (Coward-McCann. 240 pp. $4.95), tour the Gehenna of prying to which the average American is subject. David Boroff's comments on manners and morals appear with frequency in a variety of magazines.*

By DAVID BOROFF

VANCE PACKARD has an indispensable function in American culture. His job has been to act as a kind of sociological publicist, to sound the alarm about unwholesome tendencies in American society. For his pains he has been handsomely rewarded—*The Hidden Persuaders* (1957), *The Status Seekers* (1959), and *The Waste Makers* (1960) were all number-one best-sellers. At the same time he has also been roundly abused by social scientists for his unaccredited and sometimes clumsy sociological probing. Indeed, it is easy to poke fun at Packard. He is utterly humorless, tirelessly homiletic, a grim watchdog who sees everywhere vast conspiracies against our national morality.

Actually, Vance Packard is modesty itself. He makes no claim to being a sociologist; he sees himself as a journalist who conveys to the public the findings of more sophisticated researchers. As a middle man of the social sciences he has rendered invaluable service. Nobody claims that Vance Packard discovered the facts about motivational research or status hierarchies in America. These phenomena were widely known among the initiated. Nevertheless, by giving names to them, he focused attention on hidden persuaders and status seekers. They became part of our vocabulary and targets of our social ire. For Packard does not mask his feelings behind the neutrality of the social scientist. He is, rather, an old-fashioned moralist who is concerned with the decay of traditional values. His prose is square, his insights have the subtlety of a meat-cleaver, and he has a bulldog tenacity in piling up evidence. Nevertheless, he is a useful citizen to have around.

In his new book, *The Naked Society,* Packard is concerned with a cluster of developments that people know about vaguely but tend to shrug off. Roaming indefatigably through all of American society—industry and government, suburb and city, high school and college—Packard has rounded up a bleak anthology of the ways an army of investigators, by means of the most sophisticated technical devices and just plain snooping, deprive us of our privacy. In this national obsession with the dossier, Packard points out, certain traditional rights are likely to be scuttled: the right to be different, the right to hope for forgiveness (dossiers are unrelenting), and the right to make a fresh start (dossiers pursue one).

THE author depicts an Orwellian nightmare. Job-seekers, employees, credit applicants, and others are subjected to a thorough investigation of their vocational, fiscal, and private lives. What gives all this a rather sinister air is the use of new technical aids. The electronic expert is handmaiden to the personnel manager. Nor does Packard fail to remind us that hundreds of ex-FBI men—those bland first cousins to Big Brother—are engaged in private investigatory work. Microphones in washrooms (to check on employees), closed-circuit TV in supermarkets (so bosses can spy on both customers and workers), lie detectors, private eyes everywhere—all of these give the reader a painfully claustrophobic sense. We are indeed the bugged society. Nor are schools immune to these tendencies. Secondary schools pry into the secret lives of students through personality tests of doubtful validity, while colleges build up dossiers on students, then impart their contents to prospective employers. And if this isn't bad enough, even the professional humanitarians are becoming electronically enchanted. Social workers have been known to set up one-way mirrors and to tape interviews with clients unaware of what was going on.

The home has also been violated. Telephone hucksters assault us with sales pitches, "junk mail" clutters up our mail boxes, and our very right to be alone in an apartment house elevator is denied by TV cameras under the guise of security. And when we risk the street, our ears are bombarded by transistorized radios, our conversations monitored by the Big Ear (a parabolic microphone that can pick up conversations at fifty feet). On the national scene there is the squalid story of blacklisting in the entertainment business and the unsavory activities of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Packard then concludes with a sensible if not highly original series of proposals about how to meet these threats to privacy.

Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately for our sanity—Packard's remorseless tour of this Gehenna of spying is undercut by his own naïveté and solemnity. Some of his revelations are hilariously funny, but the author is too preoccupied with the villainy that stalks the land to respond to humor. The image that *The Naked Society* sometimes evokes is that of an army of rather dim-witted gumshoes straight out of a comic novel. One snooper outfit is called Fidelfacts, and another has this grandiloquent motto: "A man's whole life preludes the single deed." And an investigator trying to pry loose a confession from a suspected homosexual asked in a stage whisper: "Have you ever done something that you are really and truly ashamed of?" Packard also has a tendency to see bogeymen where only the phantoms of the past disport themselves. It is simply not true that "attacks upon academic freedom have been increasing in the academic community." Academia went through its McCarthyite infection and has successfully shaken it off. Nor is the census form the insidious plot against both privacy and time that this book makes it out to be. (That it has its business uses, as Packard points out, no one will deny.) And the reference to Harvard psychologist B. F. Skinner as the dean of the mind-intruders is as uninformed as it is unfair.

The Privacy Invaders, by Myron Brenton, overlaps Vance Packard's book only in part. Its tone is somewhat more urbane, its indignation more tempered, but the thrust of the book is much the same. Given the facts of our publicity mills and our slavish subservience to images—more confirmation of the very theses of these books—it is likely that Brenton's work will reach a far smaller audience than Packard's. And that is a pity, for in his analysis of the Age of the Goldfish Bowl he offers some arresting evidence. ("If you are not already the subject of at least one nongovernmental dossier," he tells us, "consider yourself a rarity.") In particular, Brenton rounds out the portrait of privacy-invasion by exploring the uses of the lie detector, the boom in industrial espionage and counterespionage, and the manifold outrages of fund-raising.

Taken together, these two books should foster an angry vigilance, without which our privacy will indeed be further eroded.

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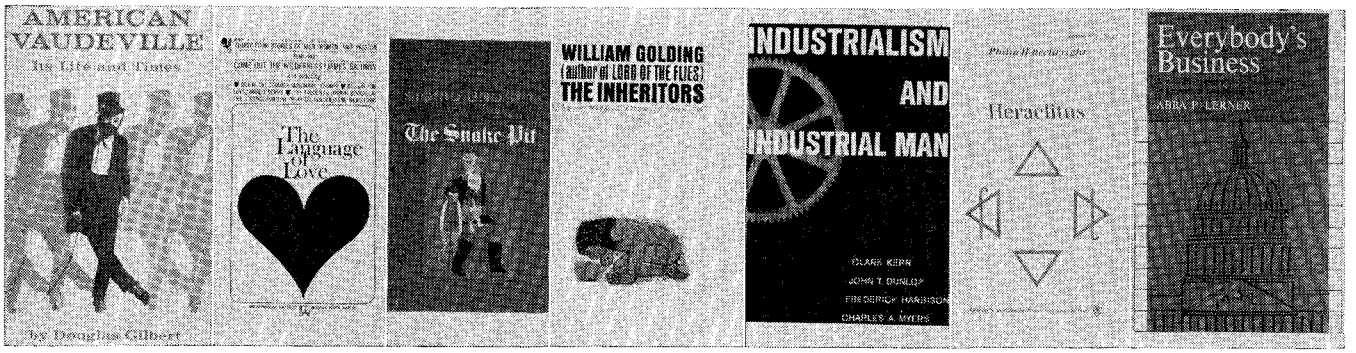

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Betty Friedan

Author of the Month: This may well go down as the Year of the Lady Tiger. Rachel Carson has already stirred up the breeze with *Silent Spring* (Crest, 75¢), and now another outspoken woman, Betty Friedan, is getting her share of hoots and hurrahs. Her book, *The Feminine Mystique,* went through ten hardcover printings and now has just been published by Dell (75¢) with nearly half a million copies. What Mrs. Friedan has gone and done is to report that women have been beguiled into believing that marriage and the family are enough. Alas, says Mrs. Friedan, it isn't, and that's why thousands of women from Texas to New York suffer from what she calls "the problem without a name."

Like the women to whom her book is addressed, Betty Friedan is married (to advertising executive Carl Friedan), has children (aged seven, eleven, and fifteen), and until recently filled in the occupation blank on the censor's form with the word "housewife." "Though even then I felt guilty about it," she recalled. "You see, what happens is that once the youngest child goes off to school, the wife starts feeling restless, lost, and eventually guilty for feeling that way. The response to my book has been staggering. I've been deluged with letters from women all over the country, from school girls to grandmas. Someone told me that my book has just about ruined the cocktail party, the arguments get so terrific. It seems to me that the people who have really violent reactions, who think I'm anti-mother or anti-family, must have an exposed nerve-end. Maybe they're the ones with the guilt feeling, who, from fear or lack of opportunity or whatever reason, aren't using their own abilities.

"Of course, since the Book, my life has changed. Enormously," she continued in a throaty Celeste Holm voice. "I've been lecturing everywhere, to pediatricians, marriage counselors, college students, and this month I'm even giving a major address to the national conference of women deans. Then there have been TV appearances and guest-editing the June issue of *Ladies Home Journal,* and . . . I feel that if I came up for air I might just get the bends."

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

It doesn't take long any more for the newest fiction to move from hard covers to paper ones. Just published is Richard McKenna's *The Sand Pebbles* (Crest, 95¢), the best-selling Harper Prize first novel. It's a compelling adventure tale about a gunboat crew on the Yangtze River caught up in a curious and turbulent moment of China's history. Another first novel, and a leading contender for the National Book Award for fiction, is Thomas Pynchon's *V.* (Bantam, 95¢), a peculiarly vital, rollicking, and utterly ambiguous story of a strange quest. The winner of that NBA prize is John Updike's *The Centaur* (Crest, 60¢), a modern and often disturbing recreation of the Chiron myth.

From England come three novels by authors better known for other, more successful books. John Braine's *Life at the Top* (Popular, 60¢) sees to it that Joe Lampton, hero-villain of *Room at the Top,* gets his proper come-uppance. In William Golding's *The Inheritors* (Pocket Books, 75¢) the characters, a crew of Neanderthals, are even more snug in primitive abodes than the lads of *Lord of the Flies.* And finally there's Sybille Bedford's *A Favorite of the Gods* (Popular, 60¢), which has the European opulence of *A Legacy* but little of its brilliance.

Duly noted: Sigrid Undset's *The Axe* and *The Snake Pit* (Pocket books, 50¢ each), the first two volumes in *The Master of Hestviken* tetralogy, are all about medieval Norway. *The Language of Love* (Bantam, 95¢), an anthology edited by Michael Rheta Martin, includes such varied offerings as Herodotus, the Korean Mal-sook Han, James Baldwin, and Mark Schorer. John Le Carré's *Call for the Dead* (Signet, 40¢) is an earlier and not altogether convincing thriller by the author of that roaring bestseller, *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold. James T. Farrell—Selected Essays* (McGraw-Hill, $2.45), edited by Luna Wold, contains some remarkably vivid insights into the creative process.

Philosophy

Philip Wheelwright's *Heraclitus* (Atheneum, $1.25) is an eminently readable introduction to the sixth-century (B.C.) sage whose philosophical inquiry led the way for Plato and Aristotle. Paul Friedländer's *Plato* (Torchbooks, $2.65), translated by Hans Meyerhoff, refers not only to Plato's metaphysics and ethics but also to his concepts of education, the importance of Socrates, and the special need for the dialogue form. G. R. G. Mure's *Aristotle* (Galaxy, $1.65) and Sir David Ross's *Aristotle* (Barnes & Noble, $1.95) are somewhat different approaches to that other pillar of philosophy. Sir David's appraisal is straightforward, while Mr. Mure is more often concerned with the nature of man as viewed from the Aristotelian aspect.

At the other end of the philosophical arc are the contemporary thinkers and those splinter groups whose individuality seems to melt in the vastness of history. In *The New World of Philosophy* (Vintage, $1.65) Abraham Kaplan discourses on a variety of modern attitudes —Pragmatism and Existentialism, Communism and Zen. R. M. Hare's *The Language of Morals* (Galaxy, $1.35) primarily discusses the relevance of ethical behavior. *The Nature and Destiny of Man* (Scribners, $1.65 each) is the imposing title of Reinhold Niebuhr's two-volume work that contemplates the past

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and future of *homo sapiens* from an affirmative Christian viewpoint.

Postscript: George Santayana's *Persons and Places: The Background of My Life* (Scribners, $1.45) is the opening installment of a cultivated autobiography; in *Nightmares of Eminent Persons* (Essandess, $1.45) Bertrand Russell imagines such *cauchemars* as one of President Eisenhower about a pact between Senator McCarthy and Georgi Malenkov.

Big Business

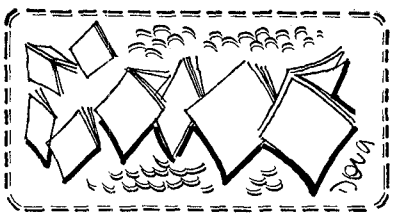
"One machine can do the work of fifty ordinary men. No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man," wrote Elbert Hubbard. Well, maybe so; but Alice Mary Hilton's *Logic, Computing Machines, and Automation* (Meridian, $2.95) puts forward a pretty bold argument for the non-humans. This is a tough, technical, and highly informative book about how computers work and how they are related to both mathematics and philosophical logic. Another book, scarcely recommended for the tyro, is *Everybody's Business* (Torchbooks, 95¢), by Abba P. Lerner, who explores such esoteric topics as "marginal principle" and "factor markets" and such plain, workaday subjects as national debt and inflation. Also concerned with business on the largest scale is *Economic Concentration and the Monopoly Problem* (Atheneum, $1.95), essays by Edward S. Mason, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration and a man who knows a great deal about the significance and interrelationship of big business and world politics.

Four leaders in the specialized field of labor economics are Clark Kerr, John T. Dunlop, Frederick H. Harbison, and Charles A. Myers, representing respectively the University of California, Harvard, Princeton, and MIT. Together they have written *Industrialism and Industrial Man* (Galaxy, $1.95), in which they explain why total industrialization of society is inevitable. They view this condition of the future with considerable composure because with total industrialization will come greater leisure and literacy, all of which promise more individuality rather than the submergence of self in the vast business machine.

John Chamberlain's *The Enterprising Americans* (Harper, $1.65) records the business history of this country through the lives of such indefatigable workers as Eli Whitney and George Romney.

Reference Library

Not so long ago most people's home reference library consisted of one volume, an all-round dictionary. Now, with paperbacks inexpensive and varied, it's easy enough to set up a complete reference shelf. Right at the top of the list is *Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language* (Popular); where else can you get 50,000 words for 50¢? It's illustrated and, if you have an ample pocket, appropriately sized. Also traditional is the Reverend Walter W. Skeat's *A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* (Capricorn, $2.45), revised from the classic 1882 version and still indispensable. So too is *Roget's University Thesaurus* (Apollo, $3.49), neatly updated to include special sections for science, foreign phrasing, Briticisms, slang.



Every well-stocked library needs a classical reference book. *Bray's University Dictionary of Mythology* (Apollo, $1.95) tells who Scylla and Charybdis were, that Heket was a frogheaded Egyptian, that Dylan was a Welsh sea god.

C. O. Sylvester Mawson's *Dictionary of Foreign Terms* (Apollo, $1.65) is exceptionally handy, offering such words as "*extincteur*" in case you want to put out a fire in Paris, and certain less useful expressions ("Il Duce: the head of the Fascisti in Italy, specif., Premier Mussolini.") For more serious students *Dictionary of French Literature* (Premier, 95¢), edited by Sidney D. Braun, briefly notes major writers and writings from the *Chanson de Roland* to Samuel Beckett. A *nuevo diccionario* of great value to the student of Español is *The New Appleton-Cuyas Dictionary* (Doubleday, $1.25), which contains not only 40,000 word listings but also verb tables, word charts, etc.

Then there are the atlases, among which we especially admired *An Atlas of European Affairs* (Praeger, $1.75), containing well-illustrated geographical and political information, and *The Penguin Atlas of Medieval History* ($2.45), in which Colin McEvedy and John Woodcock use text and maps to provide a wonderfully visual picture of how Europe emerged from the chaos of Huns, Mongols, caliphs, and crusaders.

Among the special "guide to" aids are Hans Verwer's *Guide to the Ballet* (Barnes & Noble, $1.50), in which forty-seven ballets are described, and David G. Bradley's *A Guide to the World's Religions* (Spectrum, $1.95), in which a dozen faiths from Islam to Zoroastrianism are explained. Of more particular religious interest are *A Rabbinic Anthology* (Meridian, $3.25), nearly 1,000 pages of Talmudic interpretation, and *Great Jewish Portraits in Metal* (Schocken, $2.25), which turns out to be a handsomely illustrated who's who in Jewry from Spinoza to Einstein.

Strictly for fun and maybe for after-dinner speakers is Herbert V. Prochnow's *A Dictionary of Wit, Wisdom, and Satire* (Popular, 75¢), in which Oscar Wilde and George Bernard Shaw, among others, contribute waggish retorts. Leonard Louis Levinson's *The Left Handed Dictionary* (Collier, 95¢) insists on being "irreverent, irrelevant, and impertinent," and its contributors range from Schopenauer ("Reading: a nervous habit to avoid thinking") to Denise Darcel ("Hollywood: No place for a girl to find a husband, especially her own.")

And finally there is the new, nineteenth edition of *Good Reading* (Mentor, 75¢), prepared by the Committee on College Reading and edited by J. Sherwood Weber, an annotated guide to 2,000 books, arranged by subject and period. An expanded version of *A Guide to Science Reading* (Mentor, 60¢), prepared by Hilary J. Deason of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, will be released this month, and it promises to lead the way through the maze of recent scientific information.

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price 20¢ for packaging and handling.

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Bantam, 271 Madison Ave., NYC 16.
Barnes & Noble, 105 Fifth Ave., NYC 3.
Capricorn, 200 Madison Ave., NYC 16.
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Crest, 67 W. 44 St., NYC 36.
Dell, 750 Third Ave., NYC 17.
Doubleday, 575 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Essandess, 630 Fifth Ave., NYC 20.
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Signet, 501 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Spectrum, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.
Vintage, 457 Madison Ave., NYC 22.

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In Payment of Promise

***Hissing Tales,** by Romain Gary, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Harper & Row. 186 pp. $4.95), cries out against fascism in all its forms. Warrington Winters, a free-lance critic, teaches a course on the contemporary novel at Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.*

By WARRINGTON WINTERS

FROM his *Promise at Dawn* we know a lot about Romain Gary. He was a fatherless, only child, acutely identified with an enormously possessive mother. All his life he has literally juggled five oranges—never six—to avoid the agony of introspection. During his heroic service with the French Air Force, the RAF, and the Free French, he almost committed suicide out of regret for having abandoned his mother. The happiest day of his life, so he tells us, was the day on which he won, for her, the Croix de la Libération. Over a period of two years during that war he received a chain of letters, all written by her before her death to be delivered at intervals afterwards, so that she could retain her suffocating power over him even after she was gone. Frantically, he finally kept the promise he had made to her at the dawn of his life: that he would become a military hero, a distinguished diplomat, an international cavalier, and a successful writer.

And out of it all what has he written down in his novels and stories? Take these "hissing tales." Do they really hiss, as the author intended, or do they merely sputter, like good champagne? Do they end with a bang or a whimper?

Now let's get one thing straight first. A terrible outcry is heard here, in story after story, against fascism, past and future. Read "The Oldest Story Ever Told": In Bolivia, after the war, we meet Gluckman, graduate of the Torenberg concentration camp, who every night carries food and drink to the former commander of that camp. His friend Schonenbaum is aghast: "He tortured you every day for over a year. He martyred you, he crucified you! And instead of calling the police you bring him food every night? Is it possible? Am I dreaming? How can you?" The answer comes back out of the darkness of the ages: "He's promised to treat me better *the next time.*"

Romain Gary—merely sputter?

And the fascism of the future? Read "The New Frontier," a satire on atomic testing, which takes place several generations hence. Here we are listening to a father indoctrinating his son: "Thanks to certain radiations which have fertilized the atmosphere and all living things, the human race has emerged at long last from its period of biological stagnation and has made several leaps forward—we call them mutations—which permit us to change, to diversify, and to take new and exciting forms." And so we meet the man with the five-inch protuberant anus and the preacher with six arms and a visible digestive tube. The hero himself, the head of the Defense Department of the United States, is on his way to becoming a turtle. His former scientific adviser is already some kind of spider. Our striking force is, of course, in no way inferior to that of the Russians, but the loss of our hands and our intelligence gravely endangers our ability to use our weapons. Our security margin is shrinking almost daily. If we are to preserve our liberty, our moral and spiritual values, our American way of life, we must move fast to adapt our military equipment to our new physiques. "The only thing that matters is to get there before the Russians."

And so the ideas contained in these stories are the most important ideas in the world; they may be the last ideas in the world. Our story tellers must repeat them again and again. But the voice must carry, it must resound from deep within. Too often in Mr. Gary's stories the idealistic hero seems attached by too short a fuse to too small a firecracker, so that the predictable little bang comes too soon. Read the title ("A Craving for Innocence," "The Fake," "A Humanist") and you've had the story. Too often Mr. Gary labels his symbols so carefully that they cannot operate freely in their own multiple possibilities. An example is "Glass," where conquering soldiers have mass-raped a girl into psychosomatic blindness. "Yes," says the old man to the truck-driver (who, of course, will rape her again), "Yes, the child's like cracked glass, very fragile. Yes, glass." And too often these symbols awaken echoes—of Tennessee Williams's glass menagerie, of Kafka's cockroach, of Ionesco's rhinoceros, to name a few. Finally, the terrain is too often horizontal. Goodness knows we get around enough in these stories: Moscow, Hoboken, Peru, Germany, Bolivia, Paris, Istanbul, Haiti, Marseilles. As a consequence, we never remain in any one port long enough to take soundings. Dickens devoted a lifetime to London and still never finished the job.

Possibly the key to the whole problem lies in that one word "horizontal." Mr. Gary would rather juggle five oranges, never six, than examine—or permit anyone else to examine—his own inner dynamic. Notice, in *Promise at Dawn,* his reference to the "arrogant idiocy" of "those wriggling little suckers of the human soul, otherwise called psychoanalysts, presently engaged in bleeding it white at the rate of fifty dollars an hour." He will not risk himself, even for a moment, within his own inner jungle, although if he did so he might well emerge for once with an overflowing armload of real *news.* Or put it this way: he will not, he can not, he dare not, let himself down into his own interior beyond the length of his own rope. This is too bad, because by this means he might achieve the resonance of voice which our story tellers must have if they are to save us from utter obliteration.

Does Mr. Gary himself sometimes remotely perceive this limitation? In "The Lute" (his own "Tonio Kröger," or, more precisely, his own "Death in Venice") we meet a middle-aged diplomat whose wife-mother, with the best intentions, has smothered his potential as artist. "I'm sure you have talent," says his daughter. "I'm sure there's a great painter or a great sculptor inside you . . . You've spent your life . . . searching . . . for a work that is inside yourself."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. delete. 2. esteem. 3. exceed. 4. beetle. 5. segregate. 6. determine. 7. desecrate. 8. depreciate. 9. selective. 10. remember. 11. precede. 12. preserve. 13. eleven. 14. defense. 15. redeem. 16. cheese. 17. sequence. 18. keepsake.

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A Burden of Survival

***Lindmann,** By Frederic Raphael (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 335 pp. $4.95), a parable, has as protagonist a guilt-ridden refugee from the Nazis. W. S. Tracy is a humorist and critic.*

By W. S. TRACY

FREDERIC RAPHAEL devotes seventy-two pages to the central incident of Lindmann. Many lesser writers would have spent the entire novel on it. Such a book would be twice as long, half as interesting, and ten times as commercial.

We learn what took place through a film-script. This device allows a great deal of important but impalpable material to be covered swiftly and dramatically. The reader sees and hears only significant details. A producer's response to the scenario (". . . it lacks S-E-X. I don't see one scene of woman suckling child with nipples or without, keeping the one and niners from their Goggle boxes of a Saturday night.") provides a backhanded satire on novelists like Shaw, Uris, and Wouk, who reduce Jewish suffering to a heroically meaningless, easily filmed cliché.

In 1942 the *S.S.Broda* set sail for Palestine, dangerously full of refugees from Nazi concentration camps. She reached Istanbul before springing a leak, but was unable to achieve her destination. Blandly inhuman bureaucrats kept the necessary repairs from being made. Two people survived the inevitable disaster. One of them was Jacob Lindmann. The details are fiction. The incident is as real as it is ghastly.

Raphael devotes most of his book to showing us what manner of person Lindmann has become twenty years later. Living in London, he is an understandably bitter man, who uses irony both as a shield and a club to make life keep its distance, and spends his days writing obscure, pointless philosophical notes. But he is forced to confront life too directly to be able to think of moral issues abstractly.

When he passes a God-is-love preacher on the street, a man in the crowd asks Lindmann, "Why is there so much suffering?" He has no answer; but the question punctures the carapace of indifference he has built up around his soul.

A series of incidents like this one, along with an ever-growing sense of guilt over his accidental survival, push Lindmann into a mental breakdown, which ends in a total withdrawal from reality.

To disclose the stunning, profound climax of this book would be a great disservice to both author and reader. When the true identity and full crime of the heroic, almost Christ-like figure called "Jacob Lindmann" are revealed, the novel emerges as one of the few to attain the authentic tragic tone demanded by its subject.

Frederic Raphael—backhanded satire on Shaw, Uris, and Wouk.

Mr. Raphael, however, makes the mistake of trying to create an entire, self-contained fictional world, as he has in his previous novels. In order to do this he is forced to add low comedy and mystery-story embellishments to his stark parable. Although these elements are beautifully handled, they create a stylistic disunity. But even this small weakness springs from an attempt to achieve perfection—an attempt that nearly succeeds.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 33

by the fact that his wife's grandfather has had three children by a Negro. ("Everybody knows about your grandfather's woods colts.") But then, just as the young man seems certain of election as governor, someone discovers that William Howland, now dead, married Margaret in Cleveland just before she gave birth to their first child. Tolliver's career is ruined: the people who were so tolerant of illegal miscegenation are outraged by its legitimization. Abigail is left alone, as we found her in the first chapter, to face the appalling consequences. Her response to the situation is astonishing but credible.

It is a novel of considerable dramatic force. Miss Grau makes her point—the absurdities as well as the cruelties to which prejudice leads—sharply enough, but this is a story, not a tract. The characters are striking, Margaret as well as William, and vigorously portrayed. The manner of telling the story, partly in the first person and partly in the third, permits Miss Grau to achieve both perspective and immediacy. And always there is the sense of the land and the seasons:

> The short hard winter passed. Fine early-spring rains began, light delicate ones like fog or smoke, that dusted the surfaces of houses and trees and earth—the gentle ones. The sun shone fitfully, the sky was an even light grey, and the ground warmed every hour. The farmers went out and tested it, laying their hands flat on it, seeing whether it gave or took away heat.

All the virtues of Miss Grau's earlier books are here, together with a new power. I think it is her best novel, and I shall be surprised if it is not her most popular one. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

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The Search for Reality

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THE GARDENERS were cutting the herb borders at Anne Hathaway's cottage the day that I visited Stratford-on-Avon, and the fragrance of newly cut herbs has stayed with me all my life. So it was a pleasure when I opened *Shakespeare's England* (Horizon-distributed by Harper & Row, $3.95) and felt as if I were again walking up the garden path of that famous cottage.

If a picture can evoke the memories of fragrance and color that this one does, why should world geography not be presented either by color photographs or color television? It would be far more real to children than as depicted in the many series books with their tired black-and-white photographs. By "tired" I mean those commercial photographs that are clichés likely to be found in other books, often in textbooks. Authors who can travel and take their own photographs, if they are professional or semi-professional, have an advantage, especially if they know how to keep the children in their pictures from looking posed. This seldom is attained.

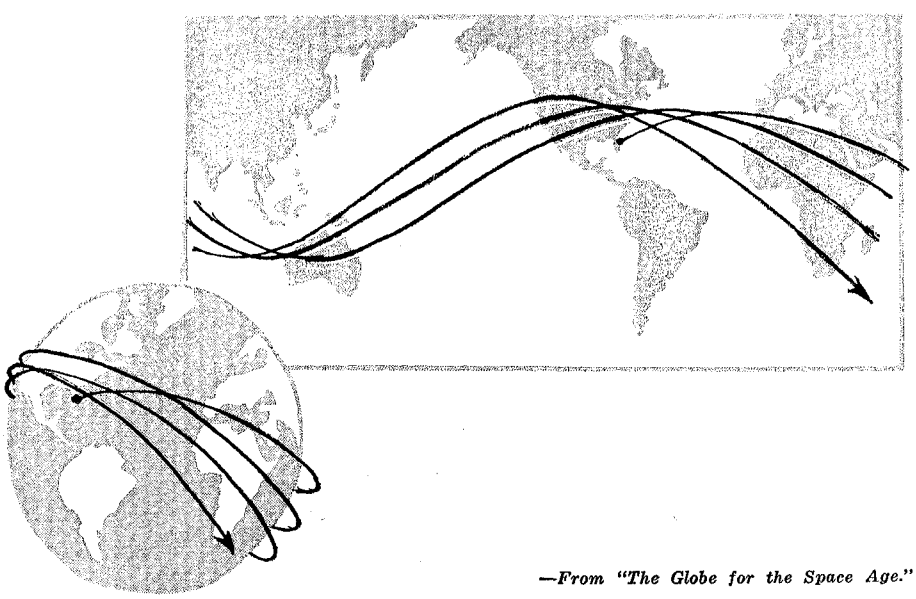
So often I have been asked, "Why can't these books be in color?" Because reproduction of color photography is still expensive, and the author's color transparencies do not usually reproduce well. Recently I noticed in a small New York newspaper an appeal for those who have traveled to register for occasional talks to children in the "enrichment" program. That is an excellent idea if they also know how to make the material interesting to children.

This summer, which is Shakespeare's 400th anniversary, many of our young people may be in England, or they may see Shakespeare's plays at Stratford in Connecticut—and in New York's Central Park. *Shakespeare's England,* produced by the editors of *Horizon* magazine, in consultation with Louis B. Wright, director of the Folger Shakespeare Library, will help to give the stay-at-home readers reality of setting. This colorful pictorial presentation, although it has a fair amount of text, needs to be supplemented by books about Shakespeare, including those by Marchette Chute. Her adult *Shakespeare of London* (Dutton, anniversary edition, $6.50) is read by young people, and her *Stories from Shakespeare* (World Book Co., $3.95) is an introduction to the plays for children. As a child I loved Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare,* but as I reread it now, it seems a bit stuffy for today's young people. Later this spring we shall have an illustrated *Five Plays from Shakespeare* with "the archaic words removed" (remember Mr. Bowdler!) and the plays shortened by "bridges" to an hour for acting—or reading. I look forward to it with suspicion, but may have to eat these words when I see it.

This is also a Presidential election year, which means that young people will want to know about the political issues and the candidates for election. They will want to look back on the all-too-brief Kennedy Administration. There will be books, some hastily assembled, so perhaps it is better at present to put the emphasis on *Profiles in Courage,* by John F. Kennedy, which Harper & Row present in a "Young Readers Memorial Edition" ($2.50), with the complete preface by Robert F. Kennedy to the standard edition of the same book. Older teen-agers will prefer the adult volume. "It is a book easy to read, hard to forget," the Washington *Post* said of the latter when it was first published.

All too few of the factual books for young people are "hard to forget." Sometimes their format attracts and may linger awhile in the mind. Sometimes the text has its own gripping reality, as did William Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of Adolf Hitler* (Random House, $1.95), which could have been buried in a series but found its way out. Series books are now so numerous that they get scant reviews. However, publishers know, all too well, the appeal of series, especially for middle-group children.

FROM the factual books remaining on the bookshelves or kept for this reference issue of *SR* I have selected mainly those that seem to have meaning for the present time. Too few junior biographies can qualify as factual books; they are nearly all packed with highly imaginative conversations. Children might not read them if they were not, but what exactly do we say when they ask so eagerly, "Is that *true*?"



—From "The Globe for the Space Age."

Fireflies in the Night. *By Judy Hawes. Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. Crowell.* 40 *pp.* $3.25. This is, I believe, the twenty-eighth book in a series that usually manages to keep its freshness, largely through its presentation and unusual pictures. The text gives information to small children and suggests making "a firefly lantern." One thing that is not mentioned is different sizes of fireflies; the very large ones are, I think, only found in warm countries. In the end it is a pleasant touch that grandmother releases the fireflies. I'm sure the boy on the first page of the book who so confidently says, "I like fireflies" does not know how to feed them.

Snow Is Falling, by Franklyn M. Branley, illustrated by Helen Stone, in the same series and format, is an excellent book for a snowy day. Ages 5-8.

The Art of the North American Indian. *By Shirley Glubok. Illustrated with photographs. Harper & Row.* 48 pp. $3.95. Here the tradition of well-presented art books for

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elementary school children is continued by Shirley Glubok, whose previous books, *The Art of Ancient Egypt, The Art of Ancient Greece, The Art of Lands in the Bible* (Atheneum, $3.95 each), have been so well received. She is reported to be working on the art of the Eskimo. These books, with brief text and spacious pictures, are intended to bring to children in all parts of the country some idea that early civilizations had their own art. Miss Glubok gives Saturday lectures to children at the Metropolitan Museum. Ages 6-9 (the publisher says "all ages").

The Story of a Hippopotamus: A Factual and Detailed Story of an African Hippopotamus. *By Alfred G. Milotte. Illustracted by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van. Knopf.* 114 *pp.* $3.50. It is amusing to find Knopf publishing the story of a real hippopotamus—after many fanciful adventures of Veronica! The authors tell the story factually, naming the various hippopotamuses for identification. It is a fascinating account, one that children will enjoy. The pictures are attractive, and succeed in making a very ugly animal as handsome as is possible. Hippos are most comfortable sleeping in herds under the water, with their nostrils only a few inches from the surface, doing "automatic sleep breathing." The authors went to Africa to make *The African Lion* for Walt Disney, and during this time they studied the underwater habits of hippos, observing and photographing them from an underwater tank. Ages 9-12.

The Globe for the Space Age. *By S. Carl Hirsch. Illustrated by Burt Silverman. Viking.* 82 *pp.* $3.75. "It was February 20, 1962. Lt. Col. John H. Glenn, Jr., was in orbit. On the panel in front of him, Glenn watched a small lighted globe that showed him his position exactly. . . . How did this age-old kind of equipment appear in this newest of space ships?" The author answers this question, and many others, and disposes of Mercator maps (still useful!), quoting Ptolemy, "When the earth is delineated on a sphere, it has a shape like its own, nor is there any need for altering it at all."

The pictures, in two colors, help very decidedly to keep interest throughout. Ages 11-15.

New Amsterdam Days and Ways: The Dutch Settlers of New York. *By Dorothy Niebrugge Hults. Illustrated by Jane Niebrugge. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 224 *pp.* $3.50. New York is this year observing its 300th birthday—counting from the time it acquired its present name—but is so busy with the World's Fair that possibly the birthday won't be celebrated. However, this efficient, interesting book with its clearly detailed illustrations keeps us mindful of the fact that New York is older than its present name, and gives excellent information about the first Dutch settlers and their customs. The author gives credit both to Verrazano, discoverer of New York harbor, and to Henry Hudson. New York children will find the book fascinating, and it should appeal to children beyond the city as well. Ages 8-12.

Authors and Places: A Literary Pilgrimage. *By Roger Lancelyn Green. Drawings by John Bowers. Putnam.* 190 *pp.* $3.50. The rambling text of this English book somehow adds to its interest. There is an attempt at organization suggested by the chapter heads. "Poets, Pirates and Pussycats" includes the Lake poets, Arthur Ransome, Beatrix Potter (tiresome to have Beatrix Potter designated by Pussy Cats). "Rectories and Romance" presents Lewis Carroll, Mrs. Gatty, Mrs. Ewing, and the Brontës. Children who have enjoyed Pauline Clarke's *The Return of the Twelves* (Coward-McCann, $3.75) will be interested in the description of the Brontës' house and the one thing that gave light to their grim childhoods—sitting around the kitchen table, writing the stories about the toy soldiers given to Branwell when he was nine. They were written as if for the soldiers to read, in tiny writing on sheets of paper bound into books about two inches high.

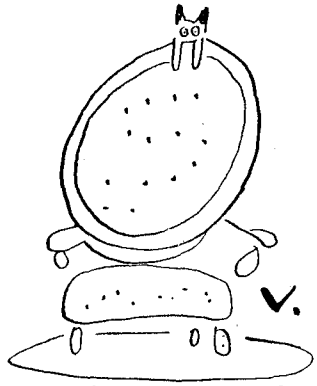
This is a book for literary-minded children, students, and teachers to dip into. Ages 12 up.

The Automation Age. *By Pauline Arnold and Percival White. Illustrated with photographs. Holiday House.* 198 *pp.* $3.95. Published in the spring of 1963, this book seems even more timely now; it certainly should be and is being read by young people. The organization and writing are extremely clear, as well as interesting—tracing automation from its very beginnings to the present day. While the authors are not entirely pessimistic, they are realistic, and when they deal with the effect of automation on society they give the facts without hedging.

"Education" has been given a page to itself: "It is estimated that of the 26 million new entries into the labor force this decade 7½ million will lack full high-school education, and, of these, 2½ million will not have completed elementary school." There will always be people whose mental capacity does not permit them to do skilled work or even, in some cases, semi-skilled. The outlook for the future, while projected, is not the brightest—and the use of leisure is the great problem. Ages 12 up.

Satellites and What They Do. *By Walter B. Hendrikson, Jr. Illustrated with drawings and photographs. Bobbs-Merrill.* 272 *pp.* $3.95. Only ten years since the start of our satellite program—and here is a 272-page "history" of satellites, American and Russian, with a brief account of each manned or dog-inhabited space vehicle. As the book is very businesslike and efficient and has a full index, almost anything about space may be tracked down. So it is a good reference work.

Having kept pretty well abreast of the spacecraft and their doings, I scarcely needed to read all the way through, but I looked up Belka and Strelka, the space dogs, and found a picture of them and their spacecraft. It appears that the dog astronauts did not like their experience too well at first: in weightlessness they "could not manage their own paws," and "Belka even became angry and started to bark." The author goes so far as to look forward to a space hospital



for patients whose recovery is slowed by the earth's gravity, as happens with bad burns and skin grafts. Ages 10 up.

I Jessie: A Biography of the Girl Who Married John Charles Frémont, Famous Explorer of the West. *By Ruth Painter Randall. Little, Brown.* 223 *pp.* $3.95. A true, nonfictionalized biography that girls should love, this book starts with a highly romantic wedding in which Jessie Anne Benton is first bridesmaid. Jessie, being Senator Benton's daughter, went often with him to the White House, and was, in time, to meet all the Presidents from Andrew Jackson to Abraham Lincoln. She was just sixteen when she met John Charles Frémont, and he promptly fell in love with her, but the Senator thought she was too young to marry. The account of how a friend helped the young couple to wed secretly is as exciting as any girl could wish. But Jessie had married an explorer, and there were days of anxiety during Frémont's expeditions (dramatic as always, he brought the expedition's flag into Jessie's room the day after their baby was born, and laid it across her bed). However, there were also peaceful and happy times in an adobe house overlooking the sea in Monterey, for their entire life was a love story. Ages 12 up.

Britannica Junior Encyclopedia. *Prepared under the supervision of the editors of the* Encyclopaedia Britannica. *William Benton, Publisher, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Chicago.* $149. In the March 23, 1963, issue of *SR* the three leading encyclopedias for young people were mentioned: *The World Book Encyclopedia, Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* and *Britannica Junior.* Somewhat younger in material and with shorter articles than the other two, the *Britannica Junior* is intended for the elementary grades, about fifth or sixth to ninth. This year it has had a complete face-lifting, though not complete revision. Many of the articles are updated, and its type page has been much improved by the omission of a rule. There are major revisions in the space field, and the entirely new article on Indians is excellent. This edition includes an atlas, and the index volume is more than an index: it is a brief summing up of the salient points of each article. There are still portions that need revision. If the new articles are to be in line with that on Indians, the children pictured should not be as young as they are in certain cases. Apparently a few articles, such as that on health, are a carry-over from earlier editions, but these are rare.

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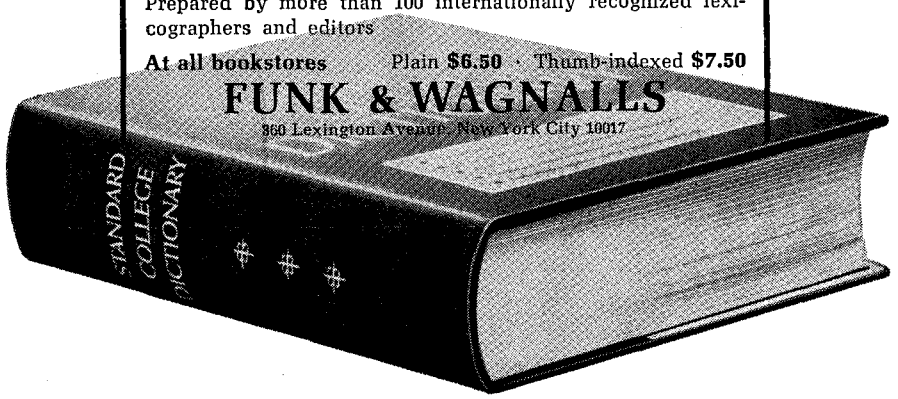

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concentrate on works rather than biography. Foreign authors not readily accessible in English are meagerly represented; but if Dos Passos and O'Hara and Cozzens are missing, and Odets and Bellow and Malamud are included, the omissions are deliberate and the preferences well defended. There are some surprises, such as the inclusion of Galsworthy for the purpose of attacking him, a rave notice of Dashiell Hammett's early work, and a thoughtful article on E. A. Robinson that assesses him as the author of "some of the finest short and middle-length poems in the language." Highly readable studies, these, rounded out with sixteen color-paintings and 160 monochrome portraits.

Its third incarnation finds the monumental *Literary History of the United States* (Macmillan, two volumes, $12.50) even more impressive. It is a strange and wondrous monument, by turns quivering with life and beauty and nearly foundering under its all-inclusive burden. Volume Two comprises a descriptive, definitive bibliography for specialists. Volume One consists of literary studies: 1,390 pages from the first edition and a 100-page postscript revised and enlarged from the second edition, plus a revised forty-page bibliography for the general reader. Robert E. Spiller was chairman of the top-rank editorial board; nearly sixty contributors are credited with the writing of the eighty-three chapters. Naturally, the more ground an article attempts to cover, the more blurred its impact. But there are several brilliant chapters, like F. O. Matthiessen's on Poe, Richard P. Blackmur's on Henry James, Henry S. Canby's "Fiction Sums Up a Century" (dealing with Wharton, Cather, Glasgow, Cabell, Lewis, Anderson, and Lardner). The final chapter takes the proud chronicle through the deaths of Faulkner, Hemingway, and Frost.

The newest Frank Magill opus is his 1,350-page *Cyclopedia of Literary Characters* (Harper & Row, $9.95), arranged alphabetically by the title of the work, under which its chief characters are grouped in order of importance. The 16,000 characters—drawn from 1,300 novels, dramas, and other forms of prose and poetic fiction from all periods and literatures—would populate (and wreck) a town, though it might be instructive to hear Ralph Rackstraw chewing the fat with Billy Budd, Orpheus comparing notes with Jean-Christophe, or Tartuffe with the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale. An index to authors and characters makes everything tidy, except for a few misspellings

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(two—with a consequent mispronunciation—in *Remembrance of Things Past,* whose plot is among those subtle and expertly summarized). No doubt a supplement will rectify some striking omissions, and it would also help to label each work as a play, a poem, or a novel, alongside the data on its time of action and year of publication.

Of course, if your interests tend toward real people, you will need something like Cleveland Amory's *Celebrity Register* (Harper & Row, $25), subtitled "An Irreverent Compendium of American Quotable Notables." It goes on like that, skimming the cream and the froth of 2,800 careers, including those of a good many purely honorary Americans. Tidbits of scandal, quotations dragged in to zip up the prose and torture the sentence structure, and some marvelous puns make this the wackiest biographical dictionary ever. Entertainers seem to get the most attention (yes, George Jessel is here), but Lyndon and Lady Bird made it, too. A thumbnail photo of every biographee is included.

Rather more serious is the *Concise Dictionary of American Biography* (Scribners, $22.50), roughly a fourteen-to-one reduction and an enlightened revision of the original scholarly, eleven-volume DAB and its regular supplements. In both, the material is limited to "Americans who have made important contributions to our national life" and who died before 1941. The 14,870 entries vary from three-line identifications to biographies as long as five pages and written with force and style; the average entry rates a dozen lines of agreeable prose, and there are many of page length. Subjects go back in time to the days of the seventeenth-century navigators.

Who Was Who in America: Historical Volume 1607-1896 (Marquis, $26) actually goes even farther back, all the way to Leif the Red (late tenth century), Columbus, and Virginia Dare (1587). Its unattractive pages give Procrustean treatment, in standard *Who's Who* style, to 13,250 subjects. The book's marked inferiority to the less expensive *Concise DAB* is evident on every score.

Who's Who of American Women (third edition, Marquis, $26) sketches the careers of over 20,000 living American women, many of whom supplied their birth dates. The sans-serif type and clear white paper of this 1,160-page volume bring to the Marquis series a new and greatly improved appearance. Never underestimate the . . .

Evidence that women have been around a long time is abundant. A pair of them are the subject of a chic neolithic rock painting reproduced among the thirty-two color plates in the *Larousse Encyclopedia of Ancient and*

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The manuscript, at one time believed to have been destroyed by the author, was recently brought to light and is now among the books, photographs, typescripts, and other manuscripts comprising The Eugene O'Neill Collection in the Yale University Library. It was prepared for publication by Karl Ragnar Gierow and edited by Donald Gallup, whose valuable introductory essay discusses the circumstances of the play's composition. $7.50

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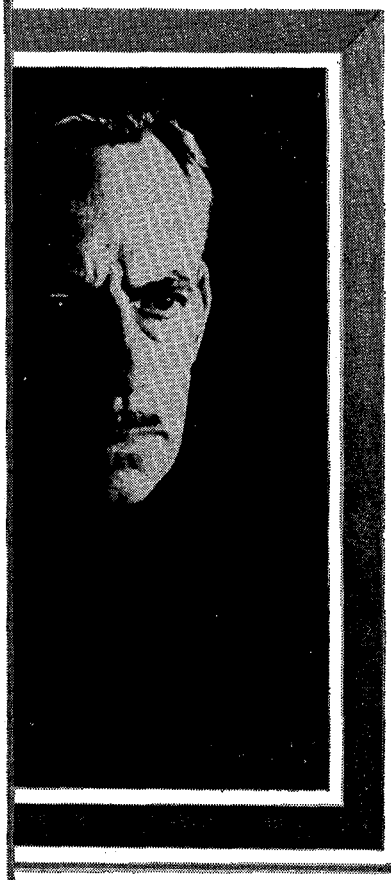

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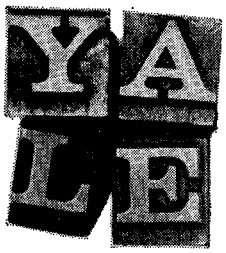

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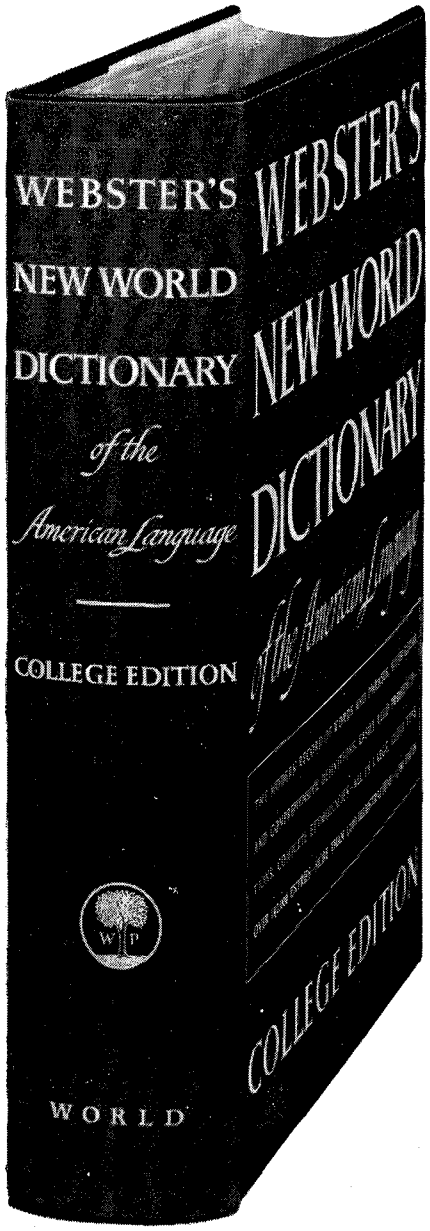

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Medieval History (Harper & Row, $20), and there's a photo of a paleolithic carving that confirms the hypothesis. They are still prominent as late as 1500 A.D. (which is as far as this book takes us), when Ivan III brought Russia into the European dynasties by wedding Princess Zoë of Achaia. With their dramatic gravure illustrations (in his foreword Arnold Toynbee calls them "magnificent" and "judiciously chosen"), the volumes of the *Larousse Histoire Universelle* provide a delectable way to learn history. The present portion of the chronicle covers early historical peoples like the Egyptians, the Jews, and the Chinese, the spread of civilization in almost every part of the globe, and on through the Age of Alexander and the rise of Christianity and Islam, with stops in Africa, the Pacific islands, and pre-Columbian America. Shaded maps furnish orientation at every turn.

How did it all turn out? Well, sir, there are now some 3¼ billion of us girls and boys, and the facts as they stood in mid-1963 are set forth exhaustively in the expanded and revised second edition of the *Worldmark Encyclopedia of the Nations* (five volumes, Harper & Row, $49.95). Four volumes —one for each land area—cover the 133 nations in alphabetic sequence, presenting uniform data under fifty subject-headings such as Population, Ethnic Groups, History, Armed Forces, Social Welfare, and Political Parties. A United Nations volume outlines the workings of the main bodies and all agencies. The 1,700 encyclopedia-size pages are illustrated with more than 135 text maps, and the endpapers of each volume are printed with large maps in color.

Excellent one-volume treatment of the same material is available in *The Statesman's Yearbook 1963-1964* (St. Martin's, $10), which in this 100th edition also comes to 1,700 pages, half the dimensions and roughly half the wordage of the *Worldmark*. The text is arranged in four sections: U.N., Commonwealth Nations, USA, and Other Countries. Oddly enough, as against *Worldmark*'s thirty-eight pages for the U.S., *The Statesman's Yearbook* gives us 200 pages, treating the states the same as sovereign nations. Colored pull-out maps show the world's chief areas compared for 1863 and 1963.

"Britain's first national atlas," the 15½" x 20½" *Atlas of Britain and Northern Ireland* (Oxford, $100), exemplifies the acme of modern cartography linked to the most recent geo-economic-demographic research techniques, making possible the assemblage of millions of facts never before accessible for ready comparison. By means of these big maps and their brilliant symbolic coloring, the student, economist, and govern-

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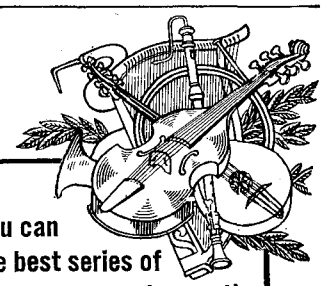

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ment or business official can ascertain such data as the distribution of oil refineries, botanical species, types of rock, fisheries, meteorological trends, rail and auto roads, telephone trunk traffic, employment in dozens of industries, and construction. Of the 200 map pages, 129 are full-page maps of Britain over which may be placed the separate transparent overlay outlining counties, rivers, and chief towns. Physical maps, larger-scale regional maps, and a full gazetteer complete an astonishing volume.

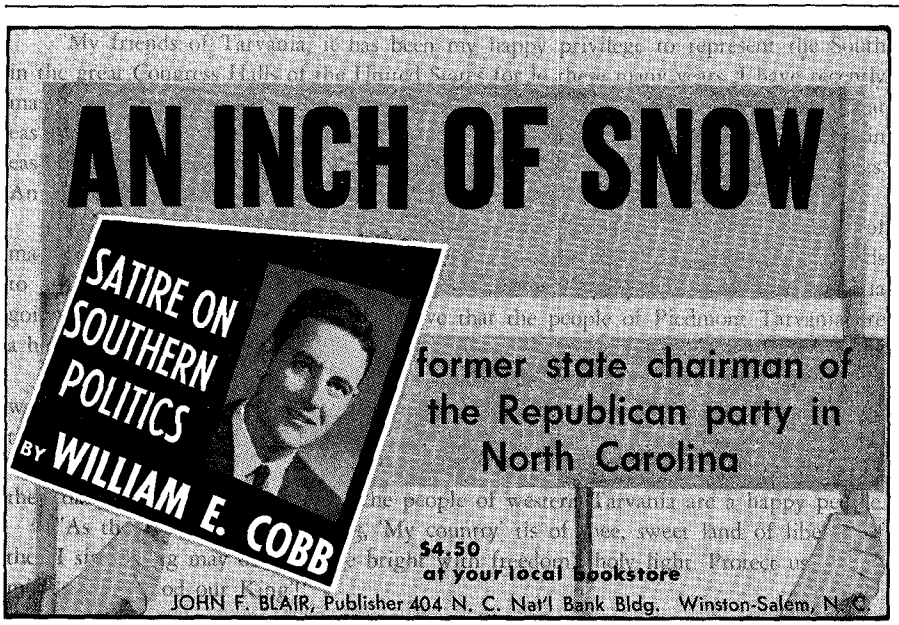
Astonishing in quite another way are the ten-inch barking toads, mustachioed pheasants, 1½" mammals, and mitten-shaped corals that are to be found among the thousand unusual gravure photos and sixteen color plates of the *Pictorial Encyclopedia of the Animal Kingdom* (Crown, $10), which ranges from protozoa through worms and insects to reptiles and apes. With the detailed index the running text, while subordinate to the pictures, makes the book ideal for browsing or reference.

Fish and Fishing, by Maynard Reece (Meredith, $7.95), concentrates on a smaller portion of the animal kingdom. Generous use of color brings the subject-matter to life, vividly combining ichthyology and piscatology. About 150 pages are devoted to large full-color paintings of eighty species of North American fresh-water fish, smaller two-color drawings that graphically magnify their differences, thumbnail distribution maps, and a concise description of the species' characteristics. The rest of the book gives tips on fishing and fishing trips, with typical vacation-folder shots and six pages illustrating tackle and bait.

Our nature binge ought not to terminate without a dip into botany via *1001 Questions Answered About Flowers* (Dodd, Mead, $6). Here are cruel tales of malevolent plants that trap and murder snails, strike out at bees, and poison and drown insects, and of stemless flowers that squat on the forest floor yet reach a height of twenty inches and a weight of fifteen pounds. One comes at these facts—and at others that are more useful—by reading Norman Taylor's unlikely questions (*e.g.*, "What wildflowers closely resemble the sanicle?") and his engaging answers, modestly illustrated with drawings and photos. His main chapters take up Eastern and Western wildflowers and various types of cultivated flowers grouped by blooming season.

To turn from the lilies of the field to man in all his glory, open a copy of the *Larousse Encyclopedia of Byzantine and Medieval Art* (Prometheus, $17.95). Among the thirty-two big color plates, and a thousand other pictures in rich gravure, there stand out a Norwegian tapestry, a Ravenna mosaic, a Carolingian Gospel, a fresco from Monte Cassino, a Chinese screen. The text embraces the early Christian era, the Middle Ages in Europe, the Near East, and the Orient, and finally the Romanesque and Gothic periods (what! no Gislebertus?). Historical summaries interlace the longer studies, which describe in detail the development of architectural engineering, the bases of styles in painting and sculpture, the influences of oriental and barbarian forms in displacing classic art, and many other aspects of one of the most fascinating periods of our past.

For extended treatment of *all* periods, of course, the art lover and the student have the incomparable *Encyclopedia of World Art* (McGraw-Hill, fifteen volumes, $597 by subscription), of which the seventh and eighth volumes (*Greek Art* to *Landscape Architecture*) have appeared since our last mention. Greek art and its branches ac-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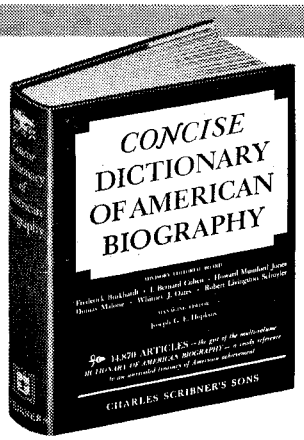

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IT is gratifying to report that James Newman and a staff of editors have fully succeeded in their attempt to produce a single reference work that would bring all the sciences into the general reader's purview. Aided by a group of consultants from leading institutions, they have come up with the four-volume *Harper Encyclopedia of Science* (Harper & Row, $35), whose nearly 4,000 entries in alphabetic sequence will go a long way towards satisfying the layman's curiosity about the physical and biological sciences, architecture and other major technologies, and the lives of hundreds of scientists. Many of the articles are long enough to explore the history and most important theories, principles, and applications of each branch. The contributors' language is clear but free from condescension, and the tables and diagrams present facts in an unhackneyed manner that provides both response and stimulus to the inquiring mind. Despite the book's enormous scope, intelligent proportioning has kept its bulk at some 1,400 encyclopedia-size pages, inclusive of 2,500 monochrome and two-color illustrations but not counting 250 pages of full-color photographs. An exhaustive index is the key to this treasure house.

Star-gazers should become familiar with the 224-page annual *Yearbook of Astronomy for 1964* (Norton, paperback, $3.95). The first half presents fifty-two star charts, thirty-six pages outlining monthly astronomical events for 1964, and brief descriptions of other heavenly phenomena of 1964-65. The second half is devoted to general articles on astronomy and space exploration. A minor drawback is that the charts and notes are designed for use around the latitudes of Great Britain; major advantages are the convenient arrangement and the simplicity of the charts.

And now back to earth with the *Geographical Companion to the Bible* (McGraw-Hill, $5.95), wherein Denis Baly expertly describes the varied terrain of the areas in which the peoples of the great chronicle lived their lives. His account of the physical factors that shaped them is permeated with a sense of history. Professor Baly quotes sources ranging far beyond the Bible to a wide group of classic and modern authors. To the thirty-one maps in the text he has added sixteen pages of colored maps, dramatized with route markers and superimposed legends, as well as a group of striking photos and a gazetteer.

The Encyclopedic Dictionary of the Bible (McGraw-Hill, $27.50) is the adaptation by Louis F. Hartman of A. van den Born's exhaustive Dutch volume. In over 1,300 two-column pages the editor and a staff of Catholic authors and translators have covered both testaments minutely. Within the limits of religious orientation, sectarian interpretation, and language tinged by the acceptance of sin and revelation, the well-documented analyses are scrupulously scientific, and dogma is leavened by broad discussions. It would be difficult to name a Biblical word or concept that has not been fully treated.

Many other viewpoints were expressed in a series of articles in question-and-answer form contributed to *Look* magazine by spokesmen for a score of faiths. Amplified and rewritten, they appear in the first half of *Religions in America* (Simon & Schuster, paperback, $1.95), edited by the versatile Leo Rosten. There are enlightening essays on Protestantism in general, on thirteen Protestant sects, on Catholicism, both Roman and Greek, on Judaism, on agnosticism (by Bertrand Russell), on the religion of a scientist, and on the 66 million unaffiliated Americans. The rest of the book deals with statistics, church organization, education, and religion in American history as well as in contemporary life. Calendars, a faith-comparison chart, and a glossary round out a remarkably informative and handy book.

An annual "Record of Events and Trends in American and World Jewish Life" has been provided since 1899 in the *American Jewish Year Book* (Jewish Publication Society, $6). U.S. and foreign observers have contributed articles on twenty-one countries, surveying briefly but penetratingly both the gen-

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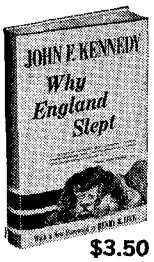

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Deities, heroes, and sacred books of ancient religions compose most of the 1,100 terms in *Putnam's Concise Mythological Dictionary* (Capricorn, paperback, $1.45) by Joseph Kaster. The essential stories are told succinctly and agreeably, cross-references abound, and interest is frequently added to the names by their literal meanings.

We have come now to the "Etc." division, and must ask you not to be misled by the title of the *Dictionary of Musical Terms* (Free Press, $4.95). A little fifteenth-century Latin compilation of 300 terms, translated and annotated by Carl Parrish, it is of greater interest to a musicologist than to a contemporary music-lover.

André Simon's *Dictionary of Wines, Spirits, and Liqueurs* (Citadel, $4), on the other hand, fulfills much more than it promises. Here are described varieties and qualities of alcoholic beverages, wine-producing localities, common terms, recipes, and tips (*e.g.*, the proper way to take the chill off red wine). Definitions are enlivened with history, literary quotations, and judgments.

In days gone by the best stock-market tips might be obtained from elevator operators near the Exchange. But "now, when one enters a driverless elevator, which button can he push for the 'tip of the day'?" A good question, from a book that specializes in answers, Paul Sarnoff's *Wall Street Thesaurus* (Obolensky, $6.50), a boon for investors who aren't in the know and can't differentiate between "ex" and "flat." If you don't know enough to call your regrep. for the latest on Aggie, phone your bookstore for a copy.

Forgotten anything? Take a look around our bargain counter of *Pocket Crammers* (Ken, $1 each): plastic-bound, 160 to 192 pages, they are a series of ready-reference manuals, written mostly by university professors, in such fields as archaeology and ancient history (each equipped with a few maps), physics (with tables and diagrams), psychology (twenty pages on psychoanalysis though no entries for specific items like dreams, paranoia, or shock therapy), and English grammar (which also includes terms from rhetoric, criticism, and allied studies). Topics, whether a sentence or a page, are arranged alphabetically, with the key word in red. They are great little refreshers.

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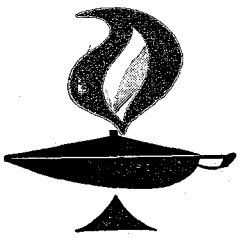

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Letters to the Editor

A JOURNAL of opinion is a dialogue between writers and readers. If the dialogue is to be complete it is essential that the editors, who play the role of intermediaries, receive comments from readers that they can pass on to their writers. Consequently, the editors of *SR*'s Education Supplement welcome letters from readers and would be happy to receive still more of them, representing a wider variety of points of view.

Although space does not permit us to print all the letters received, we wish to assure our readers that all of them are read and when appropriate, they are passed on to the authors, who frequently wish to reply. Most of them are discussed by our three editors. The views expressed in them play an important part in molding our editorial policy.

Some letters are more helpful to us than others. When a typographical error somehow sneaks through, despite the best efforts of a battery of proofreaders, you may be sure that our red-faced staff has heard about it—once when the second "o" was inadvertently omitted from *too*, we received letters from English teachers all over the land explaining to us the difference between *too* and *to*. Some of the writers pointed out that *two* has still a different meaning.

While letters commending us for a job well done are gratifying, those that disagree with the views of our writers and editors have greater influence. Critical letters, even a vitriolic one now and then (and we get our share), are no doubt good for us. We welcome suggestions of educational problems that we may have overlooked and thoughtful letters that help us to understand what people in all parts of the nation—and other nations—are thinking about education.

Because we hope to avoid a provincial point of view—and are aware that midtown Manhattan has a provincialism all its own—we need to hear how the problems discussed by our writers look from the vantage points of Peoria, San Francisco, and Addis Ababa. We also like to get the particular points of view of parents, school board members, teachers, administrators, and students.

If you want your letter to be published keep it short; in selecting letters for publication we must give preference to those that say briefly and effectively something that we think will interest a large number of our readers. The editors of *America*, the national Catholic weekly review, recently offered their readers this advice on writing letters to the editor:

> First set your typewriter at forty characters to the line. That is the approximate length of the line in our correspondence section.
>
> When you have completed sixty lines, you have taken up a full column of type. So tear up your sixty lines and throw them away. They were only a warm-up anyhow. You are now ready to say what you really wanted to say.
>
> When you have finished, cross out all unnecessary adjectives and adverbs and all repetitive phrases. You will probably find whole sentences that you can eliminate with no great loss. If you don't, we'll have to do it for you. And it will break our heart.

This is sound advice, because most letters to the editor can be improved by removing unnecessary words so the point is sharp and clear. But all letters, regardless of length, are read and all have an influence on the thinking of our editors. We hope you will keep them coming. —P.W.

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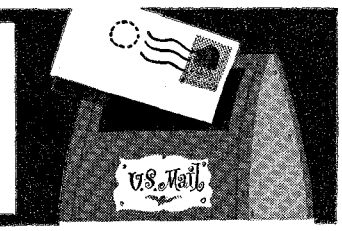
Letters to the Editor



Federal Research Grants

In his article "Higher Education: Fourth Branch of Government?" [*SR*, Jan. 18], Christian K. Arnold misrepresents the position taken by the House Committee on Government Operations and its Intergovernmental Relations Subcommittee, of which I am chairman, on the administration of research grants by the National Institutes of Health.

Mr. Arnold suggests that the Committee has opposed NIH's efforts to strengthen its relationship with universities in research and training grant programs in place of the direct Federal agency-individual investigator relationship that he believes erodes the university's authority. In point of fact, the Committee has expressed no such opposition. Rather, the Committee's criticism of NIH was directed at the agency's failure to work out suitable arrangements for obtaining the most effective use of grant funds. The Committee found that NIH was not adequately organized to supervise administration of the more than 15,000 research projects it supported. The Committee also found that NIH had not sought to reach an understanding with the universities concerned regarding the responsibilities they were expected to assume for the projects supported by NIH grants.

The author, moreover, has completely distorted the sequence of events with respect to the Committee's report and NIH's response. The quotation taken out of context from the Committee's report (House Report No. 1958, 87th Congress) represents criticism of NIH made *before* (not after, as reported in the article) NIH had adopted regulations and held a series of conferences with university administrators for the purpose of strengthening the management of its grant programs. The new regulations and procedures were adopted by NIH and its parent agency, the Public Health Service, without any participation by our Committee and only after the agency had expressed agreement, in hearings and correspondence, with the Committee's finding of a need for improved grant management.

L. H. Fountain, Chairman,
Intergovernmental Relations
Subcommittee of the
Committee on Government
Operations,
House of Representatives.
Washington, D.C.

A Problem Close to Home

Thank you for John Scanlon's fine editorial, "One Step Closer to the Ultimate Answer" [*SR*, Feb. 15]. Insofar as democracies are the fanciful champions of individual freedom, the education of all their citizens is an especial charge upon them lest they become shackled by that worst tyrant of all—ignorance. Many of our people today seem to greatly fear the much vaunted strength of the potential adversary, but would it not be much more sensible to be concerned about our own well-being? No healthy and consciously God-loving organism seeks to speed its own demise.

John A. Hannum.
Washington, Mich.

Harvey on Springfield

Your article quotes Dr. Olds ("Glenn Olds—Innovator at Springfield" [*SR*, Feb. 15]), as saying that when he took over the presidency of Springfield College in 1958 he inherited an "enfeebled" institution. Nonsense!

Edward J. Sims,
Assistant Professor of English,
Springfield College.
Springfield, Mass.

Art in Education

In the lead article [*SR*, Feb. 15], Kenneth Scollon attempts to give reasons for including the arts as a necessary part of education. I'm not sure he completely answers the question. He speaks only to the importance of history and appreciation courses. The visual arts (for instance) encompass much more—the actual manual skills, such as drawing, painting, and sculpture, and their concomitant theories. If it helps to learn about what is written by writing, then it should follow that it helps to learn about painting by *painting*.

It would seem that in the teaching of art in history, Mr. Scollon makes the mistake of substituting his own experience of contemplation for the work itself. Students might learn what their teacher experienced (Cezanne's apples "booming across the canvas like kettledrums"), but this doesn't help the student to a relatively independent aesthetic experience. Art works have been misused too long as propagandistic flags to insure "correct" emotional responses. A distinction has to be made between what the artist intended and what the instructor imagines or wishes he intended.

Paul L. Nuchims,
Instructor, Department of Art,
Western Michigan University.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Kenneth M. Scollon has touched a sensitive nerve of our educational system in his article, "Art in Education." Art in education is very important—even more now than at any time in the past. The onrush of science in our education curriculum has shunted the humanities aside and almost completely submerged the arts. A valiant effort is now being made to restore the humanities to their rightful place again. But the arts remain sadly neglected. Mr. Scollon's fine examples of art in literature, painting, music, and architecture are indicative of how art can and should be taught.

L. B. Rosenstein, O.D.
Vineland, N.J.

Overanxious Parents

I hope that Professor Magill's "Get Off Johnny's Back!" [*SR*, Feb. 15] will be available in quality reprints in the future. It ought to be required reading for all parents of all college-bound young people in all of the college preparatory schools in all parts of the country. It says neatly and cogently and dispassionately what all of us in this business have to contend with every year: with the parent who may even say (and believe it or not, I am quoting) "If my son should go to Harvard, I would consider myself a failure as a father."

Robert U. Jameson, Chairman,
English Department,
The Haverford School.
Haverford, Pa.

The article reflects my own personal views—as well as those of other college students I know—on the subject of overanxious parents. There are entirely too many overbearing and "know-it-all" parents who actually think they are doing the right thing for little Johnny by telling him what his major should be and what courses to take. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that such parents are trying to mold their children into their own image or push them into areas in which they themselves were complete failures. As the article pointed out, there are those parents, too, of course, who nurture delusions of helping their children achieve enough success to create a "name" for the family. No wonder college campuses have become a potpourri of overemotional and neurotically frustrated individuals trying desperately to sever the ties that bind.

Leslie Bonner.
South Houston, Tex.

As the wife of a teacher and a former teacher myself, I was overjoyed to see a long overdue warning to overanxious parents as forthright and succinct as Professor Magill's "Get Off Johnny's Back!" These are words I have said (or, in some painful instances, merely longed to say) for years now, and as public preoccupation with education grows more overanxious by the minute, it becomes even more important to give expression to this warning.

Professor Magill confines his article to his experiences at the college level, but I would like to emphasize that these pressures exist at all levels—from the mother who forcefeeds her pre-school child in reading and writing skills and ends up with a remedial reading problem to the parents who switch their children from one school to another, seeking that nebulous something called an "ideal education."

The corollary to this destructive pressure on the children is the equally unreal-

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istic pressure on the schools. Education is hailed as the gateway to some future Utopia, and when the poor child cannot cope with the prodding and the school cannot force a miracle, the parents never seem to be able to accept the responsibility for the failure. It's always the way the schools teach reading (Back to Phonics! or Back to McGuffey's Reader!)—or frill courses (Back to the Basics!)—or subversion (Back to Americanism!)—or some other nonsense—but never, never their own unrealistic demands.

Mrs. Nancy Catalano.
Woodland Hills, Calif.

The words Lewis M. Magill wrote to "Overanxious Parents" [*SR*, Feb. 15]—"Get Off Johnny's Back!"—hit my husband and me hard. On the face of it we are the typical faculty parents: the well-placed, high-brow family with master's and Ph.D. degrees, Fulbright and study-abroad grants (the academic works), who have made a mess of their Johnny.

He went to a private school, academic-oriented, because he was slow in starting. His I.Q. was normal (whatever that is), and he was permitted to go on with his group, although he repeated the third grade. This was because of "immaturity and unreadiness." Eventually, in his limping fashion, he graduated from high school with a flock of sports letters, but no academic honors. He had taken his college boards three times and impressed the entrance officials across the country with the magnitude of his ignorance. A fine lad, responsible, determined, plenty of drive, a hard worker. I never knew him well myself—he was always so busy getting those flannel letters. But his ratings on summer work heartened our souls. He could always be counted on to carry through.

We tried to get him what he wanted. We had to give him a chance. But at what?

He had no specific talents, no real aptitudes for technology; although good, he wasn't interested. Liberal arts was out because he couldn't read. The fine drive got lost in the seeking. It was at this point that he was catapulted into the intellectual snobbery he got unconsciously from home and consciously from advisers, profs, and students in school. "You must be a college man. Nothing else is quite good enough."

We as parents tried to break this down early and offered the two-year institutions as starter. We got nowhere. He stuck like epoxy glue to the theories of his times, the Sputnik race and the get-rich noise in the educational columns of the newspapers.

No out-of-state college or university would accept his poor grades. They have their own mediocrities to look after. Our own institution accepted him so grudgingly we shied away. He was finally accepted by a two-year college near home with both academic and terminal programs. He took the professional courses loaded with sciences. What else?

We were very much aware of the danger inherent in his set-up. We had been in the education racket for thirty years (smart professor with a dumb kid). But Johnny stuck to his deadly grind, didn't quite make the professional status, and was now accepted by an out-of-state university on "probation." He was dropped by that institution after a year. In my ignorance I had always thought a dropped student quit college. To my humiliation, I learned all the schemes of reinstatement and change of major of the dropout. He kept a sense of humor and called himself the "flunkie."

Before the final crash, he studied catalogues. He came up with a physical education program with physiotherapy in the future. Perhaps those flannel letters would pay off after all! But the admissions man thought he was wasting his time, and his own college professors didn't like his lack of drive. He was dropped again.

I wish I could say that our Johnny had been cruelly misjudged, that he found himself, and that he has finally made a four-year program with honors. But I can't. I can say only, after three years of misdirection, he ditched his whole program, coming out with about six months' credits. He has now accepted a two-year out-of-state institute (no sciences) and seems to have got his drive back. But this program can lead into a four-year stint which intrigues Johnny. But Johnny's mom and dad look with a jaundiced eye on four years, intending to wait and see, keeping fingers crossed.

NAME WITHHELD.

Editor's note: *It is our policy not to publish anonymous letters, but in this case we felt that an exception was justified.*

Shared Time

Two articles in *SR*'s February 15 issue have resulted in some research as to the extent of "shared time" in Pennsylvania.

Attendance records submitted to the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction for the 1962-63 school year indicate that 9,914 pupils in Pennsylvania shared their time between a non-public and a public school. Of these, 5,496 were in the City of Pittsburgh, and thirty-five school systems of the state were providing this service.

Mr. Powell referred to the Wehrle case which originated in Altoona in 1911. Our data indicate that 301 pupils of the City of Altoona made use of shared time between public and nonpublic schools—fifty-two years after the original decision affirming this right.

You may be interested to know that a further development of this privilege has recently occurred. Pennsylvania has been fostering Area Technical Schools on a regional basis. Pupils attend their own high school half of each day for academic work and the technical school the other half for technical education. Pupils are now being accepted in the Area Technical Schools who attend a parochial high school for academic work.

We appreciate your reference to Pennsylvania in these articles. We are proud of our activities in this respect and see great possibilities in its development. Our philosophy continues to be based on the fact that public education shall be free to all qualified pupils under proper rules and regulations.

Harold O. Speidel,
Acting Deputy Superintendent
for Administrative Services,
Department of Public Instruction.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Edward Wakin's article on "shared time" leads one to believe that the experiment is being carried on in Detroit with the approval of the Detroit Board of Education. This is completely erroneous.

The writer probably is referring to the Cherry Hill School District in Inkster, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit but in no way connected with the Detroit Board of Education.

Sol Disner,
Principal,
Pitcher Elementary School.
Detroit, Mich.

Nongraded High School

I have not as yet read Dr. B. Frank Brown's book, *The Nongraded High School*, but in reading the articles pertaining to it [*SR*, Jan. 18], I was impressed by what one might consider the very audacity of the idea. Here is a system that for the first time attacks the growing trend toward conformity of education in this country. We are holding back the superior student and driving the slow learner far beyond his capabilities in a futile attempt to "equalize."

But Dr. Brown has taken recognition of the fact that intellectual equality is something that cannot exist, and even if it could it would be far from desirable. Human beings—even high school students—are individuals. Dr. Brown, having recognized this individuality, has found a way to encourage rather than deter its development.

Earl K. Holt III.
Providence, R.I.

You have no idea what *Saturday Review* has done for the nongraded school movement. We are swamped with mail, and, while we have been scheduling visitors for as long as six months in advance, it looks now as if we were going to have to start scheduling for 1965.

B. Frank Brown,
Principal,
Melbourne High School.
Melbourne, Fla.

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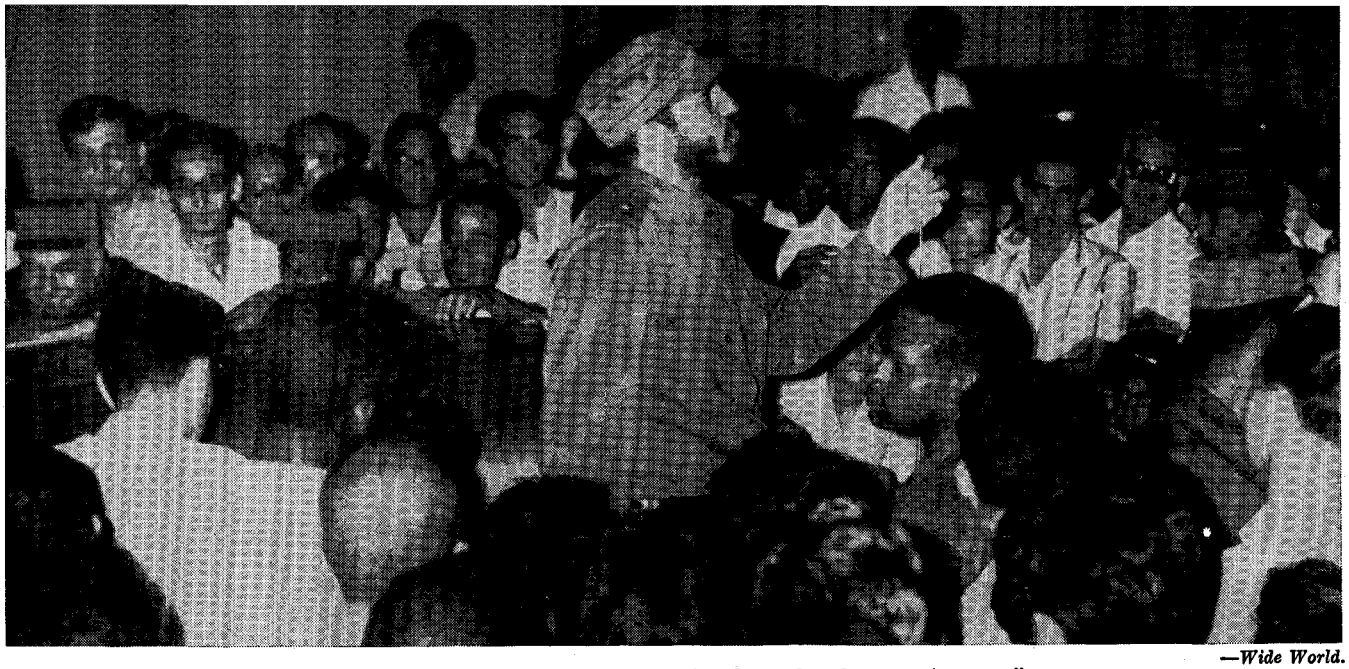

—*Wide World.*

"National purpose has been swiftly infused into the educational system."

Castro's "Crash" Program in Education

Roy Popkin, author of this article, is a former newspaperman who has been associated with the American Red Cross for more than twenty years. In his capacity as public information consultant to the Disaster Services, he was sent to Cuba early last year during the Bay of Pigs prisoner exchange. Mr. Popkin and his associates were guests of the Cuban Red Cross. Because he has a daughter in college and a son in high school, he was interested in how the new generation of Cubans is being educated under the Castro regime. He visited the University of Havana, talked to professors and students, and gathered a store of written material about Cuban education. On the return trip he was in charge of a group of Cuban refugees, and had as his interpreter a former professor at the University of Havana. He talked to the professor at some length, comparing his own impressions with the professor's experience and knowledge. It was out of this combination of associations that Mr. Popkin's article took form.

By ROY POPKIN

IN THE thatched-roof mountain schoolrooms, in bright airy university laboratories, in rural sewing classes, and in one-time mansions outside of Havana, Cuba's new "heroes of the Revolution" are building an educational crash program to create an "instant" socialist-oriented and technologically competent society.

Probably in no Western Hemisphere country, including the post-Sputnik United States, has national purpose been so swiftly infused into the educational system as in Cuba during the past four and a half years. The government of Dr. Fidel Castro is using the classroom to raise the level of adult education to the sixth grade, to create and supply technical and scientific skills for new or expropriated industries, and to develop responsible, craftsman-like workers in what was formerly a basically agricultural nation. From elementary school to university, from *actos*—the frequently called meetings of workers in a plant or field—to anti-illiteracy classes in the mountains, political indoctrination forms the foundation for all educational activities.

It is not education for education's sake or education because education is a good thing, *per se*. Rather, it is education for Cuba's sake, and the educators and students are hailed as heroes of the new Cuba. Cuban magazines and newspapers report educational programs with all the intensity and fervor that characterizes American news media coverage of a space launch at Cape Kennedy. Only teachers with an avowed affinity for the socialist revolution—whether they be *twelve* years old or sixty-five—can teach in Cuba's schools and universities.

Mobilizing teachers like an army, Cuba *is* educating its people with an intensive and all-inclusive effort that could well become a model for other Latin American countries—for better or for worse.

In September, 1960, Fidel Castro appeared before the U.N. General Assembly in New York. His long, perorative recitation listed many goals, among them the eradication of illiteracy in Cuba.

Soon afterwards, more than 100,000 "teachers" were mobilized to do this. Teen-aged students were organized into Conrado-Benitez brigades, workers into "fatherland or death" brigades—*patria o muerto* is just about the biggest national slogan in Cuba today—and 35,000 professional teachers joined them in the "People's Education Army," which, according to the official government organ, *La Revolucion*, launched the "assault on valley and mountain to eradicate illiteracy."

Subsequently published statistics say

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the army of *alfabetizadoros* located almost one million adult illiterates and taught more than 700,000 of them to read and write during the year-long effort. The government claims Cuban illiteracy dropped in that year from more than 23 per cent to an "index of 3.9, one of the lowest in the world."

BOTH official sources and exile educators living in the United States agree the anti-illiteracy campaign was not without incident. Anti-Castro guerrilla forces and unsympathetic peasants harassed the educators, killing some; many of the adolescents among the "teachers" treated their assignment with enough carefree abandon to create, in the words of one ex-university professor who came to Florida, "a high enough pregnancy rate to show they learned a lot more than how to teach the alphabet."

After returning to Havana, the *alfabetizadoros* were hailed by Castro at a giant rally in the vast Plaza de la Revolucion before the new monument to Cuban patriot Jose Marti. The magazine *Bohemia* described the occasion as follows:

> A brilliant victory for culture. The young educators brought light to the darkness of the ignorance that imperialism, like the dark heritage, had left to the recently liberated people. . . . They sang their song, "Fidel, Fidel, tell us what other task we have to perform," so powerfully as to put all the Christmas carols in the shade when they returned from their educating work.

Castro responded to the song with, "the Revolution, after asking you for the efforts made in eradicating illiteracy and after asking you to bring instruction throughout the valleys and mountains, now asks you to become technicians, to become engineers, to become economists, to become teachers, art instructors, professors."

Cuban television today carries on the literacy battle, urging children to learn their alphabets with cartoon films in which singing letters appear as fruit on trees and woo the attention of a passing cartoon-child. Interestingly, the letters "O.E.A.," Spanish initials for the Organization of American States, are the most prominent performers.

To enhance the theme of heroic educators, magazine layouts on the work of the *alfabetizadoros* feature photos of five who died in the effort. Such emphasis on student martyrs and their place in Cuban history is even more marked at the University.

How political indoctrination is woven into even the most basic educaton is reflected in the way the *alfabetizadoros* taught reading and writing. A typical blackboard lesson would be the legend:

MARTI
Marti was all love.
Marti loved the island.
The revolution is a Martian one.

This is a far cry from the traditional "run Jane run" reading lessons with which we are familiar in this country. Marti was the famed Cuban patriot of the 1890s who is, for the Cuban people, a combination of what Abraham Lincoln and George Washington are to the American people. Such native Cuban patriotism is skilfully tied into the new revolutionary education at all levels. In an article entitled, "The School Comes to the Mountain," another Cuban magazine uses photos of a small group of peasant children smiling up at the Cuban flag.

"Many poor country children had never seen the flag with its solitary star nor ever heard the meaning of its beautiful colors," the text says. "They couldn't even recognize a letter or a number. Now the humanistic revolution has brought the school to the mountain. Since the Revolution has put its patriotic plans into operation, the lonely rural and mountain areas are frequently surprised by visits of city and state officials. Now the children don't have to ask what the flag is like or what a blackboard is because of the burning desire of the Revolution to instruct both adults and children."

The transition from a "Martian" revolution to a "Marxian" one is not hard to follow. Pictures of Marx, Lenin, and Khrushchev abound in school, college, and public places. The University of Havana describes the old days when "the study of philosophy had been reduced to elemental and backward notions and to simple, dead formulas. Marxism was referred to only as a spiteful rejection."

Marxist "dialectical materialism and history" is a required course for all students at the universities no matter what their field of study. They study it for four semesters.

In elementary school classrooms, the following dialogue between teacher and students may be heard:

"Whose sons are you?"
"Fidel's!"
"Whose grandsons?"
"Nikita's!"
"What are you?"
"Socialists!"
"What will you be?"
"Communists!"
"Cuba Si!"
"Yankee No!"

An official summary of Cuban education progress was published early last year in *Revolucion*. According to the report, 412,257 students had matriculated in adult education courses on a continuing basis, about a fourth of them graduating in September, 1962. Another 200,000 were enrolled in Workers Excelling Courses, which are part of an intensive effort to use education to create a new class of supervisory and managerial personnel to replace those jailed, executed, or voluntarily exiled after the Castro revolution. Graduates of these courses will go on to secondary courses and, if qualified, to a university.

One Cuban official explained the emphasis on technical skills this way. He held a package of *Populares*, a strong Cuban cigarette whose package is labeled with the Picasso Dove of Peace, in one hand and a package of Salems I had given him in the other. He said, "Our package is flimsy. Our cigarette comes apart. We need engineers and supervisors and workers who will turn out good products, so Cuba can com-

(*Continued on page* 82)

—*Wide World.*
The University of Havana—"educators and students are hailed as heroes of Cuba."

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Our Schools: Battleground of Conflicting Interests

By JOHN H. FISCHER, *President of Teachers College, Columbia University. This article is based on an address delivered at the annual convention of the American Association of School Administrators in Atlantic City on February 18.*

THE American school, especially the public school, is the repository of a great variety of hopes, plans, and expectations. In one sense, this is nothing new, for our schools have long served as both the symbol and the instrument of our aspirations. But in recent decades, especially since the end of World War II, we have turned to schools with a new seriousness. More of us than ever before, some for the first time, are discovering that what we have been saying about the fundamental importance of education is actually true. Personally and as a people, we are beginning to see that we do in fact depend on our schools. The natural consequence is that they are expected to do all the old jobs better and to undertake some new ones.

Any institution with as many duties and functions as the American public school must expect to be the target of different interests. As the agent of a free society, it is subject ultimately to public control. But if the school is to remain usefully responsive to any group or any pressure, more attention than is now being given will have to be directed to strengthening the school as a total institution and to safeguarding the integrity of the school system as an enterprise serving the whole community.

Most of those concerned about education see the school as a vehicle of great potential power, as, of course, it is. But so many are fighting for the steering wheel, or for the right to choose the road, that almost nobody is left to think about the vehicle itself. We shall do well to remember that unless the car is kept in good repair, properly fueled and well lubricated, it won't be taking anybody anywhere, regardless of who handles the wheel or who reads the map.

The consequences of competitive specialism are evident in many places. The field of curriculum reform offers some impressive examples. One centers about a phrase that has recently gained wide currency among certain scientists deeply involved in producing teaching materials for elementary and secondary schools. The phrase is *teacher-proof*, and it is used to describe materials so ingeniously prepared that the influence of the text, film, or laboratory manual will override the effect of an incompetent teacher.

Now, the people who are looking forward to a "teacher-proof" curriculum act from high motives. Their aim is to see that the information and ideas that reach students are authoritative, accurate, and up-to-date. They are deeply and rightly concerned about the problem of inadequately prepared teachers. But the fallacy of their phrase, and of the approach it exemplifies, lies in the assumption that the curriculum can be permanently improved by bypassing the teacher. The cynicism of the scheme is exceeded only by its futility. Sooner or later, the truth will be discovered: in building a better curriculum, what seems to the newcomer the long way around is often the shortest way home. The quality of the curriculum is always influenced most strongly by the competence of the teacher. It is not likely that any device, however clever, will long obscure that fact or satisfactorily dispose of it.

The unfortunate effect of highly concentrated pressure for particular purposes can also be seen in school board elections and referendum votes on financial questions. In community after community across the country, school board elections are marked by bitter and ugly

—*Wide World.*

"When the promoters of school boycotts defy the law and discredit moderation, they join the segregationists in a form of absolutism that cannot be condoned."

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campaigns aimed at forcing specific changes in school programs. The excessive and narrow partisanship that characterizes such situations so distorts the normal democratic process that instead of achieving positive reform the result is often to undermine the school's effectiveness no matter who wins the election. New board members who come with axes to grind are rarely the builders of better institutions. Nor are those who see themselves as representing particular groups rather than the whole community. No school can long serve any single interest well if its program is so weak or so narrowly conceived that it fails to serve the general welfare.

Recent federal legislation, despite pious protestations against federal control, has sharply increased the special pressures on local schools. Under the impact of our international problems we have strengthened certain parts of the curriculum while ignoring others. Whatever may be said in favor of the NDEA and other acts that have followed it—and a good deal can be said—the Congress has neither expressed any interest of its own in a well-balanced curriculum, nor been disposed to help local or state authorities to strengthen the balance at their level.

The difficulties over racial integration are another reason for deep apprehension about special pressures. Ten years ago the die-hard segregationists were the chief troublemakers. In their absurd but tragic efforts to retard the advancement of humanity in the U.S., they imposed dreadful burdens on school systems, on teachers, and on children. The effects of their misguided activity may not be dissipated in some places for another generation.

But now, with the worst of that period hopefully behind us, our schools are threatened with a second wave of extremism. The promoters of school boycotts profess concern for humane values, but when they defy the law, discredit moderation, and use their ends to justify their means, they join the segregationists in a form of absolutism that cannot be condoned. In the name of justice and equality they undermine the child's respect for the very school that is his surest hope for attaining equal opportunity. In one incredible performance, a well-publicized New Yorker has gone so far as to suggest that public schools may have outrun their usefulness and to propose a boycott deliberately timed to reduce the city's already inadequate share of state aid. With "friends" like this neither education nor the civil rights movement need look for enemies.

Not all the difficulties by which schools are plagued originate outside the school. Some of the most dangerous arise in relationships among teachers, administrators, and boards. There can be no doubt that in many school systems reforms in these relationships are long overdue. But the procedures now being used in some places to establish collective bargaining and the ways in which bargaining is being carried on are more likely to weaken the schools than to strengthen them. To view the teacher's function and his problems as comparable to those of most industrial employees is to overlook the nature of teaching itself, the highly personalized, sensitive, and, at best, creative interaction between teacher and student. In its highest form, teaching is artistry. Any collective effort, whether fostered by administrators, boards, or bargaining agents, that fails to respect the teacher as an individual or to strengthen and free him as an artist will in the end undermine education.

This endless competition for preferment in curriculum, control, finance, and personnel has turned many a school system into a battleground. Whichever interests ultimately triumph, whatever policies finally prevail, the effect upon the schools in many of these places will be disastrous. The adversaries move in, encounter each other, lose or win, depart or stay, but regardless of issue or outcome the school takes a battering and is sometimes damaged beyond any early hope of repair.

The most promising counteraction to these divisive and weakening influences is a deliberate, concerted effort to strengthen schools and school systems basically and totally as institutions. This effort must be led and largely planned by those who carry the central responsibility for leadership and policy development: the school board and the superintendent. Their assignment is clear enough; their authority is ample. Whatever encouragement they need can be found in law, in tradition, and in the firm intention of America that its historic dream shall be more completely realized—now—in this generation.

It is clearly the purpose of most of our people, despite any pockets of misunderstanding that may remain, that our children, all of them, shall have equal access to equal opportunity; that every child, whatever his strength or weakness, whoever he is, wherever he lives, shall have a good education and a fair chance. Partiality and selectivity that favor any child at the expense of another, or deny any youngster an opportunity available to his neighbor have no longer any proper place in our schools. They never did, in principle, but now we mean to bring our practices abreast of our principles. And the task of reconciling practice with precept is the central task of those who lead our schools.

—*Hays (Monkmeyer).*

"The quality of the curriculum is always influenced most strongly by the competence of the teacher."

The keystone of the American educational system is the local school board, but the role of the board is not always as well understood as it should be. Indeed, misunderstanding is sometimes as serious among board members themselves as among their fellow citizens. If a school board is to be effective, it must have the respect and support of its community. It must be composed of members who are intelligent, wise, impartial, and courageous, and it must adhere to a proper definition of its functions and obligations. Details of the legal authority of the board vary from state to state, but the most common statutory provisions closely resemble the lessons learned from successful experience. The essence of both emphasizes the corporate character of the board. It does its

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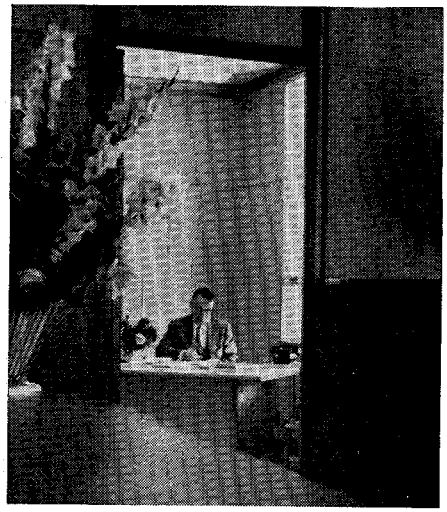

—*Strickler (Monkmeyer).*

"One need not support a cult of personality to recognize that institutions are to a considerable degree the lengthened shadows of men."

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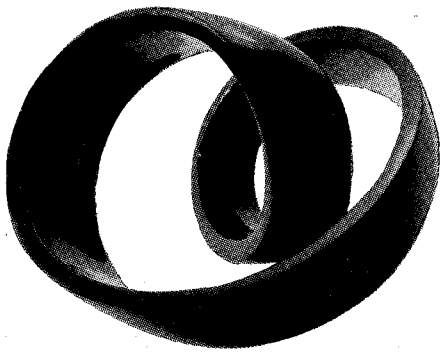
What's New About the New Math?



By ALLEN F. STREHLER, *Associate Professor of Mathematics, Carnegie Institute of Technology and Chairman of the Allegheny Mountain Section of the Mathematical Association of America.*

WRITING about the *new* mathematics these days is a safe and popular venture: everybody is talking about it and no one really knows exactly what it is.

The widespread self-consciousness about education in the United States, as Sputnik I orbited the Earth in 1957, focused national attention on the importance of mathematics. Though mathematicians were pleased to find that their traditionally "dull" subject had become the object of public concern and support and even catapulted to editorial pages, the sudden glare of the limelight took them by surprise. A sense of urgency surrounded the ever-present task of revising curricula and courses; and, for the past five years, mathematics teachers have found themselves beset by new proposals to do this and do that and by a vast array of definitions, sometimes contradictory, of just what new educational problems need to be solved. The controversy and confusion that now surround the *new* mathematics is due in part to the haste with which this reappraisal was undertaken.

There are, of course, a number of other reasons for the controversy; and it is hardly necessary to comment that any attempt to bring order out of the present confusion must trace the causes of it. As mathematics teachers are painfully aware, the definition of a problem is a major part of its solution.

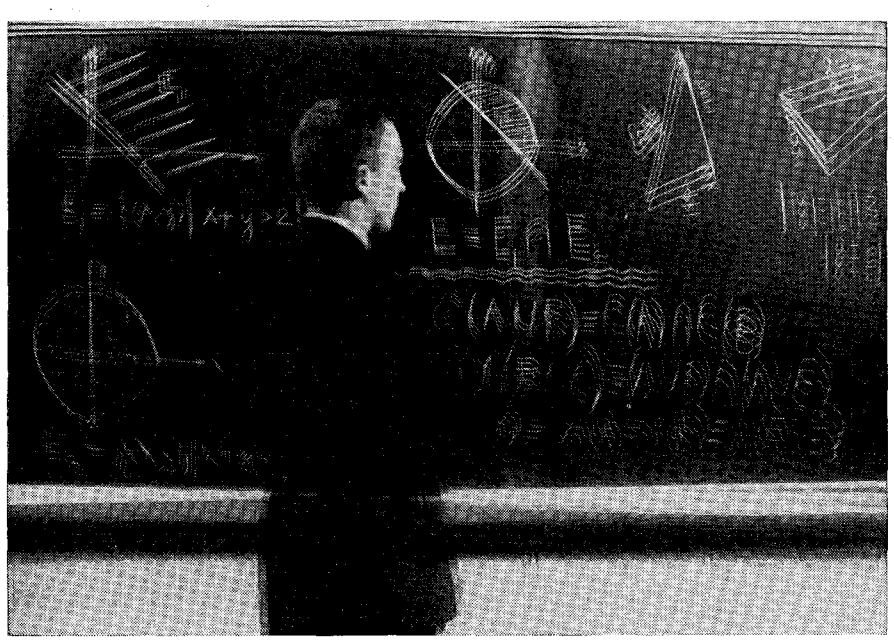
As I see it, the sources of the arguments surrounding the *new* mathematics are the following: the problem of semantics, which, for example, finds different writers attaching to the same word quite different meanings; an honest difference of opinion as to what the content of the *new* mathematics should be; and a failure to give the *new* mathematics its proper historical perspective (for example, when did it begin, how "new" is it really, and where is it going), with the result that its importance and innovations are often exaggerated.

Any attempt to treat these three extensive problems in an intensive manner is really quite difficult, since they have been widely misunderstood, but I shall comment on each of them briefly and in the order in which they are stated. Since almost all of the present debate has concerned itself with secondary school mathematics, my remarks shall be confined, for the most part, to mathematics at that level.

With regard to the problem of semantics, the first error here is in the use of the word *new* in connection with mathematics at the secondary school level. I presume that this use of the word would imply to the layman that the mathematics now being taught has just been discovered; whereas nothing could be farther from the truth. Professor W. W. Sawyer, a noted mathematics scholar and author, in a recent denunciation of the use of the word *new* in this connection, commented, after noting that most of the mathematics now being introduced into high school curricula was known by the nineteenth century at the latest, "We do not serve the cause of education, of mathematics, or of honesty by calling old things new, by making simple ideas appear imposing." What is *new* is the emphasis being given to topics that were not previously treated; and I shall discuss these further in connection with the content of the present secondary school curriculum.

To press the semantic problem somewhat further, since it is the basis of so much of the present debate, I would like to cite several other instances of words in mathematics that have come to have widely divergent connotations:

- To high school students the word *algebra* denotes a subject (probably epitomized by quadratic equations) that is studied in the ninth grade and, more often than not, over again in eleventh grade; whereas to professional mathematicians algebra denotes an extensive area of higher mathematics that is presently alive with research and new results. Little wonder that freshmen become confused when a professor tells them that he has written his Ph.D. thesis in algebra.
- With increasing frequency, high schools designate their college preparatory courses as *analysis*, but to students at Ohio State University, for example, analysis means the first really high-powered graduate course in functions of a real variable. And now, just recently, the department of mathematics at Carnegie has chosen to re-label its freshman and sophomore analytical geometry and calculus sequence simply analysis.
- For the first time in the public schools, children are taught about sets, sometimes as early as in the fourth grade, and they are told that the word *sets* refers to such collections of things



—*Carnegie Institute of Technology.*

"It is paradoxical, and indeed embarrassing, that mathematics should find itself in such a semantic spin."

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as the children in their classroom or the states of some union. But to graduate students in mathematics the word *sets* suggests such things as, perhaps, a geometric manifold with strange topological properties.

• To mathematicians the word *topology* refers to a fairly abstract area of higher mathematics that students are really not mature enough to deal with until after they have finished their undergraduate work. And yet several months ago, as a judge at an essay contest for high school students, I heard a tenth-grader read a ten-minute paper on topology, in which he felt that he had dealt with the whole subject quite adequately.

It is really very paradoxical, and indeed quite embarrassing, that mathematics, which presumably is the academic discipline in which words and concepts are precisely and unambiguously defined, should find itself for the moment in such a semantic spin. And there is little wonder that various writers and editors find themselves sparring with each other as to what the *new* mathematics is all about. The University of Illinois Committee on School Mathematics (UICSM), in addition to its many notable achievements, is trying to straighten out the semantic problem, at least at the high school level, by substituting brand-new words for ones whose meanings have become clouded; but I think that the question as to whether this dispels the confusion or compounds it is also matter for debate.

With regard to the content of the *new* mathematics, I have already commented that the first thing that can be said is that it is not *new!* What, then, does distinguish it from the mathematics that was taught almost everywhere until five years ago? The answer lies in the emphasis and selectivity of the topics in the various new curricula, and while there are differences here from program to program, I think that certain common features are beginning to emerge that are fairly easy to delineate. In my own best judgment these characterizing features of the *new* mathematics are the following:

1. *It eliminates those topics that are relatively unimportant.* Probably the two best examples of topics that are, or were, overworked in high school are trigonometry and solid geometry. In trigonometry, which previously occupied a full semester, the students spent much of their time computing the widths of imaginary rivers that they could not cross, or computing the height of some flagpole at different times of day—correct to more and more decimal places—using logarithms. This work is now being trimmed down to one-half or two-thirds of a semester, and the emphasis is being placed on the analytic aspects of the subject. In this connection it is interesting to note that in a course at Margaret Morrison Carnegie College, the women's college of Carnegie Tech, we treat all of trigonometry in four weeks, and we have found that there is no significant difference between the performance of those students who have had a whole semester's previous work in trigonometry and those who have had none. Similarly, much of solid geometry had consisted of theorems that were of no abiding interest even to professional mathematicians. For this reason, Carnegie Tech in 1957 dropped the subject from its entrance requirements and thus became one of the first colleges to do so.

2. *It integrates those topics that are important.* What remains of solid geometry is being combined into a one-year course with plane geometry. This has been found to be a reasonable combination in terms of time, and there are obvious pedagogical advantages to treating a given problem in two dimensions and three dimensions simultaneously. Furthermore, plane geometry had been taught in such a stereotyped manner that students all over the country, from Bangor to Berkeley, arrived at the same theorem at Christmas time and then at another theorem at Easter. One purpose of high school geometry is to teach deductive reasoning, and the School Mathematics Study Group (SMSG), in one of its new experimental textbooks, feels that it has achieved this purpose by introducing a shorter "deductive chain" that takes only ten weeks of study.

3. *It introduces recent and important developments in mathematics.* For example, probability and statistics, with which almost everyone is confronted daily in the printed media and on television, was scarcely touched upon in the classroom until five years ago when the Commission on Mathematics of the College Entrance Examination Board came forth with its highly successful experimental textbook, *Probability and Statistical Inference for Secondary Schools.* Professor Frederick Mosteller of Harvard was invited to deal with the same subject in his lecture series on NBC's Continental Classroom for the spring semester of 1960-61, the first year that a mathematics course was offered for college credit over network television.

4. *It emphasizes the structure of mathematics, rather than isolated topics.* For example, algebra and geometry had been treated as though they were disjoint disciplines, separated by a long summer and taught by different teachers who had become specialists only within their own subjects. "Theorems" were unique to geometry, whereas "equations" were unique to algebra. Now students are led to understand

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"The *new* math is not really new . . ."

that these two subjects have their counterparts in each other; that real numbers are useful in proving geometric theorems; and that such underlying principles as the associative and commutative laws, far from being limited to algebra, have important interpretations and applications in other branches of mathematics. Unfortunately and unbelievably, these strong algebraic laws had often been dismissed by even algebra teachers as being unimportant or else too intricate to bother with, even though they had appeared in bold-face type in the textbooks.

5. *It introduces subject matter to students earlier than was previously thought possible.* For example, the notion of a set, which previously was not mentioned even in high school, is now sometimes introduced in grade school. Group theory, which previously had its "corner" in the junior year in college at

(*Continued on page* 84)

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"What is *new* is the emphasis given to topics not previously treated."

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A Third Force in College Enrollments

There is a growing awareness among thoughtful observers of higher education in the United States that even the most optimistic forecasts of college enrollment are likely to be too low, because of an important factor that has been largely overlooked. Sidney G. Tickton, a staff member of the Fund for the Advancement of Education who has studied the enrollment picture intensively in recent years, has predicted that enrollment in the nation's colleges and universities will double in ten years and triple in twenty-five. In this article he explains why he believes that "a third force"—the trend toward automation—is pushing college enrollment upward at a rate that will make even his own high projections too modest. The article is based on an address Mr. Tickton delivered at the forty-sixth annual meeting of the American Council on Education in October.

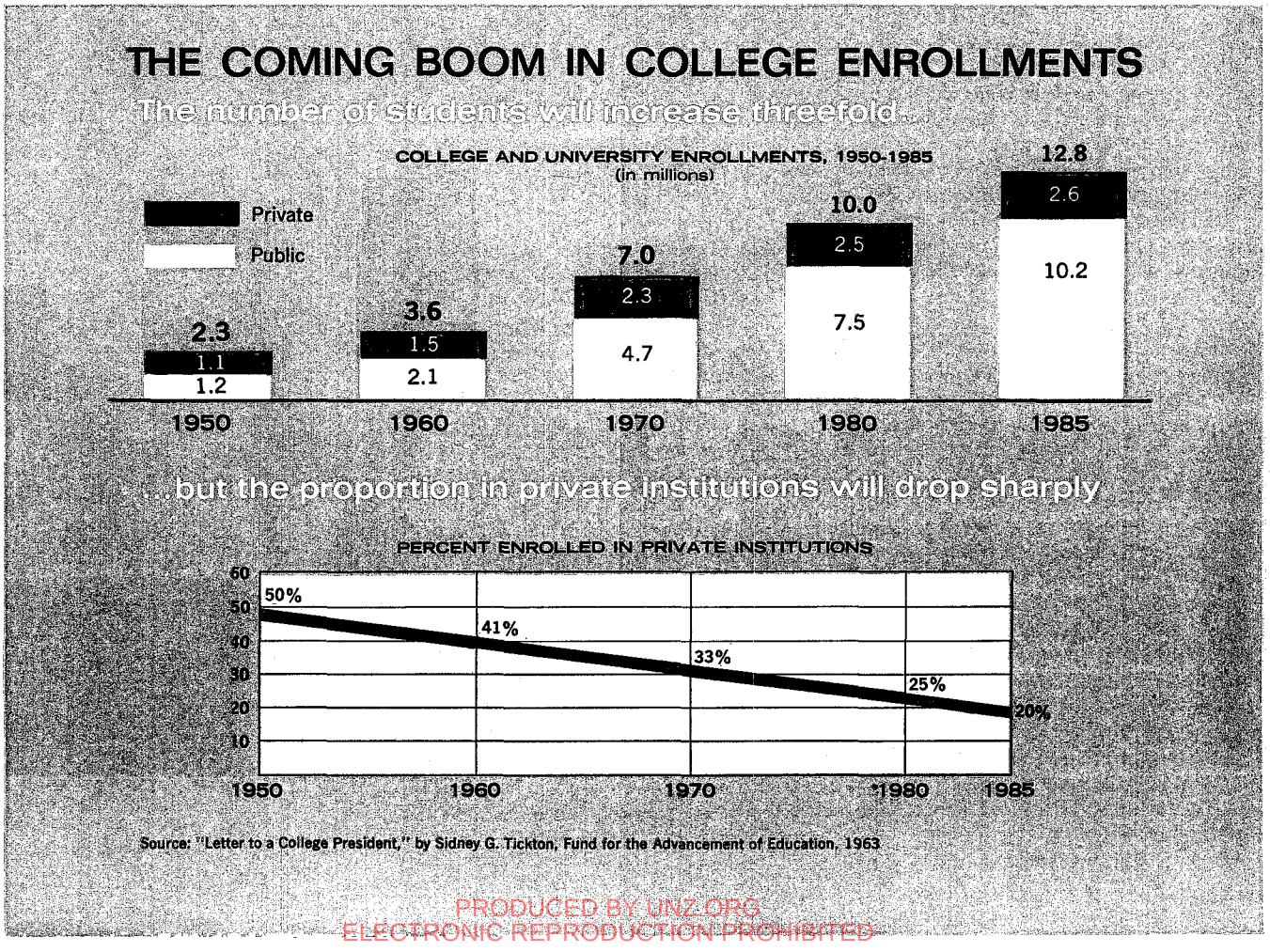
By SIDNEY G. TICKTON

THERE are at least three major factors that will influence the size of the college-going population in the future, and I know of no one, including myself, who has allowed for the effect of more than two.

Factor number *one*, of course, is the forthcoming great increase in the number of young people of college age. High birth rates between 1946 and 1963 mean a continually increasing number of college-age people from 1964 to 1985 and probably a continued upward trend thereafter for many years to come, barring war or other national disasters.

Factor number *two* is the increased need, desire, and financial ability of more young people to obtain more education beyond high school than ever before. A college education of from two to four years is clearly becoming a goal for a growing proportion of our population—in all parts of the country and among all social and economic classes. A conservative extrapolation of past trends leads to the conclusion that the percentage of college-age people actually in college can be expected to grow from 24 per cent today to 40 per cent in 1985, because of need, desire, and financial ability only.

Factor number *three* is the one whose importance has been underestimated, it seems to me, by those of us who have been studying the future of college-going trends. I believe it is sufficiently potent to force the raising of all previous projections. It is the effect that automation and mechanization are having on the number of jobs available for young people in our economy. Our society is automating and mechanizing the productive process so rapidly that a large part of the country's unskilled youth is being eliminated as an effective part of the labor force. The muscle, energy, adaptability, and resilience of young people, their enthusiasm and drive, grit and determination—the very characteristics that stand up so well in our Peace Corps volunteers abroad—are being displaced



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at home by the transistor, the computer, and the thousand-and-one new devices being developed day by day by the nation's scientific and industrial research brainpower.

At this point in our nation's economic development there is neither the need to conduct extensive studies to bring out the facts nor to deny the existence of a problem. I am merely reporting what everyone can see for himself today: there are fewer young elevator operators in big office buildings and hotels and fewer young farmhands. There are fewer young coal miners and fewer young railroad workers. Many of the job opportunities that used to be available to high school graduates just aren't there anymore.

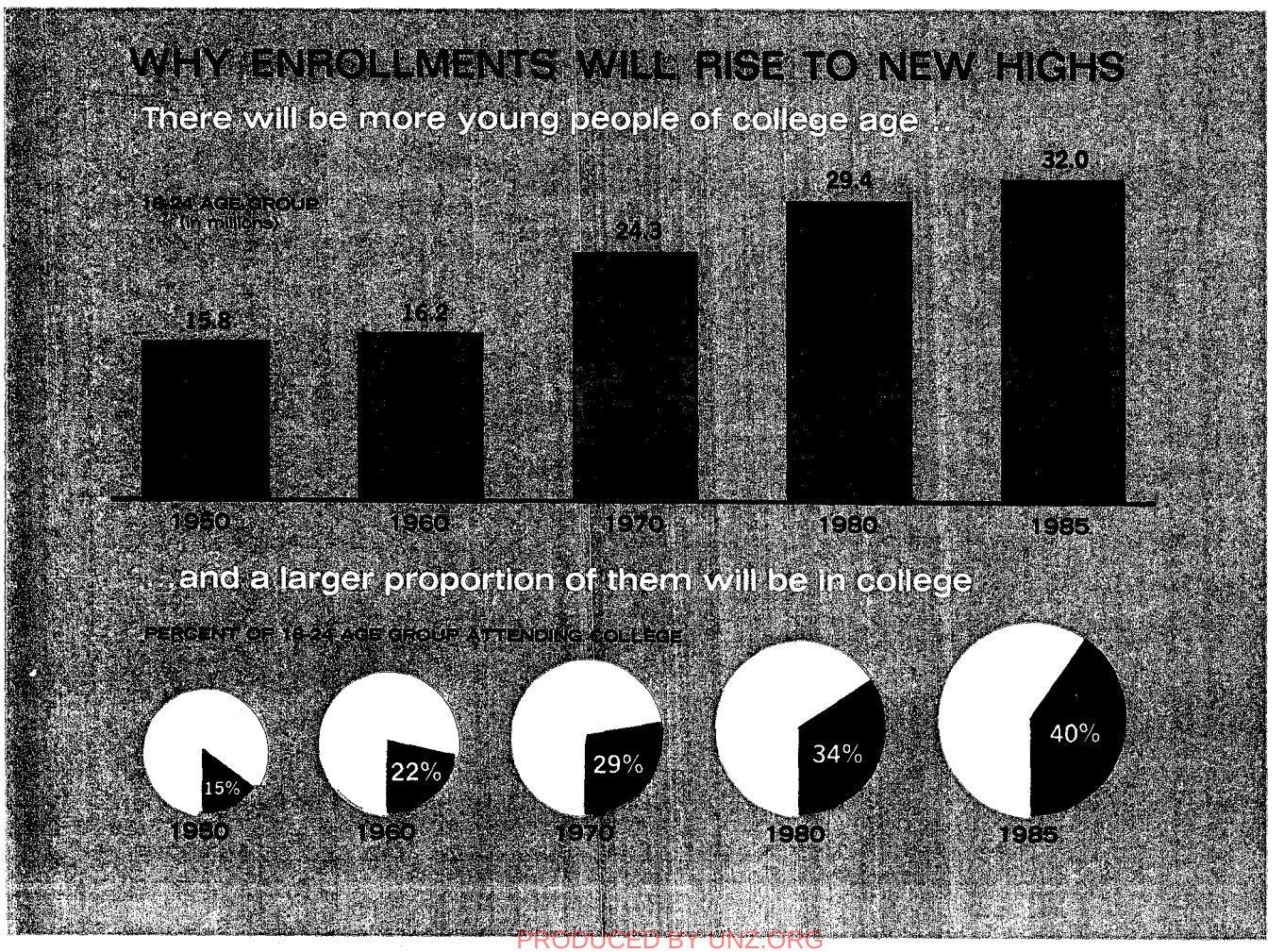
For unskilled young people, job opportunities will become rarer as our industries and offices put into operation the electronic devices already invented or already known to exist. All this may take a few years because of foot-dragging (as in the case of newspapers, shipping, railroads, and the building trades) or because of the benevolent desire to avoid displacing present workers too dramatically. But automation is destined to occur everywhere. Take, for example, the highly automated telephone industry. Here the number of telephone operators eighteen to twenty-four years of age dropped from about 130,000 to 81,000 between 1950 and 1960. The number of telephones in use grew by 31,000,000. Automation alone made it possible for the industry to reduce the number of inexperienced young women employed as operators by 40 per cent during a period when the volume of traffic increased by 60 per cent and the total number of operators remained about the same.

Another example: the banking industry, a large employer of inexperienced high school graduates. Here the job of machine bookkeeper is well on the way to extinction. Once the banks have installed the system of Magnetic Ink Character Recognition (the queer-looking numbers on checks, approved by the American Bankers Association in 1959) they stop hiring high school graduates as machine bookkeepers. Two large New York City banks reported that in 1960 they hired a total of 144 machine bookkeepers; in 1961—115; in 1962 (the year of conversion)—five; and in 1963—none.

These examples portray one of the major problems of our society today—a hidden, creeping type of unemployment that concentrates mainly on the potential employee not hired because the job has disappeared. What, then, is our society to offer the increasing numbers of young people who will take their high school diplomas firmly in hand each year and try to enter the labor force? They have to be greeted with something better than a rejection mechanism, unemployment, or various "make-work" activities. There has to be something better, and there is—education beyond the high school—probably of the junior college or technical college variety. To be most effective, these colleges must meet the widely varying needs and circumstances of the hundreds of thousands of young people who will be involved, and they must also be acceptable to both taxpayers and parents. Taxpayers are directly concerned because most of these colleges will be public institutions supported by state or local taxes.

Against this general background everyone assumes that there is a public commitment to enlarged opportunity in higher education. But is there a commitment? If so, who made it, and to whom? How is the commitment to be met, and who is going to pay the bill?

In some states, college admission policies already embody all or part of the commitment in the policies of public institutions. Public junior colleges, for example, admit graduates of any high school in their area and usually in their state, if space is available. According to the Joint Office of Instutional Research of the State Universities and Land Grant Association, twenty-one state universities and land grant institutions will admit graduates of an ac-



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credited high school in their state. Nine of the twenty-one (located in five states) are required to do this by state law, but some of them do attempt to discourage marginal students by various counseling devices.

Beyond this, there are have been many important educational policy statements, both at national and state levels, that expressly state the commitment. In 1958, for example, Congress, in enacting the National Defense Education Act, said:

> The Congress hereby finds and declares that the security of the Nation requires the fullest development of the mental resources and technical skills of its young men and women. . . . We must increase our efforts to identify and educate more of the talent of our Nation.

In addition, Congress has passed economic legislation which commits the nation to a program of full employment—or at least to as little unemployment as possible. Not long ago, Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers said: "For sixty-nine months, the nation has had an unemployment rate in excess of 5 per cent. This is wasteful of manpower and we can't afford it as a nation. We have to create new jobs at a faster rate especially by easing the federal tax brake. But many of the unemployed are under twenty-one years of age and are difficult to employ with their present lack of skills. Their future usefulness to the economy depends upon youth training backed, if necessary, by scholarships. This will cost the country some money, but it will be an investment on which both the individual and the country will realize rich returns."

Clearly, then, there *is* a commitment. We just haven't spelled out the technique of meeting it very clearly, considered how much it will cost, nor who will pay the bill. That we *can* pay the bill, I have no doubt. The money *will* be there. The problem of financing the higher education of millions of additional students is a problem of national, state, and local political policy, not of financial resources.

My guess is that parents everywhere can be expected to vote the money needed for colleges and universities, if they are convinced that the present and proposed colleges and universities can do the job that is needed, when needed, where needed, and at a reasonable cost. The job for college and university administrators, faculties, and even boards of trustees and regents, then, is to show that they are capable of meeting the challenge of the times—today, tomorrow, and in the years ahead.

Are Swiss Submarines Better Than Ours?

By B. E. TABARLET, *Associate Professor of Education, Louisiana Polytechnic Institute.*

THE reader can scarcely be blamed for thinking that the title of this piece sounds a bit impertinent. After all, what on earth does a college professor of education, an "educationist," know of the sea or of atomic submarines? Since this is a valid question, I shall begin by giving my qualifications as an *amateur* submarine critic. (I hope to qualify as an amateur because Charles Van Doren once reminded us in the preface of a book that no matter how unqualified an amateur is, he at least has love on his side.)

First, and most important of all, I was born and raised in Louisiana, which is not only a coastal state but has more miles of navigable inland waterways than any other state. Also during my Army service I made a fourteen-day cruise on a Victory ship.

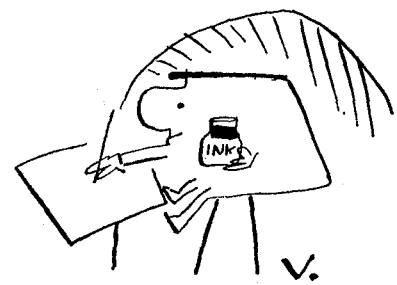
Usually, when I discuss my background as a submarine critic some practical-minded individual will raise the question of whether I have ever seen a submarine or been aboard one. The fact that I have *not* sometimes makes people wonder whether I have the proper qualifications to be a critic in this field.

However, having studied the 100 "Great Books" of submarine lore, including Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, and having a deep and abiding interest in undersea craft, I feel qualified—even duty bound—to tell you what is wrong with our atomic submarines.

In the first place, the modern Navy is weakening the character of our young sailors by pampering them. These men actually get steak and ice cream to eat while they are on patrol. Air-conditioning keeps the temperature at a year-round level of 72 degrees and the beds —*beds*, mind you, not hammocks—are actually made of foam rubber. Movies, hi-fi, and juke-boxes complete the job of spoiling these young men. I would remind you that in the "good old days" hardtack and red beans provided a diet that kept the men from going soft.

And then there is the sorry state of discipline aboard these atomic submarines. When the *Nautilus* went under the polar ice cap, there were actually two psychologists aboard to look after the emotional well-being of the crew. This is the rankest kind of nonsense. Everyone should know that the purpose of a submarine patrol is to accomplish a mission and has nothing to do with the mental health of the sailors. In the "old navy," discipline was taken care of by plenty of flogging and bread-and-water-in-the-brig. Nobody wasted time worrying about the sailors' psyches then; the cat-o'-nine-tails took care of all that.

Then, there is the scandalous expense of modern submarines. One Polaris missile costs ten times what a sailing ship of the line cost back in the good old days. They even waste money



duplicating radar and other "frills" when one system would be sufficient. These progressive navyists have no respect for taxpayers and very little for the value of a tax dollar.

My solution for this deplorable mess we have in submarining today is to turn the navy over to those of us who have respect for tradition and austerity and have not been ruined by all these modern theories. There is nothing wrong with our atomic submarines that could not be cured by getting rid of those "professional navyists" who, just because they have spent a lifetime in the Navy, think they know about submarining.

One final word. We Americans have been led to believe that our atomic submarines are the best in the world, but let's not be too complacent. I have never seen a Swiss submarine, but it stands to reason that any country that produces such fine watches certainly ought to be able to teach us a few things about making submarines.

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School Boards Spokesman

By GLORIA DAPPER, *free-lance writer and author of the recent book "Public Relations in Education."*

HELEN RADKE doesn't go out looking for fights, but when someone drops the glove she's quite capable of picking it up.

Last December, the nation's three largest and most powerful educational organizations (the PTA, the NEA, and the American Association of School Administrators) withdrew from a National School Boards Association workshop on superintendent-school board-staff relations just twenty-four hours before the opening gavel was to sound—apparently because the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) had also been invited. Outraged at what she considered the Educational Establishment's irresponsibility, NSBA's first woman president tartly told them publicly that they had "turned their backs on an important obligation and a splendid challenge."

The mother of three children—two just-out-of-college boys and an eleven-year-old girl—Mrs. Radke is a softly feminine, usually gentle-speaking woman with an alabaster skin who enjoys the housewifely tasks of running a home for her chemical engineer husband, Fred, and their children. It is easy to picture her ordering groceries or baking a pie in the kitchen of her home in Port Angeles, Washington.

But coiled up in her five feet two is a supply of energy, persistence, intelligence, and single-minded purpose—her critics sometimes substitute "personal ambition"—that has carried her nearly 100,000 miles on behalf of the school board movement since she took office in the spring of 1963. Her folksiness (she often speaks of "visiting with" people about schools) belies her sense of destiny, both for herself and for school boards.

This soft-spoken national leader sees NSBA's role as guiding the 150,000 local school board members, through their state associations, on major national issues while clinging tenaciously to the principle of local control of education.

National and local have never seemed mutually exclusive terms to Helen Radke. Her long experience on the Port Angeles school board—since 1948—has

Helen Radke: First woman president of the National School Boards Association.

been interlarded with county, state, and national offices in such movements as the school boards associations, National Citizens Council for Better Schools, and the White House Conference on Education in 1955. She has been a member of national study groups, including last year's President's advisory committee on vocational education. All these out-of-town and out-of-state experiences, she thinks, have contributed to her abilities as a local school board member, equipping her with greater perspective in dealing with local educational matters.

IN a sense, she thinks that NSBA ought to do more of the same sort of thing—providing the national backdrop against which the local scene is played. School board members, she believes, need more information on complex issues of the national scene in order to have the necessary perspective to work out local solutions. Boards, she believes, are facing tough problems of segregation and teachers' strikes, not to ignore the perennial problems of shortages and finance. They want to solve those problems locally but they need information from state and national levels on the background of the problems and how others are handling them. The major problem, therefore, Mrs. Radke believes, is one of communication among school boards and within communities.

Helen Radke has personal knowledge of how important such communication can be. Her main reason for running for the Port Angeles school board fifteen years ago was to bring to the board her inside experience as a teacher. Once she was on the board, she realized how little she had known, when she was teaching, of the overall problems of local schools.

The problems facing school boards today are infinitely more complicated than they were fifteen years ago when she first became a board member. NSBA currently is concentrating on three major issues:

- Teacher-superintendent-board relations
- Educational opportunity and school dropouts
- Use of tax funds for non-public schools

The first issue gets into the delicate matter of strikes and sanctions. In most cities and states, there simply has not been the machinery for teachers and boards to get together to discuss the total educational picture, including compensation for teachers. The ill-fated two-day meeting in December was to bring together representatives of the American Association of School Administrators, American Federation of Teachers, Council of Chief State School Officers, National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and National Education Association to explore some of the difficulties and work toward developing guidelines on policies and machinery for good relations among board, teachers, and administrators. Helen Radke had seen this meeting as a way for the NSBA to take leadership in resolving a major issue of the day.

Powerful among NSBA members are the southern school boards associations, and for that reason, the issues of civil rights and segregation find their way into NSBA discussions under other titles. Focus since last summer, when NSBA backed a national effort to reattract dropouts, has been educational opportunity and school dropouts.

Although NSBA has formally taken a stand against general federal aid to education, it remains on the Washington scene as a strong voice against the use of federal funds for nonpublic schools.

IN this milieu of major national issues to be ultimately acted upon on the local level, who does NSBA represent and who does Helen Radke personify? The local school board member is a difficult animal to classify. For one reason, the membership is vastly different than it used to be. In the good old days of community apathy, older conservative gentlemen of good will used to offer

(*Continued on page* 85)

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How Do You Rate As a Dean of Admissions?

Despite the contrary conviction of many parents whose youngsters have been turned down by a "prestige" college, deans of admission are the first to admit that they sometimes make mistakes. John C. Palmer, dean of admissions at Tufts University and chairman of the College Entrance Examination Board's Guidance Committee, herewith presents six cases from his own files and invites SR *readers to make their own decisions. He describes below how each applicant looked at admission time, gives his high school academic record, and tells on page 80 how each one actually made out. He also tells how your "batting average" compares with his on the six cases.*

CASE 1

One of two children of immigrant parents, our first boy is a pre-medical aspirant. Although his high school activity was sparse—vice-president of the Math Club and a member of the band, yearbook staff, and student council—his reputation was built on academic grounds as the winner of a Greek Certificate of Merit and as one of the top ten in a class of 400. His College Board scores were the main cause of concern, his verbal aptitude placing him in the bottom 4 per cent and his math aptitude in the lower 33 per cent of our qualified candidates. An I.Q. of just over 100 increased our apprehensions. All three references characterized him as a "hard worker," cooperative, an overachiever. The interviewer described him as an "inarticulate, colorless grind." With a prediction of marginal success at best, our question was whether to reward the persistence, docility, and diligence that led to such outstanding achievement.

	9	10	11	12
English	A	A	A	A
Biology		A		
Greek		B	B	
Chemistry			A	
German	A	B		
Physics				B
Algebra	A		A	
Modern history	A			
Plane geometry		A		
American history				A
Trig. and solid geometry				A

CASE 2

This candidate presents almost spotless credentials: the son of an important educator, president of the French Club and homeroom, a minor athlete whose organizational ability made things go at his school. Verbal and math scores placed him in the top 4 per cent and 1 per cent respectively of our qualified group, and I.Q. tests of from 130-150 indicated brilliance. Classified by Dean Palmer as a "mild underachiever," he ranked nevertheless in the top quarter of his class in an excellent school in an upper-income community. In a lengthy evaluation, his counselor described him as "remarkably poised, unusually articulate, having superior learning potential" with "learning disciplines that were too casual." As a math major, he was likely Phi Beta Kappa material.

	9	10	11	12
English	B	B	B	B
French	B	B	B	
Elementary algebra	B			
Math		B		
Intermediate algebra			A	
Trigonometry			C	
12th-Year Math				C
Biology		B		
Physics			C	
Chemistry				C
Civics	B			
World history		B		
American history			B	A
Advanced science				B

CASE 3

Our next case is the son of famous refugee parents whose names were prominently and frequently mentioned in newspapers such as the *New York Times*. Escapees from behind the Iron Curtain, they were instantly recognizable to any student of European History. After three years at prep school, the boy transferred to a public school where he attained a class rank of 10 of 84 with verbal and math aptitudes placing him just in the bottom half of our candidates. With senior grades of A in trigonometry, D in physics,

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C-plus in English, and A in Problems of Democracy, plus an I.Q. of 126, he presented puzzling papers. Since his father and mother were on the move, the boy lived with his older brother. Because of his recent arrival in the town, his senior year activity record was limited, although at prep school he was president of the student council and sports editor of the paper. His counselor stated that it was "rare to find a boy with such indications of stability." The interviewer noted that he was "personable," not handicapped in English fluency, "but likely to be more successful in history than science." A pre-dental student, his level of expectation was about C.

	9	10	11	12
English	A	A	B	C+
German	A	A	B	
Latin	A	A	C	
Algebra	A	A		
Geometry			B	
Trigonometry				A
Biology		A		
Chemistry			B	
Physics				D
History	A	A	A	
Problems of Democracy				A

CASE 4

Representing a large, triple-session, urban high school is an athlete from a family of modest means. Ranked in the bottom of the top fifth of a class numbering over 1,000, with verbal and math aptitudes placing him in the bottom fifth and the middle of the class respectively, he was recommended as a great competitor both in and out of class. Expectedly (or admittedly, as the case may be), the Admissions Committee had misgivings about his grades, which were either the result of strong motivation (three A's and one B in the senior year) or the gifts so often tendered the athlete who is conscientious in classroom attendance and who is willing. The absence of foreign language in the senior year and a C-minus prediction demonstrated a dangerous vulnerability in the struggle for survival, the "hard worker" labels which the many recommendations pinned to him notwithstanding. Could he surmount obstacles such as our language hurdle, a bare survival prediction, and a loss of many hours from study on the practice field?

	9	10	11	12
English	A	A	A	A
Greek	B	B		
German		A	B	
Algebra	A		A	
Plane geometry		A		
Trig. and solid geometry				A
Biology			A	
Chemistry			A	
Physics				B
Ancient history	A			
American history				A

CASE 5

From an overcrowded urban high school and an Ivy prep school, our next applicant is the middle-of-the-class student, the gentleman's C from a distinguished, professionally oriented family. As a minor athlete in something less than stern competition and a strong participant in a number of other activities, his C-minus prediction added nothing to his background, although prep school rank had depressed it somewhat. Adjectives such as "handsome, outstanding, mature, good-natured, sincere" were some of many applied from counselor to family friends to enthusiastic admissions interviewer. Verbal and math scores were average or slightly above, evidence of good ability. Our debate revolved around what the more intense competition at Tufts would do—either cause a collapse under steady intellectual pressure or a realization of some of his evident potential as organizer and student.

	9	10	11	12
English	C	C	C	C
German		C	C	B
Algebra	C		C	
Plane geometry		C		
Trigonometry				C
Physics			C	
Chemistry		C		
History		C–	C	C

CASE 6

Our last male applicant comes from that group of students whose credentials absorb excessive time and energy. His father was a degree-holder and professional man; the boy was interested in a dental career. An excellent extracurricular record, including student government, varsity sports, and Boys State, made him attractive. A class rank of the top 15 per cent in a school of no great competitive stature and a junior record of three C's and two B's portended danger; on the other hand, two A's and two B's in the senior year showed promise, although achieved at the expense of dropping foreign language. His verbal aptitude score placed him in the middle of our candidates and his math aptitude score in the bottom three per cent. Alternately alarmed by objective evidence and charmed by a recommendation from his counselor– "diligence, steadiness, strongly recommended"–we grappled literally for days. Two alumni references endorsed him strongly. The admissions interviewer was impressed with him personally but observed that predental would be a struggle. His prediction added nothing: a possible C if he became an academic drudge. Fortunately, there are only a few of these each year.

	9	10	11	12
English	A	A	B	A
Spanish	C	D	C	
Algebra	C		C	
Plane geometry		C		
12th-Year math				B
General science	C			
Chemistry			C	
Biology				B
Civics	B			
Ancient history		A		
American history			B	
Problems of democracy				A

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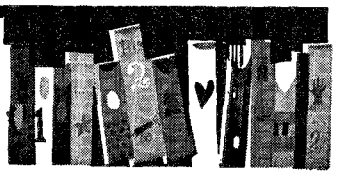
the Editor's Bookshelf



PSYCHOLOGY, sociology, and anthropology—the "behavioral sciences"—have long been areas of speculative thought, but it is only within the past seventy-five years that they have emerged from philosophy to establish themselves as sciences and separate academic disciplines. University departments in these disciplines—particularly in psychology—have grown at an impressive rate. The American Psychological Association, half of whose members are college or university professors, has increased its membership from about 1,500 in 1930 to 20,000 today. In the year 1960 alone, scholarly publications listed in the *Psychological Abstracts* added up to 8,500 titles and those listed in *Sociological Abstracts* totaled 2,000.

In spite of this enormous amount of research, the principles that govern individual and group behavior have not been established with the same degree of confidence found in natural sciences. For this there are many reasons. One is that human beings are much more complex than the physical matter dealt with by physicists and chemists; another is that the variables that influence human behavior are almost infinite. The problem is further complicated by the fact that behavioral scientists, and particularly psychologists, have not been able to define their own fields—or at any rate to agree on a definition.

A behaviorist defines psychology as "the science of human behavior" (or of the behavior of organisms)—he is concerned with the description, prediction, and sometimes the control of that behavior. But other reputable psychologists have defined their field as "the science of mind" or "the science of conscious processes." And still others—the psychoanalysts—are much more concerned with unconscious processes than with conscious ones. If psychologists of different persuasions come to different conclusions about the nature of man, the reason may be that they start from different premises and ask different questions.

In 1957, Ernest Hilgard of Stanford, a past president of the American Psychological Association, said of his discipline, "The state [of factual knowledge] is not very satisfactory . . . the number of dependable 'facts' in the various fields of psychology is not very impressive." When the Ford Foundation was reassessing its program in behavorial sciences, a report made to the officers concluded, "our storehouse of verified knowledge of human behavior has a relatively low inventory."

Perhaps the reason that the inventory seemed low was that, at that time, it had not been made. But now it has—it is titled *Human Behavior* (Harcourt, Brace & World. 712 pp. $11). The authors, sociologist Bernard Berelson and psychologist Gary A. Steiner, have undertaken the enormous task of selecting from the behavioral sciences those findings, propositions, generalizations, laws, or principles for which there is "some good amount of scientific evidence" and then of translating these findings into statements free of technical language.

The findings are organized under such categories as "perceiving," "learning and thinking," "motivation," "organizations," "institutions," "social stratification," "ethnic relations," "attitudes and beliefs," "society," and "culture." Most of the evidence cited to support the generalizations comes from experimental psychology, social psychology, and sociology, but some of it comes from anthropology. Berelson and Steiner conclude that the available literature in the behavioral sciences includes "too much precision misplaced on trivial matters, too little respect for crucial facts as against grand theories, too much respect for insights that are commonplace, too much indication and too little proof, too little genuine cumulation of generalizations, too little regard for the learning of the past, far too much jargon." They are convinced, however, that the behavioral sciences have made important contributions to our understanding of man and that they will make many more.

The authors give little attention to theory or speculation and make no effort to establish a systematic point of view. This, as the subtitle calls it, is only "an inventory of scientific findings," but it is true, as the authors point out in their concluding chapter, that "these findings are the stuff of theory; the material of which theories are built."

Just how well Berelson and Steiner have succeeded in selecting the most significant and best verified findings will be a topic of vigorous debate in the faculty clubs of a thousand colleges and universities. But the book will not be ignored—it seems certain that the great majority of behavioral scientists will recognize it as an honest and scholarly attempt to prepare an inventory for which the need has long been great. I, for one, would like to try out the volume as a textbook in an interdisciplinary course for college freshmen.

For readers who are neither teachers nor students, the book offers a quick way of becoming informed on the present state of verifiable knowledge in the behavioral sciences. Those who want to judge all the evidence for themselves will find it necessary to look further, but the excellent bibliography provided by the authors tells them where to look.

Charles Dickens' unflattering portraits of English schoolmasters were not written to win friends in the teaching profession. When each of several enraged Yorkshire pedagogues recognized himself as the original Mr. Squeers and threatened reprisals, Dickens was delighted.

Dickens' role as a social reformer has been the subject of two books by Philip Collins, Senior Lecturer at the University of Leicester. His most recent, *Dickens and Education* (St. Martin's Press. 257 pp. $8.25), is a thoroughgoing examination of Dickens' views on education and educators, the nature of childhood, and the rights of children.

Himself the father of nine, Dickens was "the first English novelist in whose stories children are frequent and central, instead of sustaining merely minor roles in the background." His concern for education grew out of the fact that the schools he himself had attended, as well as most of the many that he visited as an adult, were bad.

During the years that Dickens wrote —1833 to 1870—all English institutions became more humane. Cruel and barbarous treatment became less common in the navy, prisons, and factories as well as the schools—all this was part of a larger social trend. But Collins believes that Dickens deserves a share of the credit for improvements in the schools.

One of Dickens' fans was Queen Victoria, who read *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist* at the age of nineteen and found them "excessively interesting." When she advised Lord Melbourne to read them, the Prime Minister did as he was told but was unimpressed. "I don't *like* those things," he said. "I don't like them in *reality*, and therefore I don't wish to see them represented." He added that everything one reads must be "pure and elevating." But a generation of Englishmen agreed with Victoria and, having seen their schools through the eyes of the children in Dickens' novels, they were more ready to accept reforms. —P.W.

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Can the Christian Life Be Taught?

Are Parochial Schools the Answer? Catholic Education In the Light of the Council, *by Mary Perkins Ryan (Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 176 pp. $4.) argues that Catholics need to re-examine the assumptions on which the parochial school system in the U.S. was established.*

By JOHN SCANLON

THIS is basically a "Catholic" book, in the sense that it was written by a Catholic for Catholics about a Catholic problem, but the question to which it is addressed has implications for all American education. In this sense the book is by no means "parochial."

That Mrs. Ryan had the courage to write such a book, and that her bishop not only gave it his *imprimatur* but also wrote the Foreword, are further indications of the spirit of re-examination that has characterized Catholicism in the United States since the opening of the Second Vatican Council. Pope John, in summoning the Council, called for "*aggiornamento,*" a renewal of the Church's vitality, and it is in this spirit that the book was written. It is a calm, dispassionate discussion of a highly controversial question.

Herself a graduate of a Catholic women's college (Manhattanville) and the mother of five sons who have attended both Catholic and public schools, Mrs. Ryan raises some pertinent—and disturbing—questions about the parochial school system. She doubts, for example, whether parish schools can continue much longer (without federal aid) to handle the rising tide of Catholic youngsters knocking on their doors. Even now, she points out, despite the prodigious financial efforts of Catholic parents, these schools accommodate only about 55 per cent of Catholic children of elementary school age and only about 45 per cent of high school age. As for the original goal of the parochial school system in the U.S. ("every Catholic child in a Catholic school"), she says "there is clearly no hope at all."

But even if there were a realistic hope for substantial federal aid—which she doubts—Mrs. Ryan raises a more fundamental question: is a Catholic school system ultimately either essential or desirable in attaining the principal objective of the Second Vatican Council, *i.e.,* revitalizing the Church by encouraging more direct participation of the laity in the liturgy, especially the Mass? To the non-Catholic this point may be a bit obscure, but the essence of Mrs. Ryan's question is whether the primary mission of the Church is educating its children or teaching Catholics to *live* the Christian life. She maintains that, given the modern religious climate of the U.S., the latter effort should be given top priority. "In actual fact," she says, "providing a general education for its children is an auxiliary service, not part of the essential mission of the Church." Many Catholic parents, as well as Catholic educators, will disagree.

Mrs. Ryan also raises other provocative questions. Pointing out that the Catholic school system in the U.S. is an outgrowth of the "siege mentality" that afflicted immigrant Catholics in the hostile environment of late nineteenth-century America, she asks her co-religionists to face up to the fact that the "siege" has been lifted, and that the time has come for a searching re-examination of the role of Catholic schools in the light of *aggiornamento* and the ecumenical movement.

It should be emphasized that Mrs. Ryan does not propose that the Catholic Church completely abandon the religious education of children. She sees an important role for Catholic private schools and colleges, but only those of the highest quality. It is the traditional parish and diocesan schools that come under her closest scrutiny. She believes that parents should assume greater responsibility for the religious education of their children—by *example* as well as by drilling them in their catechism—(in fact, more by example than by drill). She also suggests that special religious classes, conducted once a week and in the summer by trained "coaches," would suffice to provide Catholic children with the fundamentals *about* their religion. She emphasizes, however, that they would *learn* Christianity by living it.

When the National Catholic Educational Association meets in Atlantic City for its sixty-first annual convention later this month, Mrs. Ryan's book is almost certain to be a topic of lively conversation and debate. She does not shrink from such a prospect and neither does her bishop, the Most Rev. Ernest J. Primeau, Bishop of Manchester, New Hampshire. "Not a few will disagree with Mrs. Ryan's thesis," he says in the Foreword. "Few may be convinced by her arguments. But certainly she has opened a window—and perhaps a door—on this crucial subject by her frank and intelligent discussion."

A World Look at Education

Access to Higher Education, *Volume I, by Frank Bowles (Columbia University Press. 212 pp. $3), reports on a world study of educational systems and their responses to increased university enrollment. The reviewer is dean of admissions at Amherst.*

By EUGENE S. WILSON

THIS international study of university admissions was organized by a joint commission representing UNESCO and the International Association of Universities, two organizations devoted to international-cultural cooperation. Frank Bowles was granted a two-year leave of absence from his position as president of the College Entrance Examination Board to direct this study and prepare this report. The Carnegie Corporation helped by granting $250,000 for this study.

The project staff began its work by circulating a questionnaire to 300 institutions of higher education in eighty countries. The answers provided statistical information and background knowledge on age-group representation, enrollments, type of admission methods, and current problems of educational organization. The study focuses on the decade 1950-60.

Lack of time and funds forced the staff to concentrate on thirteen investigations, nine of which centered on problems in countries represented by members on the commission: Brazil, Chile, France, India, Japan, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, United Arab Republic, United Kingdom (England and Wales), and the USA. The other four

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investigations were on New Zealand, Senegal, the Republic of South Africa, and direct aid to students, the latter prepared by the Economic Intelligence Unit, London.

The detailed reports on these twelve countries will be published later in Volume II.

Originally, this study was to focus on the problems of university admissions, but once the work began it became clear to all that the question of who shall enter a university is determined most often by a series of attritions, accidental and planned, that go all the way back to the birth of a child. Demography is the proper start in any study of university admissions.

This study offers any nation a blueprint for planning a total educational program that will produce the kind, number, and quality of university students it desires and can afford.

To each nation each year X number of boys and girls are born. More and more nations are beginning to realize that the proper development of these human resources will determine the future growth and development of a nation.

But as this study so carefully demonstrates, there are many problems at each educational level that confront the educational planners. Among these educational problems are: 1) the proper physical plants and equipment; 2) sufficiently trained teachers; 3) money for plant and personnel; 4) identification of gifted intellectuals or other-gifted students; 5) the mysteries of motivation and human assessment; 6) resistance of traditional educational attitudes and practices to new teaching methods, new selection methods, new curriculums, and financial aid at each educational level for indigent students.

THE inability of different nations to solve these problems is dramatically presented by a graph that reveals the percentage of students in each of the fourteen countries that complete primary school, enter secondary school, complete secondary school, and enter higher education.

According to this graph five educational systems, Japan, USA, New Zealand, USSR, and the Republic of South Africa (Caucasian), have made provision for more than 90 per cent of an age group to complete primary school. But four educational systems in the period under study, Chile, Brazil, Senegal, and Republic of South Africa (Negro), have fewer than 20 per cent completing primary school. Nine of the educational systems have fewer than 30 per cent entering secondary schools, and ten have fewer than 10 per cent entering higher education.

As might be expected from the diversity of these findings, students in most countries often discover their path to higher education blocked at each of the three educational levels by: 1) lack of opportunity (buildings and teachers); 2) cost; and 3) selective examinations.

The most hopeful note in this study is the report of changes that are taking place in most nations—changes that are increasing the educational opportunities of students at all levels. World enrollments, for instance, increased (from 1950 to 1959) 57 per cent in primary education, 81 per cent in secondary education, and 71 per cent in college.

The study predicts a continued burgeoning of student populations in primary and secondary education, with a concomitant increase in the number of university candidates. To accommodate these students properly the study suggests increased use of guidance personnel, expansion of financial aid to students of superior academic ability, and provision for alternative educational programs for students who fail to win acceptance to their first choice programs.

This study is must reading for educators in other countries of the world where old systems are shaking from population explosions, from the demand for greater technical competence, and from the greater educational aspirations of parents and students. American educators will find this study interesting, too, not only for the glimpse it gives of other educational systems and the problems they face in meeting the demands of the present world situation, but for the questions it raises about the place of each educational unit here at home. Our own system all too often has grown without adequate cooperative planning by educators on all three levels of learning. Or should it be four levels?

Gallup on Education

***The Miracle Ahead,** by George Gallup (Harper & Row. 205 pp. $3.95), proposes fundamental changes in our educational system.*

By ELMO ROPER

GEORGE GALLUP'S book is in itself something of a miracle. At least half of it is devoted to that cliché-ridden subject, "What's wrong with our education system?" and, amazingly, it does this without offering one stale thought. The educational traditionalists cannot claim George Gallup for their own, but neither can the latter-day progressives. The advocacy of teaching machines may call up specters of a brave new dehumanized world, but their purpose, according to *The Miracle Ahead*, is the exact opposite—the humanization of teachers. And, in the next breath, such approaches as the Oxford tutorial system, the Socratic method of inquiry, and Indian exercises to develop concentration are recommended. Gallup has drawn on an enormous variety of sources in addressing himself to the central problem: How can man learn to make full use of his mind? His estimate is that only 2 to 5 per cent of the potential of the human brain is now being used.

Gallup begins his book by documenting the curious neglect of mankind's greatest resource, his brain. The survey evidence of widespread human ignorance is familiar to anyone in the field of opinion research and embarrassing to any citizen. Our ignorance is factual ("only one high school graduate in six could identify Freud correctly") and ideological ("only a third of America's college graduates could cite a single advantage of its economic system over Russia's"). It is political ("fewer than half of all high school graduates, including those who had gone to college, could name the Senators of their state") and cultural ("fewer than half of those who had attended college could identify Rubens"). Our language skills are grossly inadequate, and our reading habits deplorable. (Exactly half of high school graduates and a third of those who had obtained their college degrees had not read a book during the previous year.)

But Gallup does not rest with documenting our intellectual and educational failures. He goes on to present a fascinating variety of specific ways of realizing a much larger proportion of the potential of the human brain through revolutionary changes in our educational system. The key concept is direct training of the faculties of the mind: perception, concentration, organization, objectivity, problem solving, decision-making and creativity. He discusses a number of promising techniques and areas for research, ranging from the reproduction of digit patterns flashed by a tachistoscope, to enhance perception; to training in self-criticism to develop objectivity; to a case history approach derived from the field of op-

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erations research that can be variously adapted to train students in problem-solving, decision-making, and creativity. In problem-solving, students are presented with a specific problem and forced, by a process of Socratic questioning, to think through its solutions always one step further. A class in decision-making would use a similar procedure, projecting the likely consequences of each alternative solution to additional stages, and a class in creativity would be encouraged to come up with a new array of alternatives. In Gallup's opinion, this case history approach is the next best thing to learning from experience—the modern equivalent of mankind's oldest teaching devices, the parable, the fable, and the myth.

Gallup envisages fundamental changes in the educational system. There would be far greater emphasis on self-education, with teachers freed by teaching machines from the tasks of a drillmaster so they can assume their proper role as guide and leader. The major emphasis in the elementary schools would be on the direct training of mental abilities. During high school this training would be continued, but students would also cover most of the subjects now taught in colleges. Colleges and universities would be run on the tutorial system, with the current course and departmental system abolished. Degrees would be based on a comprehensive examination. The goal of this system would be to develop a wide variety of mental abilities and to arouse intellectual curiosity—for life.

After presenting his program for developing the potentialities of the *individual*, Gallup goes on to present an equally fresh and challenging approach to developing the potentialities of *collective* effort. Admitting the sterility of many committee and group efforts, Gallup makes an examination of certain group efforts that worked, such as the Manhattan Project and the Royal Commissions of Inquiry in Great Britain. He tells us their secrets of success—a full fourteen of them. He sees a series of small teams set to solving a series of national problems, brought together under conditions of anonymity, isolation, and specific time pressures, using techniques to free their minds and stimulate their imagination. He believes that such teams would come up with more useful and creative solutions than any heretofore offered, which could, if adopted by Congress, save one-fourth to one-third of the annual federal budget.

Gallup concludes with an analysis of the nature and sources of resistance to social change that he thinks has characterized human society up to now. In Gallup's opinion, each generation of the future must be consciously prepared for change, made to feel it is not only inevitable but good. Since leaders often have a stake in opposing change, the public—a newly alert, newly responsible public—must force change upon its leaders.

Everyone knows George Gallup as an extremely competent question-asker, but in this book he proves himself an equally authoritative question-answerer. Through the knowledge derived from having asked thousands of people thousands of questions, he has gained insight into what's wrong with the thinking processes of today and has made some fresh and valuable suggestions of ways to transform the thinking processes of tomorrow. His goal is not a modest one: the realization of the full potential of every human being.

Is the Issue "Clearly Drawn"?

***What They Are Doing to Your Children**, by Max Rafferty (New American Library. 221 pp. $3.95), is a critical look at American education by California's State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The reviewer is chairman of the Department of Social and Philosophical Foundations of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University.*

By LAWRENCE A. CREMIN

THE day after he was sworn in as California's State Superintendent of Public Instruction in January 1963, Max Rafferty held a press conference in which he promised an end to the "progressive education John Dewey philosophy" that he claimed had marked the state education department for years, and he proposed a complete "philosophical educational reorientation" of the state's public school system. *What They Are Doing to Your Children* presumably sets forth the nature and direction of that proposed reorientation.

"Education is neither exotic nor hard to understand," Dr. Rafferty insists, and his theses are appropriately simple. For centuries, he tells us, indeed, up until about 1930, there was agreement among the great majority of informed and interested people as to what the goals of education should be. Then, John Dewey and his progressive disciples led us astray. They downgraded individualism and glorified collectivism; they denounced "learning for the sake of learning" in favor of "life adjustment"; and they warred incessantly on grades, report cards, ability groupings, and classroom competition. The result was a steady erosion of skills, knowledge, and patriotism in the nation's schools.

In 1957, however, there began a "national revulsion against this cult" that "first became noticeable the day after Sputnik started riding the world's skyspace." A new and irreversible trend set in, which has now culminated in what Dr. Rafferty calls "education in depth." Contrary to progressive education, "education in depth" maintains: 1) that there are certain "eternal values" and it is the purpose of education to identify and explore them; 2) that the teaching of "organized, disciplined, and systematic subject matter" is the principal objective of the schools; 3) that the individual is "the be-all and end-all" of education; 4) that the curriculum ought to provide the individual with "the tools and skills he needs to be a cultured, productive, patriotic American citizen"; 5) that reading and recitative discussion are still the most effective and economical methods of instruction; and 6) that competition is the way of the world, and the schools had best emphasize it.

"The issue is clearly drawn," Dr. Rafferty concludes. "The difference is as great as that between day and night. Public opinion all over the United States is lining up on one side or the other. No greater or more significant decision will be made by our people in this century."

What is one to make of these propositions? I myself end up curiously ambivalent. There is no denying, for example, that the individual is the center of the educative process, and that the schools ought to provide him with the tools and skills he needs to be cultured, productive, and patriotic. And Dr. Rafferty is quite correct in noting that education has become a crucial issue of contemporary American politics; indeed, the bitterly contested election that put him into office is ample testimony to this fact.

However, as an interpretation of where we are in American education and how we have gotten here, Dr. Rafferty's commentary is sheer nonsense. To argue that educated men have agreed on the goals of education for two thousand years is to ignore Plato's war with the sophists, Augustine's with the rhetoricians, Abelard's with the realists, Rousseau's with the classicists, and Horace Mann's with the Boston school-

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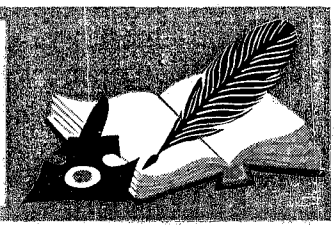
masters. Men have disagreed about the aims and methods of education at least since the days of ancient Greece, and they will continue to do so as long as free societies endure.

Similarly, to argue that the plight of the schools in the 1960s derives from the philosophical machinations of John Dewey in the 1930s is to misread history with a vengeance. The modern revolution in American education—indeed, in education the world over—grows out of the radical commitment to educate *all* children. It was the particular genius of Dewey that he was able to synthesize and articulate the wisdom of his own generation concerning that commitment. His synthesis may well be out of date for our time; but to suggest that it was somehow subversive or totalitarian (as Dr. Rafferty does on pages 18 and 19) is to convert educational dialogue into a barroom brawl.

The cardinal problem in all of this is, of course, oversimplification. Contrary to Dr. Rafferty, education *is* difficult to understand; and this difficulty has nothing to do with the jargon and pedagoguese that so often becloud educational discussion. When citizens decide on how to educate their children, everything they hold dear is brought into play; as Aristotle suggested in the *Politics*, if they differ on what they hold dear, they will differ on what they want from the schools. Thus conceived, education is probably the most subtle, intricate, and perplexing political problem facing the American people today. The failure to convey a sense of this complexity is ultimately the failure of Dr. Rafferty's book. Unfortunately, the world has gotten complicated, and we can no longer comprehend it in simple black and white—if, indeed, we ever could.

New Books



Team Teaching. *Edited by Judson T. Shaplin and Henry F. Olds, Jr. Harper & Row.* 430 *pp.* $6.50. An analytic study of its past, present, and future by seven well-known education specialists.

Education and the Idea of Mankind. *Edited by Robert Ulich. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 279 *pp.* $6.95. Ten leading educators consider the fundamental purposes for which schools exist.

The School Dropout. *Edited by Daniel Schreiber. National Education Association* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.* 20036). 214 *pp. Cloth,* $4. *Paperback,* $3. A series of papers by well-known educators.

Universal Opportunity for Education Beyond the High School. *Educational Policies Commission (National Education Association,* 1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.* 20036). *Cloth,* $1.25. *Paperback,* 35 *cents.* A proposal that every high school graduate be given the opportunity of at least two additional years of educational training.

Study Abroad: 1964-66. *UNESCO (Publications Center,* 317 *East* 34*th Street, New York, N.Y.* 10016). 648 *pp. Paperback,* $4. A directory of fellowships, scholarships, and awards available for overseas study.

Public School Segregation and Integration in the North. *National Association of Intergroup Relations Officials. (Available from NAIRO Commission on School Integration,* 6 *East* 82*nd Street, New York, N.Y.)* 104 *pp. Paperback,* $1. A report based on the two-year study of segregated schools in northern and western communities.

Nonproperty Taxation for Schools. Possibilities for Local Application. *By Albert L. Alford. Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. (Available from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.* 20402.) 143 *pp. Paperback,* 55 *cents.* Information on the possibilities of local nonproperty tax adoption.

Workbook to Win Votes in School Campaigns. *Ohio Education Association* (213 *E. Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio* 43215) *and the National School Public Relations Association* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.* 20036). 40 *pp. Paperback,* $2. Detailed suggestions for taxpayers on how to wage a campaign to pass school bond issues.

Higher Education in the U.S.S.R. *By Seymour M. Rosen. Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. (Available from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.* 20402.) 195 *pp. Paperback,* $1. Curriculums, schools, statistics.

How Did You Rate As A Dean of Admissions?

(*see page* 74)

1. Misgivings and all, we accepted him. After four years at Tufts, spent unspectacularly, he was accepted at a dental school where he is still grinding his way onward and upward.
2. Accepted. Unfortunately his "learning disciplines" had not improved and he was required to withdraw at the end of the first year. One of our great disappointments, he is the classic example of the casual learner who cannot or will not adjust to rigid college academic discipline.
3. Accepted. We muffed this one. Influenced by his interesting refugee background, we ignored the other signs, especially the D in physics. After one year of stumbling along here he was asked to withdraw permanently. We still feel that social studies, instead of science, would have been his salvation. He was one of the many instances each year of students who make unwise course selections as a start toward a romantic but unrealistic goal.
4. Accepted. He proved a paragon of stability. An outstanding scholar and athlete, he gained the respect and affection of all at Tufts as the result of his selfless devotion to every task he tackled. He was a dean's list student after a slow beginning and is now in the graduate school.
5. Accepted. We never regretted this decision. Still a gentleman, but now with B's, he has proved an able organizer, an enthusiastic supporter of the college, and a popular and thoroughly successful student. Instead of wilting under steady pressure, he surpassed his secondary school performance and surprised everyone with his seriousness of purpose.
6. Accepted. This is a prime example of the emotionally inspired acceptance under extreme pressure in the face of obvious academic disabilities. We were not unprepared for the results—a disastrous time here and withdrawal in less than a semester. This was strictly an academic failure, an inability to absorb the mountain of material the faculty shoveled at him.

* * *

Predicting college achievement, continues Dean Palmer, remains a hazardous undertaking. The Dean adds the following remarks, depending on your batting average:

6 of 6:	"You belong at Delphi."
5 of 6:	"You looked at the answers."
4 of 6:	"You can have my job."
3 of 6:	"We need you in admissions."
2 of 6:	"You are at least a field rep."
1 of 6:	"You can be taught."
0 of 6:	"As a prophet you're a loss."

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Fischer

Continued from page 67

work legally and most efficiently in concert, not through the personal activities of individual members. It acts as a whole for the community as a whole, rather than serving merely as a gathering point for the delegates of contending factions.

The model for the school board is not the Federal Communications Commission, or the Atomic Energy Commission, or any other government board whose members are expected to devote full time to technical or administrative duties. A more appropriate model is the board of trustees of a well run major university. The proper contribution of the school board member is not expertise, but wisdom; not detailed knowledge, but high values and sound judgment.

IT IS equally important that the function of the superintendent be clearly seen and consistently honored. He has three main duties. One is to be the board's executive, seeing that the policies it sets are fully and faithfully executed. A second is to serve the board as its chief professional advisor, making recommendations not only about the program of the schools, but also about the procedures by which the board carries on its own work. His third duty is to be the first colleague among the teaching staff. Unless he is qualified to be respected as a first among equals by his fellow teachers, it is extremely doubtful that he will have the competence to serve as he should, either as the board's adviser or as its executive.

Most troubles between boards and superintendents arise from misunderstanding or disregard of their respective functions, or from a lack of confidence of the one in the other. To choose a board worthy of public support is the inescapable responsibility of any community that takes education seriously. To secure a superintendent in whom it can safely place full confidence is the board's first duty and its highest responsibility.

The superintendent's performance is a matter of enormous consequence to the schools. Beyond question he is the most important individual in any local school system. It is not enough, therefore, that he view himself merely as the man in the middle, or for others so to see him. To be useful in any of his three roles, he must be the man in front. This is not to say that we need dictators or martinets. It is to say that if the superintendent sees his part as no more than holding things together—playing, so to speak, the pin in the hinge, he will necessarily fail his board, his schools, and his community. The hinge pin is useful, to be sure, but it has little to do with opening or closing the door, or with the traffic that flows through it.

The superintendent's view of himself is as important as the community's and the board's view of him and in the end will largely determine what their view is. One need not support a cult of personality to recognize that institutions are in fact to a considerable degree the lengthened shadows of men. Lacking strong, responsible, effective leadership, no institution is likely fully to realize its potentiality.

To catalogue the qualities not only desired but desperately needed in the school superintendent today is to compile a list of all the human virtues. The specifications dictated by the demands of the job reveal its true importance and the degree of our dependence upon the men who occupy such a position. No single model helps us very much. Neither the industrial manager, the military commander, the social engineer, nor the master in group dynamics fills the bill. The qualities associated with each of these may overlap some part of the superintendent's circle of competencies, but none comes near to filling it.

Centrally, of course, the superintendent is a teacher. The best leader in a democratic enterprise and especially one focused on education is invariably an excellent teacher. Effective leadership produces more than action. It promotes effective learning, and it leads to decisions wiser than any that would have been made without the learning—or the leadership. Its most important power is the power of honest, open persuasion. It exercises its influence not by force, but by the sharpening of insight, the broadening of outlook. The best leader always brings out the best in those he leads. The result of his work is only incidentally an improved institution or a better community. His principal accomplishment is what has been achieved by those he has influenced, and even more in what they have become than in what they have produced.

Leaders who can work in this way are not easily found. Men and women with the desirable combination of understanding, wisdom and vision, dedication, patience, and courage are always rare. There are never enough of them anywhere.

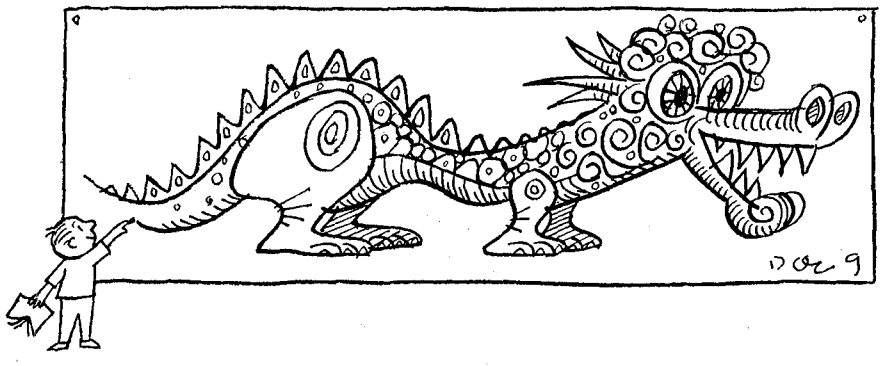
But, I suspect, the shortage may be less severe than we ordinarily believe. Indeed, there is encouraging evidence that when the need is great enough, leaders equal to the times are usually found. When Charles Beard was asked what he had learned in the lifelong study of history, he replied, "When the night is darkest, the stars appear." A variety of explanations are offered to account for this phenomenon, including supernatural intervention. It is possible, however, that more mundane causes may be at work. With some truth we say that the times produce the man. It may be nearer to the point to say that our own expectations have enormous power to elicit from those around us the qualities we need.

It was by no accident that in the 15th century B.C. Aeschylus and Aristophanes were in Athens to dramatize her achievements and her tragedy, that Herodotus was on hand to record the history of her triumphs, or that Phidias and his collaborators were there to create the Parthenon. Athens wanted creative drama, insightful historical writing, noble architecture, and those who produced them were highly esteemed.

Something besides sheer good fortune in fifteenth-century Florence generated the genius that made it a center of artistry for the whole of Europe. Sculptors and painters were welcomed and supported not only by the Medici, but by many more who responded affirmatively and with pride to their work.

IN OUR own history, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams were as much the men of their times as the times were the result of their talents. In every period everywhere, the contemporary currents of expectation and response exert crucial influence upon the qualities men exhibit and develop.

The American community most likely to have an excellent superintendent of schools is the one that most appreciates and welcomes the sort of man it knows it needs and truly wants.



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Cuban Education

Continued from page 65

pete in the world markets. We do not want to make junk."

In another direction, Cuban education strives to elevate the position of working women. Prior to the Castro regime, his official report says, "almost 40,000 women were being exploited as domestics." More than 19,000 of these women were attending special night schools in January of last year and over 25,000 are now working in offices and banks, as drivers, and in other higher-level occupations. There is a special school for night school instructors, many of whom work in the daytime in the childrens' nurseries or teach at the Makarenko Pedagogy Institute where girls from *fourteen* to twenty-two take three-year courses qualifying them as high school teachers.

There are also centers of rehabilitation set up for "those women who through capitalist exploitation and corruption were made to become whores."

Special sewing schools in Havana have been attended by more than 15,000 "country girls" from all parts of Cuba, and forty more such schools operate in rural areas. Those who stay in Havana attend the sewing school for almost a year for "primary educaton, sewing, and assimilating new ways of life." The "new ways of life" also find their way into the mountain area sewing schools. One Cuban magazine reports:

> New Cuba . . . Now We All Learn to Sew. . . . Now among the chief tasks that the Revolution is accomplishing is educating and dignifying the life of the country family. . . . For the men, work is established, bread for the family. For adults and children, the National School, which is well attended. For the country women, girls and mothers of families, the Revolution is now offering classes in sewing. . . . Always a desire of the women, now the vital Revolutionary breath has made this a reality.

The National Schools mentioned above are, in effect, the new public school system created by law on July 26, 1961, in a promulgation that wiped out private and religious schools formerly supported in part, at least, by earlier governments.

"Education before the Revolution was very poor and limited," says *Revolucion*. "The best schools were the religious ones and the bilingual ones in the hands of those who made the students instruments of capitalist imperialism. Only the rich were educated properly, to no good end."

AT the time Castro came into power, the government says, there were 8,232 primary schools with 16,300 teachers and 582,198 pupils. Three years later, there were 12,243 schools with 30,905 teachers and 1,166,277 students. The number of sixth-grade students who graduated was trebled. New schools are still being built in large numbers, and it was reported that almost seven million new textbooks would be printed this year. There are now 224 basic secondary schools giving special attention to technological education, and twenty-three special technical or vocational high schools creating "conditions for tens of thousands of youths to be of use to the country."

Perhaps the most dramatic pre-college program is that which brings more than 70,000 teen-agers annually to Havana under a federal scholarship plan. (Another 30,000 scholarships provide college, art school, and other specialized education.) When you drive through the old Miramar section east of Havana, you can see these students, or *Becados*. They live in the luxurious mansions of the district and wear uniforms (there is something sadly Hitler Jugend-like in the sight of scores of pink-bloused, dark-skirted girls marching down the street or clustering along balconies at the day's end). Most of the *Becados* are ardent Fidelistas. They receive constant political indoctrination in their classes.

ONE Havana teacher, quoted by George Alford, who formerly headed the Associated Press Bureau in Havana, notes wryly, "Had previous governments not neglected their education, the Communists would not have found so much virgin brain soil to till."

This same teacher told Alford the scholastic levels of the *Becados* is low, but they are intensely loyal because "they live better than before and have a stake in Cuba's Communist future. The government has housed them in mansions. For them there is no food rationing and their menu includes more milk, beef, and eggs than any time before in their lives."

Reports from Cuban refugee teachers tell of some of the boys among the *Becados* who are being trained with firearms. Many of them go on to the universities or technical schools, but most return to the provinces as apostles of the new Cuba or, in some cases, are given special additional preparation and go to other Latin American countries where they live off the economy and spread the gospel of socialist revolt.

For other young people not covered by the scholarship program, there are special Schools of Revolutionary Instruction where doctrine is the only subject taught. It has been officially announced that 90,000 students would complete such courses in 1963 alone.

It is at the University of Havana that the new look in Cuban education is most evident, and here that student "heroism" is most exploited. The University catalogue itself is a political document, with a twenty-two-page introduction giving the history of the "reform" in higher education.

Closed down by the Batista government because the university was a source of student revolutionary activity, the Universities of Havana, Oriente, and Los Villas were reopened in January 1962, on the thirty-third anniversary of the assassination of Julio Antonio Mella. He was a pioneer in university reform and, according to the catalogue, "a symbol of the great ideal of establishing a

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relationship between the University and the laborers and the people."

The only student banner visible during this writer's visit to the University early last year was a *Federacion Estudiento Universitados* pennant with a picture of Mella on it. The student newspaper had a special section devoted to Mella that included photos of him on his deathbed and of the bullet-pocked wall against which he was shot. The University of Havana is a beautiful campus on which new buildings are just beginning to add a modern touch to an educational grandeur combining Spanish architecture and tropical surroundings. Old, bullet-scarred walls wear plaques to student martyrs of past uprisings. In the center of the main quadrangle is a battered armored car captured by student revolutionaries in the struggle against Batista. Students in militia uniforms and wearing revolvers or carrying Czech submachine guns guard such places as supply rooms and the baseball field.

In its introduction, the catalogue says the "fall of tyranny exposed the preposterous crisis into which Cuban higher education had fallen." The 200-year-old University, it says, "produced lawyers who were trained with no juridical vigor, supposed graduates of philosophy and literature who did not contemplate their studies, educators with no cultural base and oriented to the educational system of the Yankee pragmatists, and doctors who . . . did not have adequate work in the basic sciences or hospital practice.

"If, in spite of these deficiencies, Cuba could produce qualified technicians and groups of professionals . . . during the republican decades, the perseverance of student minorities deserves the credit."

Under the "reform," the University has cast aside former patterns based on European university tradition and now, in spite of professed contempt for "Yankee pragmatism," offers programs based on the American college system of semesters, course points, marks, and general subject groupings into separate colleges. Instructors are paid not on an annual scale but on the basis of how many hours a month they teach. Courses of study lead to degrees in letters, history, law, political science, economics, science, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, geography, psychology, four engineering fields, mining and metallurgy, architecture, medicine, dentistry, agriculture, and veterinary medicine.

Students must buckle down to their studies. "Verbalism and memorization and passivism are barred," says the catalogue. "Under no circumstances will they be tolerated. The suppression of traditional examinations and the establishment of a rational system to evaluate the work done by the students will contribute no doubt to the elimination of deadly conformism that characterized the learning in most old European-style universities."

National need, the catalogue says, is a key point in student enrollment. "The principal of cardinal importance in the selection of students depends on the scientific, technical, and professional needs of the nation." (No plethora of liberal arts majors at the University of Havana!)

A former student, now working near Washington, says there is another criterion. He was a pre-medical student after the Revolution. One day, student leaders visited his room, pointed a gun at him and asked if he was a Communist. When he said no, his matriculation ceased.

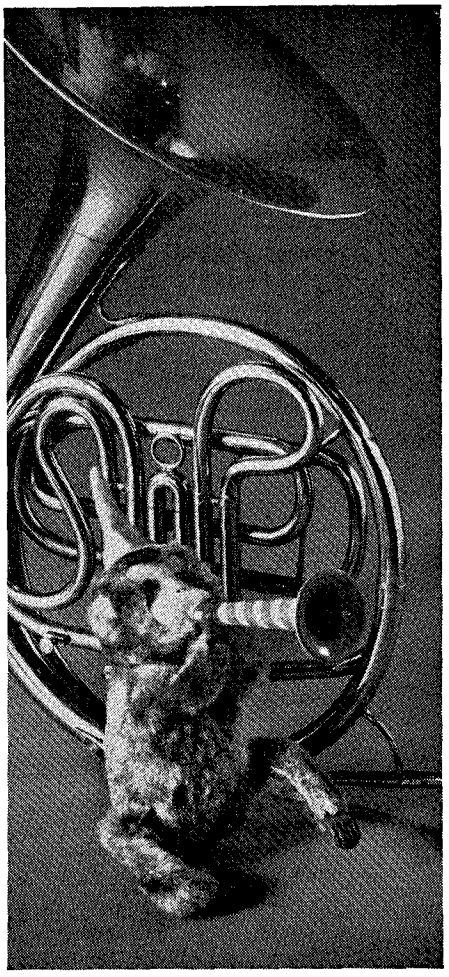
The University of Havana resembles an American university only superficially. Students do not wear college sweatshirts and there is little visible horseplay. There is a baseball field, a student theater, and the usual quadrangle grouping of lab and classroom buildings.

LIKE the *Becados*, the University students eat well. The thirty-nine-cent luncheon at the student cafeteria includes hot meat and is far superior to anything available in expensive restaurants or to the general population.

Classrooms are high-ceilinged and pleasant. They seat up to 150 students. The labs seem sparsely equipped, compared to the elaborate gear found on U.S. campuses. Bookshelves in classrooms and laboratories seem equally skimpy, with many of the volumes old and out of date. (As part of the Bay of Pigs prisoner exchange, the Cuban government asked for a complete set of modern U.S.-published medical textbooks.)

The various professors to whom we were introduced seemed to be either quite old or quite young, but were equally enthusiastic about their subjects and took great pains to show us through amazingly complete exhibit collections in their specialties. The geology collection included a group of stones donated by a club in Georgia, U.S.A. Our guide, a university official, told us cheerfully of the disappointment shown by some touring Russians who thought they came from Georgia, U.S.S.R.

On the student bulletin boards are copies of *Pravda*, pictures of Castro and Lenin, and anti-American propaganda mixed in with the routine announcements and an occasional cartoon. The F.E.U. student government offices are reached by passing through "the room of the student martyrs," one wall of



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which is covered with photographs of students killed in uprisings against Machado or Batista. The offices themselves are decorated with proclamations of friendship from North Korea, Russia, Yugoslavia, East Germany, and other socialist countries. The vice-chairman of the F.E.U. sat behind his desk wearing a .45 caliber revolver on his belt.

During a two-hour discussion with a group of students in the office, the only political comment related to the then still-pending invitation to a group of American college students to visit Cuba. After a brief review of the role of student government in our respective countries, we were quizzed on the use of TV in American education. Havana University uses closed circuit TV in its medical school.

They told us 2,000 Cuban students are studying in Russia but no Russian students were then at the University of Havana. Russian, Polish, Czech, and Bulgarian are taught in addition to French, English, Italian, and German.

Apparently, they had been thoroughly briefed as to how they were to act towards us, for when it was mentioned that one of our group had once taught at the University of Mississippi, there was not so much as a knowing smile or an exchanged glance. Yet we knew the Cuban newspapers had been filled with the story of James Meredith.

Their greatest eloquence was reserved for the rebirth of the University and its role in plans for Cuban development, indicating that at every level of education, national purpose is obvious and important. And, regardless of the quality of the teaching that may be available at these various levels, it is being well served.

This, then, is purposeful education with a vengeance, administered with massive doses of carefully tailored political doctrine at all levels of schooling. Although the quality of the teaching is undoubtedy mediocre at this point, the goals are obvious and kept constantly in view. The slogans of the classroom are echoed and re-echoed in the government-controlled mass media and from posters that cover every available inch of wall space in cities and villages.

It is the kind of education that is building total support for the Cuban government among its young people and building also a cadre of socialist-oriented, if not dedicated, young people who will carry the message into other Latin American countries. To the observer from a free country whose own emissaries in these same countries are either businessmen or a handful of Peace Corps members, the contrast between the preparation given the Cuban young people and ours is somewhat chilling.

The New Math

Continued from page 69

the earliest, is now being introduced in high school. And calculus, of all things, which the colleges previously guarded jealously, is being taught very successfully in some high schools that can supply the happy combination of able students and well-prepared calculus teachers. While these trends appear off-hand to hold nothing but advantages for student and teacher alike, I should hasten to add that some mathematicians have real fears about the dangers inherent in giving superficial treatment to profound and intricate mathematical concepts. They feel that an inevitable effect will be to train some youngsters to be simply pseudo-sophisticates in mathematics. The tenth-grader and his paper fell short of a real understanding of topology. Perhaps it is this development over the last five years, the introduction of concepts to students much sooner, that has led to the widespread and mistaken notion that sets, binary numbers, and group theory are *new*, in spite of the fact that all of them are at least a century old.

Finally, I would like to comment about the history of the *new* mathematics. There is no doubt that the *new* mathematics as it is perceived by the layman was swept into the public mind shortly after the successful launching of Sputnik I. A certain evolution in the pedagogy of mathematics was in progress slowly but unremittingly at that time, both on the secondary school and college levels, receiving its greatest impetus from the Commission on Mathematics that was established by the College Entrance Examination Board in 1955. But it was that historic satellite which blew the whole problem wide open. All of a sudden it made the competitive position of America clear, forced the country to re-examine its scientific resources, and focused attention on the fierce shortage of personnel, especially in mathematics, the discipline on which so many other sciences depend. I do not mean for a moment to underestimate the contribution which the vast interplay of political, social, and technological events has forever made to the growth of mathematics. I am simply commenting on the explosive appearance of the *new* mathematics on the secondary school scene in 1958.

I recall attending a meeting of mathematicians in Washington, D.C., several months after the launching of Sputnik I, and the atmosphere of the conference was vibrant with the new importance that people everywhere were attaching to mathematics. A distinguished professor exclaimed to some of us in the hotel lobby one day, "Sputnik I has done more for the cause of mathematics and mathematicians in this country than we have been able to do for ourselves in the past two hundred years." It was as though we were poor cousins whose great aunt had just died and left us a fortune; or as though we had just been given membership cards to some elite club and did not yet have the proper formal clothes to wear.

ONE unfortunate consequence of that surprise attack, and the one which is still causing confusion as to what the *new* mathematics is, or what it should be, was the fact that it caught the forces of mathematicians in almost complete disarray, with the result that we didn't know which way to run and hence have found ourselves running in every direction at once. The *new* mathematics has become a controversy that has pitted old friends, and even old office mates, against each other; and I think that no one is really certain as to what the final outcome of this stimulating debate will be. Certainly to indicate that the matter is resolved, as some authors have chosen to do, is an incorrect statement of fact.

What final form the *new* mathematics takes—and it is bound to take a more stable form, since the whole evolution is inevitable—is only a matter for time to decide. Or perhaps I should say for the mathematicians to decide—as they regroup their forces. At the moment, the *new* mathematics is essentially a renewed mathematics—renewed in the attention it has attracted from many interested participants and observers; in the searching re-examination that has been forced upon its pedagogical intricacies; and in its increased importance in an age and society deeply involved in technology.

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Helen Radke

Continued from page 73

their services, principally because it was a respectable thing to do and didn't take much time. Their level of education was ordinarily low. (So was that of their constituents.) They had local pride and didn't like to see things change much.

Today's school board elections usually have several capable people competing for each unsalaried vacancy. College graduates are not unusual on today's boards. (Helen Radke has a B.A. and an M.A. in history and political science from the University of Washington, plus a Phi Beta Kappa key that she doesn't wear.) Most of the board members are men, but each board now usually has at least one woman on it. Board members of today have often had some experience with schools through working on local citizens' committees or study groups. It is still fairly unusual for members of the laboring group to sit on boards, but it's far from unknown. Most of the membership is drawn from the professional, business, and farm people in the community.

THE leisurely days of monthly meetings are gone. Most boards find they give up at least two or three nights a week to school matters. Helen Radke has given up about half of her normal home life to take the NSBA presidency. Like the local members, she would do this only if she operated from a deep conviction that it was worthwhile and that she could help make some changes in American education.

Her main cry, as she tours the country representing the school board members, is that in the new order of leadership needed for education, boards are the logical, legal leaders. Her fear is that if local boards do not fully accept the reins of leadership, they will relinquish their authority forever and national forces will take over.

Critics of NSBA say the school board movement has the potential for greater power than any other educational organization in the country but that it is weak. Helen Radke believes in that potential power and hopes that in her one-year term of office she has opened up avenues for its use.

Next month in Houston, some 5,000 board members will gather for NSBA's annual convention. If custom is followed, the first vice president, W. Leonard Robinson of Georgia, will assume the presidency. But it is doubtful that Helen Radke will fade into Port Angeles, away from the national scene. She is far too energetic, and too filled with the sense of work to be done not to reappear again in another major role.

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(Continued from page 85)

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(Continued from page 87)

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CAMPS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1563

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. That branch of entomology which treats of bees.

B. Any of several snakes, many of them poisonous (one such being responsible for biting E. B. White's cow in the udder!).

C. Approach stealthily on hands and knees (2 wds.).

D. Specifying such competitive sports as table tennis, billiards, etc.

E. Photograph of clouds.

F. Any point on a violin string at which a "harmonic" may be produced.

G. Any concluding passage repeated at the end of a series of divisions in a musical composition.

H. Describing the festive turkey before dinner, the diners later.

I. Chief components of a sum which stood unquestioned until the revelations of Relativity threw doubts upon its constancy (2 wds.).

J. Bray; guffaw.

K. Gifted, esp. if permanently.

L. Used in calling.

M. The swordfish.

WORDS

136 113 33 20 81 37 152 86 198 130 59

99 197 162 133 7

76 186 196 62 73 122 70 145 29 15 49

188 132 183 121 185 71

63 187 69 42 135 18 153 175 128

78 165 157 6

79 13 43 195 87

65 144 51 164 199 12 114

155 5 163 100 60 57 110

10 88 125 53 118 41

146 161 92 156 22 67 84

170 23 31 181 134 131 124 48

154 189 16 46 26 148

DEFINITIONS

N. The festival of the new moon.

O. Device of Dr. Zamenhof, 1887, for increasing understanding between peoples.

P. The part of the Himalayas as flown over by the Allies, World War II (2 wds.).

Q. Where Tinker Bell got shut up on her visit to the children with Peter Pan (3 wds.).

R. Song of the U.S. Navy (2 wds.).

S. Unfortunate state of being nowhere.

T. Fertility goddes of the ancient Phoencians.

U. Predilection.

V. Specifying one of the most famous statues of Hercules, now in Nat'l Museum at Naples.

W. Member of a famous though deplorable order headed by the Old Man of the Mountain (12th cent.).

X. Fraud.

Y. Word which meant to Elizabethans inducing tears but now describes certain painful twinges in joints, muscles, etc.

WORDS

194 101 140 151 158 119 54 80

98 201 89 68 30 179 182 108 50

103 174 4 66 143 192 47

115 176 177 61 11 190 167 77 3 32 52

129 91 117 147 95 40 85 107 141 8 1

75 178

120 166 168 25 74 142 127 96 109 180 34

64 172 38 90 139 56 123

111 36 149 137 97 102 21 104 9 184

2 193 94 83 171 19 39

160 105 106 82 44 55 169 126

17 35 93 14 27 173 24 58 150

138 45 191 200 159 72 116 112 28

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 R	2 V		3 Q	4 P		5 I	6 F	7 B	8 R		9 U	10 J	11 Q	12 H	13 G		14 X
15 C		16 M	17 X	18 E	19 V		20 A	21 U		22 K	23 L	24 X	25 S	26 M		27 X	28 Y
29 C	30 O	31 L	32 Q	33 A	34 S		35 X	36 U	37 A	38 T	39 V	40 R		41 J	42 E	43 G	
44 W	45 Y	46 M	47 P	48 L	49 C		50 O	51 H	52 Q		53 J	54 N	55 W	56 T	57 I	58 X	59 A
	60 I	61 Q	62 C	63 E		64 T		65 H	66 P	67 K	68 O	69 E		70 C	71 D		72 Y
	73 C	74 S	75 R		76 C	77 Q	78 F		79 G	80 N	81 A		82 W	83 V	84 K		85 R
86 A	87 G	88 J	89 O		90 T	91 R	92 K		93 X	94 V	95 R	96 S	97 U	98 O	99 B	100 I	101 N
	102 U	103 P		104 U	105 W		106 W	107 R	108 O	109 S	110 I	111 U	112 Y	113 A	114 H		115 Q
116 Y		117 R	118 J	119 N	120 S	121 D	122 C		123 T	124 L	125 J	126 W		127 S	128 E	129 R	130 A
131 L	132 D	133 B		134 L	135 E	136 A	137 U	138 Y	139 T	140 N	141 R		142 S	143 P	144 H		145 C
146 K		147 R	148 M	149 U	150 X		151 N	152 A	153 E	154 M		155 I	156 K		157 F	158 N	159 Y
160 W	161 K	162 B		163 I	164 H		165 F	166 S	167 Q		168 S	169 W	170 L	171 V	172 T		173 X
174 P	175 E	176 Q		177 Q	178 R	179 O	180 S		181 L	182 O	183 D		184 U	185 D	186 C	187 E	
188 D	189 M		190 Q	191 Y	192 P	193 V	194 N	195 G	196 C	197 B		198 A	199 H		200 Y	201 O	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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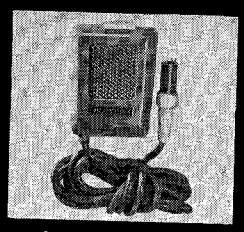
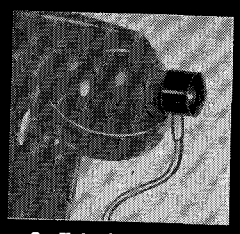
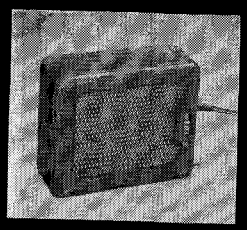
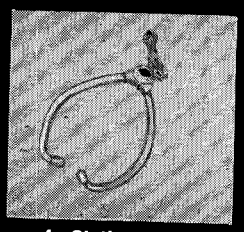
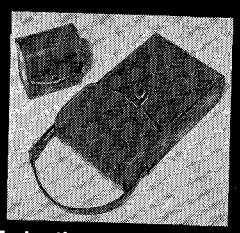
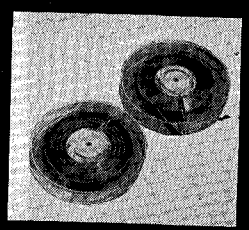

1. Remote Control Speaker-Mike


2. Telephone Mike


3. Desk-Top Amplifier-Speaker


4. Stethoscopic Earphones


5. Leather Carrying Cases


6. Reels and Tape

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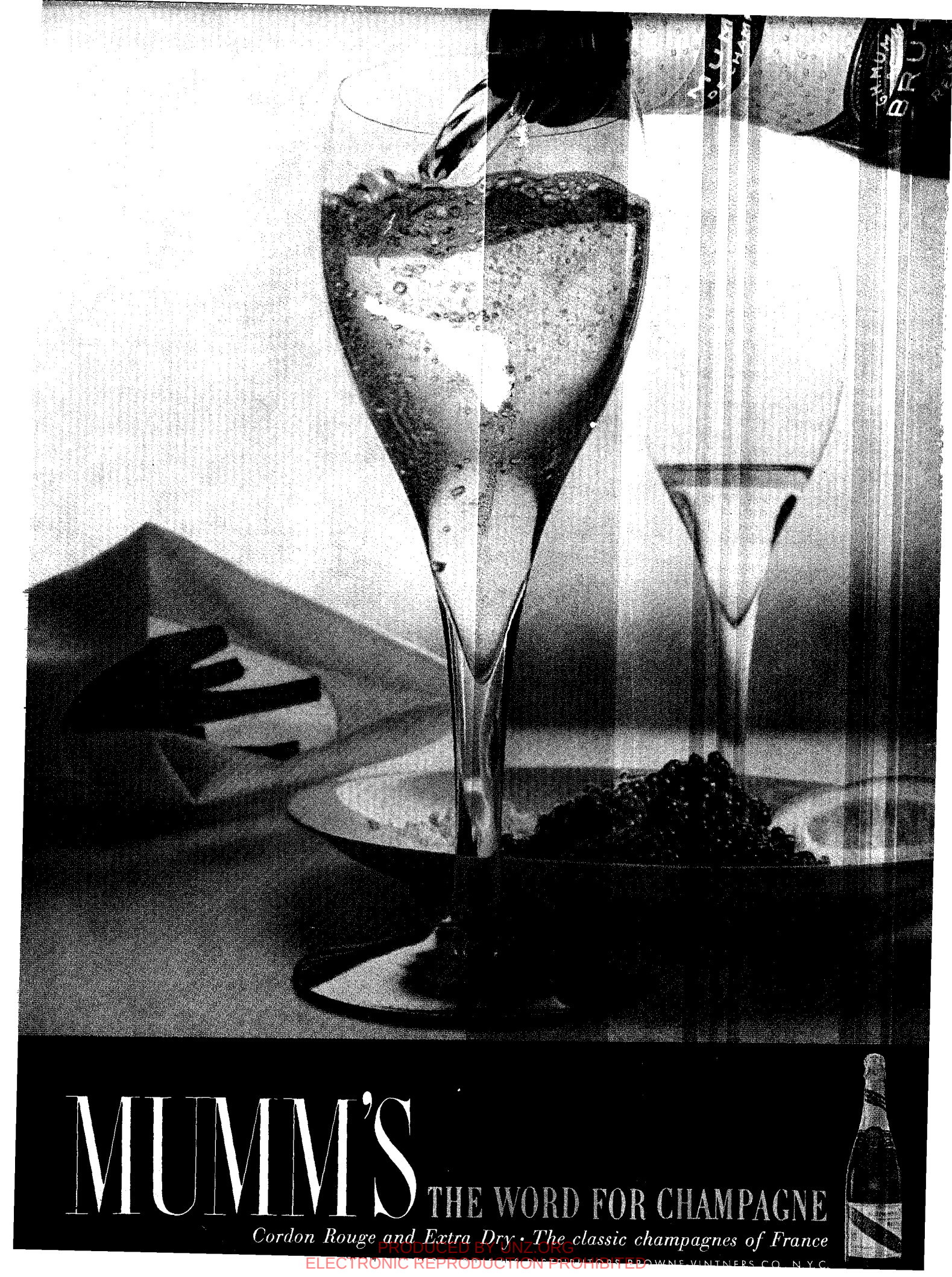

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